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WALKS IN PARIS

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BY

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

AUTHOR OF "WALKS IN LONDON," "WALKS IN ROME," "FLORENCE," "VENICE," "STUDIES IN RUSSIA," "DAYS NEAR PARIS," ETC., ETC.

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PREFACE.

A BETTER book than this might easily have been published, but no one else has tried to write anything of the kind, and I have done my best. This volume and "Days near Paris" have been the conscientious hard work of two years. As in my "Cities of Italy," the descriptions are my own, but, for opinions and comments, I have quoted from others, choosing those passages which seem pleasant to read upon the spot, and likely to impress what is seen upon the recollection. The woodcuts, with very few exceptions, are from my own sketches, transferred to wood by Mr. T. Sulman.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

In this Edition the numerous citations from French writers of history or memoirs, in illustration of the various historical edifices that still remain, have been translated into English, and contain most valuable information respecting the France of pre-revolutionary times.

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INTRODUCTION.

ALMOST all educated Englishmen visit Paris some time in their lives, yet few really see it. They stay at the great neighboring capital to enjoy its shops and theatres and to drive in the Bois de Boulogne, and they describe it as a charming modern city, from which the picturesqueness of an historic past has been utterly obliterated. But, whilst it is true that much has perished, those who take the trouble to examine will be surprised to find how many remnants of past times still exist, more interesting than those in any provincial town, because the history of France, more especially of modern France, is so completely centred in its capital.

"It was at Paris and Versailles, its royal suburb, that the history of France was made, from the time of Louis XIII. Paris sends her rays over France and absorbs it. All the memoirs and reports speak of Paris."—*Albert Babeau.*

"France is to-day the country of the world where the capital presents the most different aspect from the rest of the nation. Thirty-five millions of provincials are confronted by a city, or rather by a little State, superior in population to Greece, Servia, Denmark, Norway, and some other more or less constitutional kingdoms. This republic, enclosed in the greater, is represented by an aggressive assembly which demands, every day, more complete autonomy. It boasts of being cosmopolitan and does not despair of breaking, some day, some of the bonds which subordinate its lot to that of the whole country. Its preponderance, although opposed by the laws, has long been favored by politics, and after having imposed three or four revolutions on the provinces, it can not console itself for the loss of this privilege. Every year, a powerful party celebrates the anniversary of the day

when this little State, exasperated by a siege of four months, turned its arms against the national will. Even manners seem to perpetuate the causes of misunderstanding between the two unequal fractions of the country. It is in vain that the population of the capital is incessantly renewed by provincial elements, to such an extent that of every ten Parisians five at least belong to families that have their origin elsewhere. In breathing the air of Paris the same individual changes his character and his languages, he forgets his old bonds, believes that he has escaped from the tyranny of trivial and contradictory incidents, and flings himself headlong into the world of general ideas. Paris is the Holy Land of abstractions, where every thing is judged by principles, and where the flower of civilization is plucked without consideration of root or branch. To Paris we owe our reputation as a people of theories and humanitarian maxims. From its habit of handling ideas rather than facts, the capital views the rest of France from a distance, from above, and under an abstract form. The spectator, attentive to the drama played on the front of the stage, scarcely distinguishes, at the back of the theatre, a confused crowd which he distinguishes by the convenient and vague expression of the 'masses,' that is a dust heap of individuals, an aggregation of the monads of which Leibnitz speaks."—*Rene Belloc*, "*Revue des Deux-Mondes*," lxx.

Peter the Great said of Paris that if he possessed such a town he should be tempted to burn it down, for fear it should absorb the rest of his empire; and the hearts of all Frenchmen, and still more of all Frenchwomen, turn to their capital as the wished-for, the most desirable of residences, the most beautiful of cities, the intellectual, commercial, and political centre of their country.

"Francigenae princeps populosa Lutetia gentis
Exerit immensum clara sub astra caput.
Hic cives numerum, ars pretium, sapientia finem
Exuperant, superant thura precesque Deos.
Audiit obstupuitque hospes, factusque viator
Vidit, et haud oculis credidit ipse suis."

Julius Caesar Scaliger.

Long ago Charles V. declared "Lutetia non urbs, sed

orbis," and now Paris covers an area of thirty square miles, and is the most cosmopolitan town in Europe, the city to which members of every nationality are most wont to resort, for interest, instruction, and most of all for pleasure.

> " J'ai voulu voir Paris ; les fastes de l'histoire
> Célèbrent ses plaisirs, et consacrent sa gloire,"[1]

is an impulse which every day brings throngs of strangers to its walls. To most of these the change from their ordinary life, which is to be found in the "distraction" of Paris, forms its chief charm, and Londoners delight in the excess of its contrast to all they are accustomed to. But to Frenchmen Paris is far more than this : the whole country looks to it as the mother-city, whilst those who have been brought up there can seldom endure a long separation from it.

" Paris a mon cœur dès mon enfance ; et m'en est advenu comme des choses excellentes ; plus i'ay veu, depuis, d'autres villes belles, plus la beauté de celte-cy peult et gaigne sur mon affection ; ie l'aime tendrement, jusques à ses verrues et à ses taches."—*Montaigne.*

" Where can there be found a city with a physiognomy at once more full of life and more characteristic, more her own, more adapted to tempt the pencil and the pen, to inspire dreams or pique curiosity.

" Paris lives, has a face, gestures, habits, whims, and crazes. Paris, when one knows it, is not a city but a living being, a real person, with moments of fury, of folly, of stupidity, of enthusiasm, of honesty, and of lucidity, like a man who is sometimes charming and sometimes unbearable, but never indifferent. We love or hate Paris, it attracts or repels, but never leaves us cold." —*D'Hérisson.*

" Here, then, I reflected, is that city which for centuries has served as a model of taste and fashion to all Europe, that city, the name of which is pronounced with veneration in all parts of the world by the wise and the ignorant, by philosophers and dandies, by artists and even by loungers ; a name that I knew almost as

[1] Voltaire.

soon as my own, that I found in numberless romances, in the mouth of travellers, in my dreams, and in my thoughts. Here is Paris, and I am in it! Ah, my friends, this was the most fortunate moment of my life. Nothing equals the vivid sensations of curiosity and of impatience that I then experienced."—*Karamsine.*

"All find there what they have come to seek, and the shock of conflicting interests, and the contact of varied industries, of numerous talents in a thousand different branches, of countless imaginations devoted to labor and to research of all kinds, give birth to this activity, this continual movement of fabrication, these prodigies of art and science, these daily improvements, these learned and ingenious conceptions, these surprising discoveries, and these admirable marvels which seize, astonish, and captivate us, and render Paris without an equal in the world."—*Balzac,* "*Esquisses Parisiennes.*"

However long a stay be made in Paris, there will always remain something to be discovered. All tastes may be satisfied, all pleasures satiated, and to the lovers of historic reminiscence its interest is absolutely inexhaustible.

"Paris is a veritable ocean. Drop in your sounding-line, and you will never learn its depth. Traverse it, describe it, if you will, yet with whatever care you traverse or describe it, and however numerous and eager may be explorers of this sea, there will always be found one spot still virgin and another unknown, flowers, pearls, monsters, or something unheard of or forgotten by literary divers."—*Balzac,* "*Le Père Goriot.*"

"Our strange city of Paris, in its population and its aspects, seems to be a sample of the whole world. In the Marais we find narrow streets with old carved doors, overhanging gables, balconies or verandas that revive memories of old Heidelberg. The faubourg St. Honoré where it opens out around the Russian church with its white minarets and golden balls, recalls a quarter of Moscow. I know at Montmartre a picturesque, huddled-up corner that is genuine Algiers. Small houses, low and trim, each with its own gate and brass door-plate, and its own garden, are ranged in English streets between Neuilly and the Champs Elysées, while all the apse of Saint Sulpice, the Rue Ferron, the Rue Cassette, tranquil beneath the shadow of the huge towers, badly paved, with knockers on every door, seem brought from some provincial ecclesiastical city, Tours or Orleans, for example,

where tall trees, rising above the walls, swing to the sound of bells and chants."—*Daudet*, "*Le Nabab*."

"What is Paris? There never has been a man who could answer the question. If I had the hundred mouths, the hundred tongues, and the iron voice of which Homer and Virgil speak, I could never recount half of its virtues, its vices, or its absurdities. What is Paris? It is an assemblage of contradictions, a tissue of horrors and delights, both rendered more striking by their proximity. It is a land of superficiality and of depth, of great simplicity and exaggerated pretentions. One might go on with such contrasts for ever."—*Sherlock*, 1781.[1]

There are many points in Paris, many facts and phases of Parisian life, which interest strangers, whilst they pass unnoticed by those who live amongst them, for differences always excite more attention than similitudes, and no one thinks it worth while to describe what he sees every day —manners, customs, or appearances with which he has been familiar from childhood. To a foreigner, especially to one who has never left his own country before, half an hour spent on the boulevards or on one of the chairs in the Tuileries gardens has the effect of an infinitely diverting theatrical performance, whilst, even to a cursory observer, it will seem as if the great object of French men and women in every class were to make life as easy and pleasant as possible—to ignore its present and to forget its past troubles as much as they can.

"In no country and in no age has a social art of such perfection rendered life so agreeable. Paris is the school of Europe, a school of politeness where the youth of Russia, Germany, and England come to get rid of their rudeness. When we know these salons we never quit them, or, if obliged to quit them, always regret them. 'Nothing,' says Voltaire, 'is to be compared to the sweet life that one leads there in the bosom of the arts and of a tranquil and refined voluptuousness; strangers and kings have preferred this repose, so agreeably occupied and so enchanting, to

[1] The first edition of Sherlock's *Lettres d'un Voyageur anglais*, 1781, was published in French.

their native lands and their thrones. . . . The heart grows tender and dissolves, just as aromatic substances gently melt at a moderate heat and exhale a delicious perfume.' "—*Taine*, "*Origines de la France Contemporaine.*"

"There is nothing wanting to the character of a Frenchman that belongs to that of an agreeable and worthy man. There are only some trifles surplus, or which might be spared."—*Ben. Franklin.*

On the rare occasions when a Frenchman, destined by his nature to be gay and animated, allows himself to be conquered by depression, he is indeed to be pitied.

"Que je plains un françois, quand il est sans gaieté ;
Loin de son élément le pauvre homme est jetté."—*Voltaire.*

Pleasure at Paris becomes business ; indeed, a large portion of the upper classes of Parisians have no time for anything else.

"Here at Paris I belong to myself no longer. I have scarcely the time to talk with my husband or keep up my correspondence. I do not know how the women do who lead this life habitually ; they must have neither a household to keep nor children to bring up."—*Marie d'Oberkirk.*

An Englishman may learn many a lesson in outward forms of politeness on the public promenades of Paris, for the rules of good manners which were so rigidly inculcated by Louis XIV. bear their fruit still ; and if outward demeanor could be received as a sign of inner character, Parisians would be the most delightful people in the world. Sometimes the grandiloquence of expressions used about trifles will strike the hearer with amusement—"Comment Madame veut-elle que sa robe soit organisée ?" is an ordinary inquiry of a dress-maker from her lady-employer.

In all classes the routine of life is simplified, and made easier than with us. This is partly owing to all the apartments of a residence being usually on the same level. The

letting-out of the houses at Paris in different floors is a comfortable arrangement which Londoners may well envy. Often each house, as Alphonse Karr says, becomes like a mountain inhabited from the valley to the summit, in which you may study the differences of manners and habits which have existed from all time between lowlanders and highlanders.

Confined to the Island of La Cité in its early existence, Paris has gone on spreading through centuries, swallowing up fields, forests, villages. The history of its gradual increase is written in the names of its streets. One may almost trace the limits of the boundary of Paris under Philippe Auguste or Charles V. in following the Rues des Fossés-St.-Bernard, des Fossés-St.-Victor, des Fossés-St.-Marcel, de la Contrescarpe-St.-Marcel, des Fossés-St.-Jacques, des Fossés-Monsieur-le-Prince, de la Contrescarpe-Dauphine, des Fossés-St.-Germain-l'Auxerrois, des Fossés-Montmartre, des Fossés-du-Temple, du Rempart, &c.

Of other streets, many take their names from churches and chapels; some (as des Grands Augustins, des Blancs Manteaux, des Mathurins, Petits-Pères Récollets, &c.) from convents; some (as Filles-du-Calvaire, Filles-St.-Thomas, Nonnains d'Yères, Ursulines) from monasteries; the streets of St. Anne, Bellefond and Rochechouart from three Abbesses of Montmartre. A number of streets are named from hotels of nobles, as d'Antin, de Duras, Garancière, Lesdiguières, de Rohan, du Roi de Sicile; others from nobles themselves, as Ventadour, de Choiseul, de Grammont, &c. In the Marais many of the streets are named from the palace of the Hôtel de St. Paul and its surroundings, as the Rue du Figuier-St.-Paul, from its fig-garden; Beautreillis, from its berceau of vines; Cerisaie, from its

cherry-orchard; Lions-St.-Paul, from its menagerie. A vast number of streets are named from bourgeois inhabitants, as Coquillière, Geoffroy-Lasnier, Gît-le-Cœur (Gilles le Queux), Simon-le-Franc (Franque); others from tradesmen, as Aubry-le-Boucher, Tiquetonne, &c.; others from municipal officers, as Mercier, Thévenot, &c.; others from officers of Parliament, as Bailleul, Meslay, Popincourt, &c. Still greater in number are the streets named from the signboards which formerly hung over the shops, as de l'Arbalète, de l'Arbre Sec, du Chaudron, du Coq-Héron, du Coq-St.-Jean, des Deux-Ecus, de l'Hirondelle, des Ciseaux, du Sabot, du Cherche-Midi, &c. Many streets take names from history or legends, as the Rue Pierre-Levée, where a menhir is believed to have stood; the Rue des Martyrs, by which Sts. Denis, Rusticus, and Eleutherius are supposed to have gone to their death at Montmartre; the Rue des Frondeurs, where the barricades of the Fronde were begun; the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois, of which the inhabitants were free from taxation. The Rue de l'Enfer, formerly Rue Inférieur, had its name corrupted in the reign of St. Louis, when the devil was supposed to haunt the Château de Vauvert. The evil character of their inhabitants gave a name to such streets as the Rue Mauvais-Garçons, Mauconseil, Vidé-Gousset, &c. In the more modern Paris a vast number of streets are named from eminent men, as Bossuet, Corneille, Casimir-Delavigne, d'Aguesseau, Richelieu, Montaigne, &c.; and some from victories, as Rivoli, des Pyramides, Castiglione, d'Alger, &c.

As in London, fashionable life has moved constantly from one quarter to another, and constantly westwards.

"The life of Paris, its most striking feature, was in 1500 the Rue Saint Antoine; in 1600, the Place Royale; in 1700, at the

Pont Neuf; in 1800, at the Palais Royal. All these places were in turns the boulevards. The soil there has been trodden as passionately as the asphalt is to-day, beneath the feet of the stock-brokers, at the doorway of Tortoni's. In 1580 the court was at Les Tournelles, under the protection of the Bastille. In 1600 the aristocracy lived at the famous Rue Royale, of which Corneille sang, as some time future poets will sing of the boulevards."—*Balzac*, "*Esquisses Parisiennes.*"

The suppression of the religious orders, who once occupied a third of the area of the town, has done more than anything else to remove the old landmarks in Paris, and many fine old monastic buildings have perished with their owners, who were such a mighty power before the Revolution. But, in later years, the spirit of religion seems to have died in France, and the very churches are almost deserted now, except when any fashionable preacher is announced. A congregation of twenty is not unusual even at high mass in the metropolitan cathedral of Notre Dame. The numberless priests officiate to bare walls and empty chairs. Only, in the parish churches, poor women are still constantly seen buying their tapers at the door, and lighting them before the image of the Madonna or some favorite saint, praying while they burn—a custom more frequent in Paris than anywhere else.

"Every day four or five thousand masses are sung at fifteen sous apiece. The Capucins do it cheaper, for three sous. All these numberless masses were founded by our good ancestors, who, for the sake of a dream, ordered the perpetual celebration of the bloodless sacrifice. Every will founded masses; the omission would have been an impiety, and the priests would have refused the rites of sepulture to any one who had forgotten this clause, as ancient evidence proves. Enter a church; to right, to left, in front, behind, on each side, a priest is consecrating or elevating the host, or partaking, or pronouncing the *Ite, missa est.*" —*Tableau de Paris*, 1782.

The great Revolution changed the whole face of Paris

so completely, that it is difficult to imagine it as it was before that time; but the many other revolutions have passed by, leaving few marks upon the town, seldom even affecting the daily life of the people for more than a few days. Thus Balzac writes after that of 1830:

"26 September.—The streets have resumed their accustomed aspect. The carriages and fashionables roll and stroll as before, and, except a few trees less, the boulevards are just the same. The sums raised for the wounded are paid into bank, the wounds heal, and all is forgotten."—*Lettres sur Paris.*

It will probably be remarked that there are far fewer idle waifs in Paris than in London. Industry is a passion —"Les Français changeraient les rochers en or, si on les laisserait faire," was a saying of the minister Colbert. "Dans ce Paris plein d'or et de misère,"[1] poverty is seldom apparent. Even in the Rue de Beaubourg and its side streets, which have the reputation of being the poorest parts of the city, there is an amount of movement and activity which is very different to the hunger-stricken inanition of the poorer quarters in English cities.

An old proverb says that, "Paris is the paradise of women, the purgatory of men, and the hell of horses." But however true the first of these dictums may be, its bad reputation in the last instance has long been a tale of the past.

Absorbed in the pursuit of pleasure, setting the fashions of ladies' dress to the universe, Paris has probably had less influence upon literature or art than any other of the great capitals.

"This town, into which, by so many gates, every day and ceaselessly, there enter cattle, flour, milk, and poets, and from which nothing but manure comes out."—*Alphonse Karr*, "*Clovis Gosselin.*"

[1] Béranger.

But its political state has always penetrated the rest of Europe; it has never had a revolution without shaking the stability of other European powers.

"Ville qu'un orage enveloppe!
C'est elle, hélas! qui nuit et jour
Réveille le géant Europe
Avec sa cloche et son tambour!
Sans cesse, qu'il veille ou qu'il dorme,
Il entend la cité difforme
Bourdonner sur sa tête énorme
Comme un essaim dans la forêt.
Toujours Paris s'écrie et gronde.
Nul ne sait, question profonde,
Ce qui perdrait le bruit du monde
Le jour où Paris se tairait."

Victor Hugo, "*Les Voix Intérieures.*"

The excitable nature of the French, their intense love of change, and their passion for everything noisy, naturally tends to revolutions, and, a revolution once effected, everything belonging to the last régime is swept away as soon as possible; buildings are pulled down, statues dashed to pieces, names recalling those lately adored are changed as unendurable, and their memories are insulted and dragged in the mire.

"In France, that country of vanity, as soon as an opportunity for making a noise presents itself, a crowd of people seize it; some act in honest simplicity, others from the consciousness of their own merits."—*Chateaubriand.*

Nowhere is existence cheaper than in Paris for those who know how to manage. A bachelor who does not mind mounting five pairs of stairs may have a charming little apartment for about 1*l.* a week. At the similar private hotels, an admirably furnished room, with breakfast, lights, and attendance, seldom comes to more than 1*l.* 10*s.* At the admirable Restaurants Duval, which are

scattered everywhere over the town, an excellent dinner, with coffee and "petit verre," costs from 2 fr. to 2 fr. 50 c. Carriages are reasonable, omnibuses ply in all directions, upon the most admirable and equitable of systems, and a complete circle of railways connects the city with its environs, containing a thousand charming spots, which the Parisian of the middle classes can choose for the point of the Sunday excursion which he almost invariably makes into the country.

"No one ever left Paris with a light heart; whether he has lost his health or his money, whether he has left attachments which it will be difficult to replace in other countries, or interesting acquaintances which it is impossible to quit without regret. Whatever be the reason, the heart is always sad at leaving Paris." —*Sherlock*, 1781.

"Happy nation! You have pretty rooms, pretty furniture, pretty jewels, pretty works of literature, and you revel in these charming trifles. May you long prosper with your pretty fancies, and perfect further that pretty persiflage which wins to you the love of Europe, and, always marvellously pillowed, may you never awake from the pretty dream which gently lulls in slumber your bright light life."—*Tableau de Paris*.

Arrival.—Cabs from the station, 1 fr. and 2 fr.: at night, 2¼ and 2½ fr. Each piece of luggage 25 centimes. Travellers are pressed to take an *omnibus de famille*, but these are only desirable for large parties.

Travellers arriving late in Paris and leaving early the next morning by another line, may do well to sleep at one of the hotels near the Gare du Nord, such as Hotel *du Chemin de Fer du Nord* (good), opposite the station. Or they may prefer a hotel near the station of departure, such as—near the *Gare de l'Est* (for Strasbourg and Nancy or Basle), Hotel *de l'Europe* (good), 74 Boulevard de Strasbourg: Hotel *St. Laurent*, 4 Rue de Metz: H. *de Bâle*, 6 Rue de Metz: H. *de Strasbourg*, 78 Boulevard de Strasbourg; near the *Gare de Lyon*, Hotel *du Chemin de Fer de Lyon;* near the *Gare d Orléans*, H. *du Chemin de Fer*, 8 Boulevard de l'Hôpital; near the *Gare Montparnasse* (for Chartres and Brittany), H. *de France et de Bretagne*, 1 Rue du Départ; near the *Gare St. Lazare* (for Rouen and Normandy), H. *de Londres et New York*, 15 Rue du Havre; H. *Anglo-Américain*, 113 Rue S. Lazare.

Hotels.—The best hotels are those on the western boulevards, in the Rue de Rivoli, Place Vendôme, Rue de la Paix, and their neighborhood. In these hotels the price of bedrooms varies from 4 to 10 fr., according to the size and floor. Pension in winter is from 15 to 20 fr. a day.

Hotels in the Rue St. Honoré are less expensive and often more comfortable—pension in winter from 10 to 15 fr. a day.

The three largest Hotels are—H. *Continental*, 3 Rue de Castiglione, with a view of the Tuileries gardens; *Grand Hotel*, 12 Boulevard des Capucins, close to the new Opera House; *Grand Hotel du Louvre*, Rue de Rivoli, opposite the Louvre, and close to the Palais Royal

Important and comfortable hotels are—H. *Bristol*, 3 and 5 Place Vendôme; H. *du Rhin*, 4 and 6 Place Vendôme; H. *Meurice*, 228 Rue de Rivoli; H. *Windsor*, 226 Rue de Rivoli; H. *Brighton*, 218 Rue de Rivoli; H. *Wagram*, 208 Rue de Rivoli; H. *Mirabeau*, 8 Rue de la Paix; H. *Westminster*, 11 and 13 Rue de la Paix; H. *de Hollande*, 20 Rue de la Paix; H. *Splendide*, 24 Rue de la Paix; H. *Chatham*, 17 Rue Daunou; H. *de l'Empire*, 7 Rue Daunou; H. *des Deux-Mondes*, 22 Avenue de l'Opéra.

Comfortable hotels for a long residence are—H. *St. James*, 211 Rue St. Honoré; H. *de Lille et d'Albion*, 223 Rue St. Honoré; H. *Richmond*, 11 Rue du Helder.

The hotels north of the boulevards or south of the Seine are much less expensive, and quite unfrequented by English.

Bachelors making a long stay in Paris may live very comfortably and reasonably at Maisons Meublées, such as Hotel *Noel-Peter*, Rue d'Amboise, H. *de Rastadt*, 4 Rue Daunou, and many small hotels on the Quai Voltaire, and in the neighboring streets. Travellers are never required to have luncheon or dinner in the Parisian hotels, but are generally expected to breakfast there.

Restaurants.—The best as well as the most expensive restaurants are those on the boulevards and in the Palais Royal. Here a good dinner costs from 10 to 15 fr., exclu-

sive of wine. Restaurants of high reputations are—*le Grand Véfour*, 79 Galerie Beaujolais, Palais Royal; *Maison Dorée*, 20; *Café Riche*, 29; *Café Anglais*, 13; *Café du Helder*, 29—Boulevard des Italiens; *Bignon*, 32 Avenue de l'Opéra.

Travellers who are not connoisseurs will, however, probably be satisfied with the *Restaurants Duval*, which are admirably managed and very moderate in price. These establishments are scattered all over the town, and a list of them is found on the card which is presented to every one on entering, and on which the waitress (dressed in a costume) marks articles as they are ordered. Payment is made at a desk, three or four sous being left on the table for the attendant. Some of the most convenient Restaurants Duval are—194 Rue de Rivoli; 31 Avenue de l'Opéra; 27 Boulevard de la Madeleine; 10 Place de la Madeleine; 10 Boulevard Poissonnière; 21 Boulevard Montmartre; 26 Boulevard St. Michel (near Hotel de Cluny).

Cabs.—When a cab is engaged the driver should be asked to give you his ticket (*numéro*), which is marked with the tariff of prices.

Omnibuses.—The fares in all Parisian omnibuses are the same, for any distance whatever within the barriers—30 c. inside, 15 c. outside. If no omnibus runs to the exact point a traveller wishes to reach, he demands *correspondance* (permission to change from one line to another), on entering a vehicle. Receiving a ticket, he will be set down at the point where the two lines cross, and the ticket will give him a prior right to a seat in the corresponding omnibus, and, in some cases, free him from a second payment. There are tramway-lines to St. Cloud, Versailles, and other places in the suburbs.

Theatres.—Tickets for theatres may be purchased beforehand at a *bureau de location*, where a plan of the theatre is shown. Seats secured thus are slightly more expensive than those demanded *au bureau* (at the door). The most important theatre is the Théâtre Français on the S.W. of the Palais Royal.

The performances of the Opera take place on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and, in the winter, on Saturdays also.

History.—The founder of the *Merovingian dynasty* (of which few monarchs resided at Paris) was Clovis, *c.* 496. The *Carlovingian dynasty* was founded by Pepin-le-Bref, 752. This dynasty was deposed, after the Norman invasion of 885, and the crown given to Count Eudes, who founded the Capetian dynasty. From this time France was ruled by—

Hugues Capet, 987.
Robert II. (le Pieux), 1031.
Henri I., 1031.
Philippe I., 1060.
Louis VI. (le Gros), 1108.
Louis VII. (le Jeune), 1137.
Philippe II. (Auguste), 1180.
Louis VIII. (le Lion), 1223.
Louis IX. (St. Louis), 1226.
Philippe III. (le Hardi), 1270.
Philippe IV. (le Bel), 1285.
Louis X. (le Hutin), 1314.
Philippe V. (le Long), 1316.
Charles IV. (le Bel), 1322.

House of Valois :—
Philippe VI., 1328.
Jean (le Bon), 1350.
Charles V. (le Sage), 1364.
Charles VI. (le Bien-aimé), 1380.
Charles VII., 1422.

Louis XI., 1461.
Charles VIII., 1483.
Louis XII. (Père du peuple), 1498.
François I., 1515.
Henri II., 1547.
François II., 1559.
Charles IX., 1560.
Henri III., 1574.

House of Bourbon :—
Henri IV., 1589.
Louis XIII., 1610.
Louis XIV., 1643.
Louis XV., 1715.
Louis XVI., 1774.

Republic.—Sept. 22, 1792–1799.
Napoleon I.—First Consul, Dec. 25, 1799.
Emperor, Dec. 2, 1804.

House of Bourbon :—
Louis XVIII., 1814.
Charles X.,1824.

Louis Philippe (d'Orléans), 1830.
Republic, 1848–1852.
Napoleon III.—President, Dec. 20, 1848.
Emperor, Dec. 2, 1852.
Republic proclaimed, Sept. 4, 1870.

CHAPTER I.

THE TUILERIES AND LOUVRE.

THOSE who visit Paris now, and look down the avenues of the Champs Elysées and gardens which lead to nothing at all, or mourn over the unmeaning desolate space once occupied by the central façade of the Tuileries, can scarcely realize the scene as it was before the Revolution of 1870. Then, between the beautiful chestnut avenues, across the brilliant flowers and quaint orange trees of the gardens, beyond the sparkling glory of the fountains, rose the majestic façade of a palace, infinitely harmonious in color, indescribably picturesque and noble in form, interesting beyond description from its associations, appealing to the noblest and most touching recollections, which all its surroundings led up to and were glorified by, which was the centre and soul of Paris, the first spot to be visited by strangers, the one point in the capital which attracted the sympathies of the world.

It is all gone now. Malignant folly ruined it: apathetic and narrow-minded policy declined to restore and preserve it.

Till the beginning of the XVI. c. the site of the Tuileries was occupied by a manufactory of tiles, which existed in some of the open grounds belonging to the *courtille* of the Hospital of the Quinze Vingts, founded in the

middle of the XIII. c. on a site which is now crossed by the Rue de Rivoli.

"This Pallace is called Tuilleries, because heretofore they used to burn tile there, before the Pallace was built. For this French word Tuillerie doth signifie in the French a place for burning of tile."—*Coryat's "Crudities,"* 1611.

It was in 1518 that Louise de Savoie, Duchesse d'Angoulême, mother of François I., finding the Hôtel des Tournelles an unhealthy residence, on account of its neighborhood to the great drain of the Marais, obtained the Tuileries – *terra Tegulariorum* – from her son, with the neighboring villa of Nicolas de Neufville, Secrétaire des Finances. Louise died in 1531, and her villa continued to be a prize given to favorites in the royal household, till Catherine de Medicis greatly enlarged the domain of the Tuileries by purchase, and employed Philibert Delorme to build a magnificent palace there. He erected the façade towards the gardens, till lately the admiration of Europe, and his work—"le grand avant-corps du milieu"—was continued by Jean Bullant, who built the pavilions at either end of his façade. This was continued by Du Cerceau under Henri IV. to the Pavillon de Flore, close to the site then occupied by the Porte Neuve and the circular Tour du Bois belonging to the city walls, which ran behind the palace to the Porte St. Honoré, across the present site of the Place du Carrousel. Du Cerceau also continued the south side of the palace from the Pavillon de Flore, parallel with the Seine, interrupting the line of the city walls by great galleries which connected his building with the Louvre. The space on the north still continued to be unoccupied, except by the detached buildings of the Grande Ecurie, until the north side of the palace, with the Pavillon de Marsan towards the Rue de

Rivoli, was built for Louis XIV. by Levau and his son-in-law, François d'Orbay. Under the second empire the Tuileries was finally united on the north side with the Louvre, with which it thenceforth formed one vast palace. The Pavillon de Flore was rebuilt 1863–68.

The Tuileries was seldom inhabited by royalty till the present century. Under Louis XIV. Versailles became the royal residence. Louis XV. spent some time at the Tuileries during his minority and the regency, and comical are the accounts of the way in which his governess, Mme de Ventadour, faced there the difficulties of his education.

"A young lad of poor family, of the same age as Louis XV., was chosen as the companion of his studies, and became the competitor of the king, who took a great liking to him. Whenever Louis XV. missed his duties or failed in his lessons, his little friend was flogged or punished. This unjust expedient had slight success."—*Mémoires de Duclos.*

After he grew up Louis XV. always resided at Versailles. Louis XVI. lived either at Versailles or St. Cloud, till he was brought to Paris as a prisoner to find the palace almost unfurnished. "Tout y manquait, lits, tables, chaises, et jusqu'aux objets les plus nécessaires de la vie." In a few days some of the furniture of the royal apartments at Versailles was brought to Paris, and the royal family then established themselves—the king, queen, and royal children in the central apartments on the ground floor and entresol of the left wing, Mme de Lamballe on the ground floor, and Madame Elizabeth on the first floor of the Pavillon de Flore. Thus accommodated, they were compelled to reside at the Tuileries from October 6, 1789, to August 10, 1792. After the execution of Louis XVI. (condemned at the Manège) the Convention held its meet-

ings at the Tuileries, till it was replaced by the Conseil des Anciens in 1796.

On February 1, 1800, Bonaparte came to reside at the Tuileries, which still bore placards inscribed with "10 Août, 1792. La royauté en France est abolie et ne se relèvera jamais." "Eh bien, Bourienne, nous voilà donc aux Tuileries. Maintenant il faut y rester," were the first words of the future emperor to his faithful secretary on arriving. Henceforward regiments defiled through the court of the Tuileries every five days.

"It was here that Bonaparte showed himself to the troops and to the multitude who were always eager to follow his steps. There, pale, drooping on his horse, he presented an interesting and striking figure, by his grave and sad beauty, and by an appearance of ill health which began to cause much disquietude, for never was the preservation of a man so much desired as his." — *Thiers*.

The *fleurs-de-lis* were now picked out of the furniture of the Tuileries, and replaced by the bee of the Bonapartes. In the chapel Napoleon I. was married by Cardinal Fesch to Josephine (who had long been his wife by the civil bond), Berthier and Talleyrand being witnesses; in the palace he received Pius VII., who was given the Pavillon de Flore as a residence; thence he went to his coronation; there the different marriages of the imperial brothers and sisters took place; there the divorce of Josephine was pronounced; and there in 1812, when intending to unite the Tuileries to the Louvre, he especially bade the architect to prepare vast apartments for the vassal sovereigns who would form part of his cortège on his triumphant return from Russia!

Napoleon I. fell, but the Tuileries continued to be the habitual seat of the executive power till 1870. At the Restoration of 1814 the last survivor of the five prisoners of

the Temple, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, was received there by two hundred ladies dressed in white embroidered with the Bourbon lily. There she watched over the last hours of Louis XVIII., and there, through the reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., she lived apart from the dissipations of the Court, in a room hung with white velvet, upon which lilac daisies had been worked by the hands of her mother and Madame Elizabeth, and in which, in an oratory, she kept the memorials of their last days—the cap which the queen had made with her own hands to wear at her trial; the handkerchief torn from the bosom of Madame Elizabeth on the scaffold; the coat, white cravat, and black silk waistcoat in which Louis XVI. had gone to death—all preserved in a drawer of the rude bench on which her brother had died.

Another revolution, and the numerous members of the Orleans family crossed the road from the Palais-Royal to reside at the Tuileries. Louis Philippe at once began to prepare for a revolution by making a fosse concealed by lilacs and screened by an iron balustrade along the garden front of the palace. But eighteen years of alternations of joy and mourning, public sympathy and unpopularity, were allowed to pass over the family, increasing the respect felt for the virtues of Marie-Amélie, and the want of confidence in the feeble king, before the end came in February, 1848, two months after Louis Philippe had lost his right hand and directing moral influence in his strong-minded sister, Madame Adélaïde, who died in the Pavillon de Flore, December 31, 1847. As King Louis Philippe passed out of the Tuileries into exile he uttered on the threshold the significant last words of his reign, "Tout comme Charles Dix!"

From the time of the sudden death of the young Duc

d'Orlèans, July 13, 1842, his widow had lived for six years in the apartment which had belonged to him in the Pavillon de Marsan, turing it into a sanctuary.

"Not a piece of furniture moved, not a thing taken away; near the fireplace was a large arm chair on which the prince had thrown, wide open, the number of the *Journal des Dobats* of the day, and the journal had not been lifted for six years; the bed was in disorder and had never been made; the trunks prepared for the journey to Plombières, where the duke was to meet the duchess, remained open."—*Imbert de St. Amand.*

After the flight of the rest of the royal family on February 24, 1848, the Duchess, with her two children, escorted by her faithful brother-in-law, the Duc de Nemours, left the Tuileries to make her futile claim upon the protection and sympathy of the Chamber of Deputies. In the after sack of the Tuileries her rooms and the chapel were the only apartments respected. Two cartloads of the finest Sèvres china alone were destroyed, and the Orleans collection of pictures was cut to pieces.

On January 1, 1852, the second empire made its triumphal entry into the Tuileries in the person of Louis Napoleon. There on January 29, 1853, he was affianced to the beautiful Comtesse de Téba; there the Prince Imperial was born, March 16, 1856; there the empress, long the idol of fickle France, heard of the misfortune of Sedan; and thence she fled from the fury of the mob on September 4, 1870.

No sovereign should ever again inhabit the Tuileries. The palace, which had been four times already attacked by the people of Paris (June 20, 1792; August 10, 1792; July 29, 1830; February 24, 1848), was wilfully burnt by the Commune—by barrels of petroleum and gunpowder placed in the different rooms—May 23, 1871, after the troops from Versailles had entered the city. Internally, it was completely destroyed, but the walls, roofless and gutted, remained

nearly entire, and the beautiful central pavilion of Philibert Delorme was almost entirely unhurt. Yet, through want of energy for their restoration, these, by far the most interesting ruins in France, were razed to the ground, and its greatest ornament and its central point of interest were thus lost to Paris for ever.

All that remains of the past now is the Tuileries garden, with its great orange trees in tubs and its vast population of statues. Most of these date from the Revolution; but the older statues, brought hither from the gardens of Marly, are of the time of Louis XIV. As a work of art we may notice the Winter of Sébastien Stodtz (1655–1726). It was behind the statue of Venus Pudica, at one of the angles of the principal avenue, that Henri concealed himself when he fired upon Louis Philippe, July 29, 1846. The finest of all the sculptures are the equestrian statues by Antoine Coysevox, brought from Marly, and now placed on either side of the entrance from the Place de la Concorde.

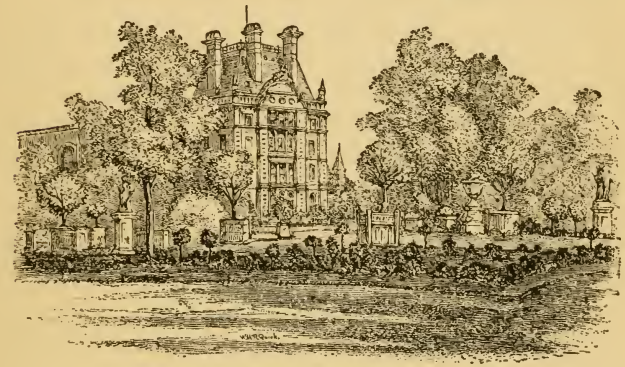
"These two admirable groups, *La Renommée* and *Mercure*, were cut from two enormous blocks of marble by the artist himself who made the models; he inscribed on the plinth of the Mercury: *These two groups were done in two years.*"—*Paul Lacroix*, "*Dixhuitième Siècle.*"

The original plan of the gardens, as laid out by Regnard under Louis XIII. and afterwards by Levau and D'Orbay, was much altered by Lenôtre with a judgment which time has completely justified.

"The plan was not to begin the *covert* of the garden at less than ninety-two toises from the façade of the palace in order that the building might enjoy fresh air; and he laid out the surface of this open space in parterres of flowers in compartments, mingled with expanses of green sward, that might be regarded as so many master-pieces."—*Blondel.*

The portion of the gardens nearest the Champs Elysées is laid out in groves of chestnut trees. There is a tradition that one of these trees heralds spring by flowering on March 22, on which day orthodox Parisians go to look for the phenomenon.

On either side of the gardens are raised terraces. That on the south above the Seine formerly ended in the handsome Porte de la Conférence (on the walls of Charles IX.), which was destroyed in 1730. It derived its name



THE GARDENS OF THE TUILERIES.

from the Spanish ambassadors having entered there to confer with Mazarin about the marriage of Maria Theresa with Louis XIV. The north terrace, above the Rue de Rivoli, is still one of the most popular promenades in Paris. Its western end, being the warmest and sunniest part of the garden, has obtained the name of *La Petite Provence.* Here it was that Louis XV. first saw Mlle de Romans, brought hither as a beautiful little girl to see the show of the king's entry, sent to inquire at the lemonade stall (existing then as now) who she was, and then

took her away from her parents to become his mistress and the mother of the Abbé de Bourbon.[1] Along this same *Terrasse des Feuillants* his grandson, Louis XVI., and his family, escaped from the Tuileries on the terrible August 10, 1792, to take refuge in the National Assembly, then held in the Manége or riding-school, which joined the old buildings of the Couvent des Feuillants. Only two of the queen's ladies were permitted to accompany them, Mme de Lamballe as being a relation, and Mme de Tourzel as being governess of the Children of France.

"While passing at a slow pace from the palace to the Feuillants, Marie Antoinette wept; she wiped her eyes and wept again. The hedge of Swiss Grenadiers and of the Grenadiers of the National Guard was broken through by the populace that pressed so close upon her that her watch and purse were stolen. When she came opposite the Café de la Terrasse, the queen hardly saw that she was stepping into a mass of leaves. 'Lots of leaves,' said the king; 'they have fallen early this year.' At the foot of the stairs of the Terrasse, men and women, brandishing clubs, barred the passage of the royal family. 'No,' cried the crowd, 'they shall not enter the Assembly. They are the cause of all our woes; this must end. Down with them! Down with them!' At last the family passed on."—*De Goncourt, "L'Hist. de Marie Antoinette."*

Nothing remains now of the old convent of the Feuillants (destroyed to make the Rue de Rivoli), which gave the terrace its name, and where the royal family spent the days from August 10 to 13 (when they were taken to the Temple) in cells, beneath which the people constantly demanded the death of the queen with cries of "Jetez-nous sa tête!"[2]

Close to the Terrasse des Feuillants is the *Allée des Orangers*, where orange trees in tubs, many of them his-

[1] Mme Campan, *Anecdotes.*
[2] Lettre de M. Aubier.

toric trees of great age, are placed in summer. In the groves of trees between this and the southern terrace are two hemicycles of white marble—*Carrés d'Atalante*—which are interesting as having been erected from a fancy of Robespierre in 1793, that the old men might sit there to watch the floral games of youth.

In the gardens, where Horace Walpole was so surprised to find in reality the lopped trees and clipped and trimmed nature portrayed in the pictures of Watteau, we may recall many of the scenes of which those and other pictures of the time are perhaps the best existing record. Here Louis XIII. as a boy was taught to build little fortresses. Here Arthur Young (January, 1790) saw the Dauphin (Louis XVII.), "a pretty good-natured looking boy of five or six years old," at work with his little rake and hoe in his miniature railed-off garden, but not without a guard of two grenadiers. Here also, of the early days of the Revolution, Chateaubriand wrote:—

"The palace of the Tuileries, a great jail filled with condemned, rose up in the midst of the fêtes of destruction. The doomed were playing while waiting for the *tumbril*, the *shears*, the *red shirt*, that had been hung out to dry, and through the windows the dazzling illuminations of the queen's circle were visible."—*Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe.*

Here also it was that (March 20, 1811) the vast breathless multitude waited for the sound of the guns which were to announce the birth of a child of Napoleon and Marie Louise, and burst into a shout of joy when the twenty-second gun made known that the child was a son—the King of Rome.

"One tradition that will live forever, is that of the 20th of March, 1811, when the first sound of the cannon announced at last that Marie Louise was a mother. At this first boom, everything in motion stopped . . . . everything. In a moment the

great city was smitten with silence as if by enchantment. The most important business conversations, the most delirious words of love were suspended . . . . and without the booming of the cannon one might have fancied one's self in that city of the *Arabian Nights* which the wave of a wand had petrified. . . . . At length a twenty-second cannon thundered in the silence! . . . . Then *one single shout, one single one*, ... but uttered by a million of voices, boomed over Paris, and shook the walls of the very palace where the son of the hero was just born, and around which the crowd was so close packed that a fly could not have alighted on the ground."—*Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Abrante.*

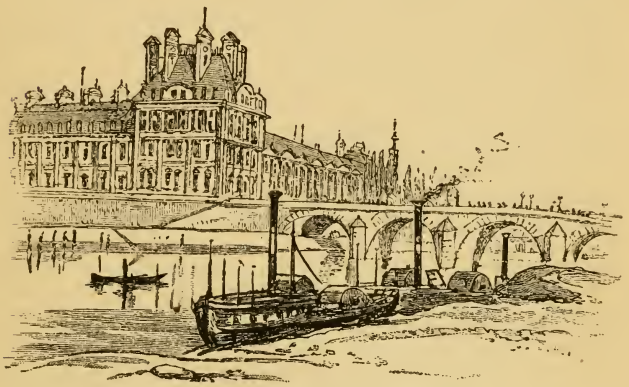
A similar crowd waited here, March 16, 1856, for the birth of the brave and unfortunate prince who was the son of Napoleon III. and Eugénie de Guzman.

In the palace which looked upon the garden Napoleon II. at five years old had been taught to "représenter noblement et avec grâce," receiving a mimic Court every Sunday.

But all the memories of the Tuileries sink into insignificance compared with those which surround the events of 1792. Weber, "frère de lait" of Marie Antoinette, describes how he was driving by the Seine on the afternoon of June 20.

"Returning along the quay, I saw the gate opposite the Pont-Royal open; and as all the world was entering, I left my carriage and mingled with the crowd, never doubting but that there was there plenty of respectable people ready to throw themselves into the palace to defend the king's life if it was threatened; and indeed I found a large number. I asked several of them how many they were, and they replied, 'Six or seven hundred.' There were there forty thousand ruffians! Besides, as soon as I entered the garden, I saw no sign of danger. A triple rank of National Guards, the two rear ones having their bayonets fixed, lined the terrace from the Pont-Royal gate to that opposite S. Roch. The ruffians marched on quietly enough; some squads only stopped from time to time beneath the windows of the royal apartments, brandishing their arms, and crying: '*A bas Veto! Vive la nation!*' I heard one of those that carried the most

horrible weapons, whose honest face contrasted singularly with his wild costume, say, as he looked at the closed windows of the king: '*Why does he not show himself? What is the poor dear man afraid of? We will not hurt him.*' I heard the old saying repeated, '*He is deceived,*' and another answered: '*But why does he believe six men rather than seven hundred and forty-five? They gave him a veto and he does not know how to manage it.*' A huge construction, shaped like the tables of the law of Moses, and on which was written, in letters of gold, the declaration of the rights of man, was the chief object borne in the procession. Alongside



THE TUILERIES AND THE PONT-ROYAL.

women, who carried sabres and spits, were men carrying olive branches. The *Red Caps* were there by thousands, and on every musket or pike was a streamer inscribed: '*The Constitution or Death!*'"

Later in the day the masses of the people advanced upon the palace. The guard then fraternized with the invaders, and a cannon was pointed at the inner entrance of the king's apartments. Louis XVI., perfectly calm in the midst of danger, urged Marie Antoinette to secure her children, and, followed only by his heroic sister Elizabeth, who insisted upon sharing his fate, went down to the

entrance. "Let them think I am the queen," said the princess, as they shouted for the head of Marie Antoinette, "that she may have time to escape."

"'All defense is useless,' said the king; 'there is only one thing to do, that is to open the door and show one's self calmly;' and at the same time he ordered Edouard the Suisse to open it. He obeyed, and the whole crowd that believed the king was concealed, manifested an instant of surprise. His friends took advantage of this moment to make him mount on an entablature, where he was less exposed to the individual fury of those who sought his life. It was M. de Bougainville who thought of this expedient, and M. Deloque and his other friends pressed around and formed a rampart. The spectacle then presented to the king was horrible. In the midst of this filthy mob, formed of men of every region, but more particularly of unknown vagabonds from the southern provinces, three standards, or kinds of standards, were displayed. One was formed of a knife resembling the famous machine called the guillotine, with this inscription: '*For the tyrant;*' the second represented a woman on a gibbet, with the words: '*For Antoinette;*' on the third was displayed a piece of flesh in the form of a heart, nailed to a plank, with this inscription: '*For the priests and aristocrats.*'

"For nearly four hours those who marched under these terrible standards pointed their pikes, over the heads of the group of gentlemen, towards the king, and bade him sanction the decree against the priests, under penalty of deposition or death, and he replied constantly: 'I will renounce the crown rather than participate in such a tyranny over conscience!' To prove his resignation, he allowed the *bonnet rouge* to be placed on his head while he was speaking these words by a very handsome young man named Clément.

"A bottle of wine was presented to him, and he was asked to drink to the patriots. 'It is poisoned,' his neighbor whispered, and he replied: 'Well, then, I will die without sanctioning the measure.' He drank without hesitation. 'They only wished to frighten Your Majesty,' he was told some time afterwards by a grenadier of the National Guard, who thought he had need of being re-assured. 'You see it is calm,' replied the king, taking the man's hand and placing it on his heart. 'The man who does his duty is tranquil.'"—*Beaulieu*, "*Essais historiques.*"

Mme Campan describes the scene in the interior of the Palace.

"The queen had not been able to reach the king; she was in the council chamber, and some one had the idea of placing her behind the large table, to protect her, as far as possible, from the approach of these barbarians. In this horrible situation, she preserved a noble and dignified demeanor, and held the Dauphin before her seated on the table. Madame stood beside her, Mdmes the Princess de Lamballe, the Princess de Tarante, Mmes de Roche Aymon, de Tourzel, and de Mackau surrounded her. She had fastened to her head a tricolor cockade which a National Guard had given her. The poor little Dauphin, like the king, was muffled in an enormous *bonnet rouge*. The horde defiled before this table; the kind of standards they bore were symbols of the most atrocious barbarity. One of them represented a gallows to which a hideous doll was suspended, and these words below it, '*Marie Antoinette à la lanterne!*' Another was a plank, on which was fixed a bullock's heart, around it being written: '*The heart of Louis XVI.*'

"One of the most furious women Jacobines who marched past with these wretches, stopped to vomit a thousand imprecations against the queen. Her Majesty asked if she had ever seen her; she replied no; if she had ever done her any personal wrong, the answer was the same, but she added: 'It is you who cause the misery of the nation.' 'They have told you so,' replied the queen, 'and have deceived you. The wife of a king of France, the mother of a Dauphin of France, I shall never see my native land again; I cannot be happy or unhappy except in France. I was happy when you loved me.' This Megara burst into tears, and asked pardon. 'I did not know you; I see you are very good.'

"It was eight o'clock when the palace was entirely evacuated."—*Mémoires.*

Yet the horrors of this terrible day paled before those of August 10, 1792.

"At midnight the tocsin was heard at the Cordeliers; in a few instants it sounded through all Paris. The *générale* was beaten in all the quarters, and the noise of cannon was mingled, at intervals, with that of the drums. The seditious assembled in

their sections, and troops of ruffians poured in from all sides. The assassins, armed with daggers, only awaited the moment of entering into the rooms which contained the royal family to exterminate them. The columns of the factions set themselves in motion and marched without meeting any obstacle. A municipal officer, by his own authority, had annihilated nearly all the arrangements for defense. The Pont Neuf, stripped of troops and cannon, gave the seditious all facility for marching on the palace. The platoons of troops, distributed in the garden, in the courts, and in the interior of the palace, were then the only resource; moreover, they had no experienced chief to direct their movements. The officers in command, drawn from the bourgeoisie of Paris, and nearly all belonging to professions alien to that of arms, had not either the tactical knowledge or the resolution which the conjuncture demanded."—*Hue*, "*Mémoires.*"

"The Swiss were drawn up like walls, and stood with a military silence which contrasted with the ceaseless noise of the National Guard. The king communicated to M. de J., an officer of the staff, the plan of defense prepared by General Viomenil. M. de J. told me after this private interview, 'Put your jewels and your money in your pocket; danger is inevitable, means of defense do not exist; they could only be found in the energy of the king, and this is the only virtue he does not possess.'

"An hour after midnight, the queen and Madame Elizabeth said they went to sleep on a sofa in a little room of the entresol, the windows of which looked on the Court of the Tuileries.

"The queen told me that the king had refused her request to put on his mailed vest, to which he had consented on the 14th of July, because he was going simply to a ceremony at which the dagger of an assassin might be feared, but that at a time when his party might be in combat with the revolutionists, he deemed it cowardly to preserve his life by such means.

"During this time, Madame Elizabeth took off some of her clothes to lie down on the sofa; she took from her *fichu* a coral pin, and before placing it on the table she showed it to me, and told me to read the legend engraved around a slip of lily. I read these words: *Oubli des offenses, pardon des injures.* 'I fear,' added this high-principled princess, 'that this maxim has little influence on our enemies, but it ought not to be less dear to us.'

"The queen ordered me to sit beside her; the two princesses could not sleep, and were conversing in a melancholy way about their situation, when a musket was fired in the court. They both

left the sofa, saying, 'There is the first shot; unfortunately it will not be the last; let us go up to the king.' The queen told me to follow her, and many of her women went with me."—*Mme Campan*, "*Mémoires.*"

"Between four and five in the morning the queen and Madame Elizabeth were in the council-room. One of the chiefs of a legion entered. 'This,' said he to the two princesses, 'this is your last day; the people is the stronger; what carnage there will be!' 'Monsieur,' replied the queen, 'save the king, save my children.' At the same time this weeping mother ran to the room of the Dauphin, and I followed her. The young prince awoke; his looks and his caresses blended a certain sweetness with the melancholy sentiments of maternal love. 'Mamma,' said the Dauphin, kissing the queen's hands, 'why should they hurt papa? He is so good!'"—*Hue*, "*Mémoires.*"

"The queen told us she had no hope more, that M. Mandat, who had gone to the Hôtel de Ville to receive new orders, had just been murdered, and that his head was being carried through the streets. The day had come; the king, the queen, Madame Elizabeth, Madame, and the Dauphin descended to pass through the ranks of the sections of the National Guard; there were cries of *Vive le roi* at some points. I was at a window on the garden side; I saw some cannoneers quit their posts and approach the king, putting their fists into his face and insulting him with the grossest remarks. MM. de Salvert and de Briges vigorously repulsed them. The king was pale, as if he had ceased to exist. The royal family returned; the queen told me that all was lost, that the king had shown no energy, and this kind of review had done more harm than good. . . . . During this time the numerous bands of the faubourg, armed with pikes and cutlasses, filled the Carrousel and the streets adjacent to the Tuileries. The bloody men of Marseilles were at their head, and the cannons trained against the palace. In this extremity, the king's council sent M. Dejoly, Minister of Justice, to the Assembly to ask them to send to the king a deputation which might serve as a guard to the Executive. His ruin was resolved on; they passed to the order of the day. At eight o'clock, the department appeared at the palace; the procureur-syndic seeing that the guards inside were ready to unite with the assailants, entered the king's closet and demanded a private audience."—*Mme Campan*, "*Mémoires.*"

"M. Roederer joined the king's ministers, and, with one accord, all conjured him to save himself and the royal family and

take refuge in the bosom of the National Assembly. 'Sire,' said M. Roederer, 'there alone, in the midst of the representatives of the people, can Your Majesty, the queen, and the royal family be in safety; come, let us flee. Another quarter of an hour and retreat, perhaps, will not depend on us.' The king hesitated, the queen displayed the most lively discontent. 'What!' said she. 'We are alone, no one can act. . . .' 'Yes, madame, alone; action is useless, and resistance impossible.'"—*Montjoie*, "*Hist. de Marie Antoinette.*"

"The commissioners, seeing that all the persons who, from duty or from zeal, were assembled in the apartments of their Majesties, resolved to defend them or perish with them, used every effort to oppose it. . . . Roederer, now addressing the king, now the queen, represented to them with warmth that 'such an escort, irritating still more the fury of the people, could only add to their dangers.' Their Majesties thought only of that to which their faithful servants devoted themselves, and, without perceiving the perils still greater to which they would remain exposed, prayed all insistently not to follow them."—*Weber*, "*Mémoires.*"

"The queen took with her only Mme. the Princess de la Lamballe and Mme de Tourzel. The Princess de Tarente and Mme de Roche-Aymon were in despair at being left in the Tuileries. They and all the rest went down to the apartments of the queen. We saw the royal family defile between two lines formed by Swiss grenadiers and those of the battalions of the Petit Pères and the Filles Saint Thomas. They were so pressed on by the crowd that during the passage the queen was robbed of her watch and purse. A man of terrible stature and atrocious countenance, such as seen at the head of every insurrection, approached the Dauphin, whom the queen was holding by the hand, lifted him up, and took him in his arms. The queen uttered a cry of terror, and nearly fainted. The man said to her, 'Do not be afraid, I'll do him no harm,' and restored him to her at the entrance of the hall.

"The assailants were ignorant that the king and his family had betaken themselves to the bosom of the Assembly; and those who defended the palace on the side of the court were also ignorant; it is presumed that if they had been informed the siege would not have taken place.

"The Marseillais began to drive from their posts several Swiss, who gave way without resistance; some of the assailants began to shoot them, and some Swiss officers, indignant at seeing

their soldiers fall, and believing, perhaps, that the king was still at the Tuileries, ordered a battalion to fire. The aggressors were thrown into confusion, the Carrousel was cleared in an instant, but they soon returned, animated with fury and vengeance. The Swiss only numbered eight hundred ; they fell back into the interior of the palace ; some doors were burst by cannon, others by axe-blows ; the people rushed from all sides into the palace ; nearly all the Swiss were massacred ; some noblemen, flying by the gallery leading to the Louvre, were poniarded or killed by pistol shots, and their bodies thrown out of the windows. MM. Pallas and de Marchais, ushers of the king's chamber, were killed in defending the door of the council chamber ; many other servants of the king fell victims to their attachment to their master. I cite these two persons because, with their hats pressed down on their foreheads, and sword in hand, they cried, while defending themselves with a useless but laudable courage, 'We do not wish to live ; this is our post, our duty is to die here.' M. Diet behaved in the same way at the door of the queen's bedroom, and met the same fate. Mme the Princess of Tarente had fortunately had the door of the suite of rooms opened, otherwise this horrible band, seeing so many women together in the queen's room, would have thought she was there, and would have massacred us on the spot if its rage had been augmented by resistance. Nevertheless, we were all about to perish, when a man with a long beard exclaimed, in the name of Pétion, '*Mercy to women ; do not dishonor the nation.*' A peculiar incident placed me in greater peril than the others. In my distress, I believed, an instant before the entrance of the assailants into the queen's apartments, that my sister was not among the group of ladies assembled there, and I went up to an *entresol*, where I supposed she had taken refuge, to induce her to come down, deeming it important to our safety not to be separated. I did not find her there ; I saw only our maids and one of the queen's two *heidukes*, a man of a very tall stature, and a very soldier-like aspect. I saw he was pale, and sitting on the bed, and I said, 'Save yourself ; the footmen and our people have already done so.' 'I cannot,' replied this man ; 'I am dead with fear.' As he said these words, I heard a troop of men hurriedly mounting the staircase ; they flung themselves upon him, and I saw them murder him. I ran to the stairs, followed by our maids. The murderers left the *heiduke* and came to me. The girls flung themselves at their feet, and seized their sabres. The narrowness of the staircase impeded the murderers, but I had already felt a

terrible hand at my back to lay hold of my dress, when some one cried from the foot of the stairs, 'What are you doing up there?' The horrible Marseillais who was going to kill me answered by a *hein*, the sound of which will never leave my memory. The other voice replied in these words, 'We do not kill women.'

"I was on my knees; my executioner left me, and said, 'Get up, wench, the nation shows mercy.' The rudeness of his words did not prevent me from feeling an inexpressible sentiment which was allied as much to the love of life as to the idea that I should see my son and all that was dear. A moment before I had not thought of death so much as had a presentiment of the pain which the sword suspended over my head would cause.

"Five or six men seized me and the maids, and, having made us mount on the staging before the windows, ordered us to cry, '*Vive la Nation!*'

"I passed over many corpses; I recognized that of the old Vicomte de Broves. The queen, at the commencement of the night, had sent me to tell him and another old man that she wished they would go to their homes. 'We have obeyed only too often the orders of the king, under all circumstances,' replied these brave gentlemen, 'where it was necessary to risk our lives to save him; this time we will not obey, and will only preserve the recollection of the goodness of the queen.'

'Mme la Roche-Aymon and her daughter, Mlle Pauline de Tourzel, Mme de Ginestoux, lady of the Princess de Lamballe, the other ladies of the queen, and the old Count d'Affry, were conveyed together to the prisons of the Abbaye."—*Mme Campan*, "*Mémoires.*"

The palace of the Tuileries is destroyed, but the Louvre still remains to us.

On the site of a hunting lodge which Dagobert had built in the woods which then extended to the Seine, Philippe Auguste, in 1200, erected a fortress, to which S. Louis added a great hall which was called by his name. The fortress was used as a state prison, and its position was at first outside the city, in which it was enclosed in 1367. From the great dungeon tower in the centre of this

castle,[1] which was called the Louvre, all the great fiefs in France had their source. When the great feudatories came to take or renew the feudal oath, it was there that the ceremony took place. Thus when François I. destroyed the great tower of the Louvre in the building of his new palace, the expression that the fiefs were held *de la tour du Louvre* was changed to *de la cour du Louvre*.[2]

The Louvre was greatly enlarged by Charles V., who added many towers and surrounded it with a moat which was supplied from the Seine. He made the palace into a complete rectangle, always preserving the great central dungeon tower. In spite, however, of his additions, space was wanting in the labyrinthine apartments of the Louvre for his splendid receptions, such as that of the Duc de Bretagne in 1388, so he only inhabited the fortress for a short time, and devoted himself principally to building the Hôtel St. Paul, the royal residence till Charles VII. left it for the neighboring Hôtel des Tournelles, which was the Parisian residence of Louis XI., Charles VIII., Louis XII. and François I. When the Emperor Charles V. was coming to Paris, François decorated the old palace of the Louvre for his reception. This drew attention to its dilapidated state, and he determined to rebuild it. The great tower, as strong as the day it was built, took five months (1527) to destroy. It was especially regretted by the populace, because they lost the pleasure of seeing great lords imprisoned there. The cost of demolition was enormous,

[1] The prisoners in this tower included—Ferrand, Comte de Flandres, 1214 (after the victory of Bouvines); Enguerrand de Coucy; Guy, Comte de Flandres, 1299; Louis, Comte de Flandres, 1322; Enguerrand de Marigny; Jean IV., Duc de Bretagne; Charles II., King of Navarre; le Captal de Buch, Jean de Grailly; and Jean II., Duc d'Alençon.

[2] A fragment of the XIII. c. fortress remains in one of the walls of the Salle des Cariatides. To the left of the window, concealed by a door, is a winding staircase of the original building.

"et fist ce faire le roy pour appliquer le chasteau du Louvre, logis de plaisance." Under the renaissance, strongholds everywhere began to make way for *lieux de plaisance.* The existing palace was begun, under Pierre Lescot, in 1541.

"Francis I., wishing to have at Paris a palace worthy of his magnificence, and disdaining the old Louvre and the Hôtel des Tournelles, an irregular pile of little towers and gothic pavilions, ordered the destruction, in 1528, of the great tower of the Louvre, the donjon of Philippe Auguste, from which all the fiefs of the realm were held. This was an act destructive of history itself; it was the monarchy of the Renaissance overthrowing the old feudal royalty."—*Martin*, "*Hist. de France.*"

Lescot continued his work through the twelve years' reign of Henri II. The palace which he built was the whole western side of the court of the Vieux Louvre, and the wing which contains the *Galerie d'Apollon.* The pavilion which connected the two wings was called *Pavillon du Roi.* After the death of Henri II., his widow, Catherine de Medicis, left the Palais des Tournelles, and came with her children to live in the new palace, which she enlarged by erecting a portico with rooms above it along the quay. It was whilst he was at work upon these buildings that the great sculptor Jean Goujon perished. On the day after the massacre of St. Bartholomew he had gone as usual to his work upon a scaffold; he thought that his art would save him, but a ball from an arquebus struck him down. In these buildings the Huguenot gentlemen, who were "marqués à tuer," fled from chamber to chamber, and from gallery to gallery, and were cut down one after another, except M. de Lezac, who took refuge within the *ruelle* of the bed of the Princess Marguerite, married six days before to the King of Navarre. "Moi," says the queen in her memoirs, "sentant cet homme qui me tenait, je me jette à la ruelle, et lui après moi, me tenant toujours à

travers le corps. Je ne connaissais point cet homme, et ne savais s'il venait là pour m'offenser, ou si les archers en voulaient à lui ou à moi. Nous crions tous deux et étions aussi effrayés l'un que l'autre." The young bridegroom, Henri de Navarre, for whom Catherine de Medicis had made "les noces vermeilles," was amongst those whom she wished to save. The queen-mother "grilla si bien, pour un matin, ses fenêtres, qu'il ne put jamais échapper, comme il en avait volonté." According to Brantôme and d'Aubigné (neither of them at Paris at the time), Charles IX. stood at his chamber window, shooting down those who were taking refuge in the Pré-aux-Clercs.[1]

The Louvre was still inconveniently small for the number of persons who had to live in it. These, under Henri III., included four queens—the reigning queen, Louise de Vaudemont; the queen-mother, Catherine de Medicis; the Queen of Navarre, Marguerite de Valois; and Elizabeth d'Autriche, widow of Charles IX., usually known as "la reine Blanche." When Marie de Medicis, who measured palaces by the Florentine Pitti, arrived in France, she could not conceal her astonishment at the inferiority of the Louvre. "Plusieurs foys," says Cheverny, "je lui ai ouy répéter depuys qu'elle ne fust jamais presqu'en toute sa vie si estonnée et effrayée, croyant que ce n'estoit le Louvre, ou que l'on faisoit cela pour se moquer d'elle."

Henri IV., therefore, wished, in 1595, to unite the buildings of Catherine de Medicis with the other palace which she had built, and which, under the name of the Tuileries, was still outside the limits of the town. For this purpose, he ordered Antoine du Cerceau[2] to erect the

[1] The window of the little gallery, marked by an inscription falsely recording this event as having taken place there, existed at the time, but was walled up.

[2] All the plans of Du Cerceau still exist.

(original) *Pavillon de Flore* beyond the south extremity of the Tuileries, and to unite it to the Tuileries of Philibert Delorme on one side, and to the Louvre on the other, by buildings which extended to the pavilion which under Louis XV. took the name of de Lesdiguières, from a neighboring hotel, enclosing the three arches called *Guichets des Sts. Pères*, by which carriages cross from the banks of the Seine to the Rue de Rivoli. The porticoes of Catherine de Medicis were then enclosed, and an upper story added, to make them harmonize with the later constructions.

From this time no one touched the Louvre till the supremacy of Richelieu, who demolished all that remained of the old feudal buildings (the north and east façades) and employed Antoine le Mercier to continue the palace. Intending to double the dimensions of the original plan, this great architect used each of the existing wings as the half of a façade for his new Louvre, and built two others on the same plan, so as to make the building a perfect square. Whilst the minority of Louis XIV. lasted, Anne of Austria lived with her children at the Palais-Cardinal, now Palais-Royal, but Levau was employed to continue the works at the Louvre, and an apartment there was bestowed upon the exiled Henrietta Maria of England (daughter of Henri IV.), who was treated with the greatest generosity by her sister-in-law. A number of hotels of the nobility—de Bourbon, de Longueville, de Villequier, d'Aumont—had hitherto occupied the ground close to the Louvre, but those on the east side were now demolished, and all the architects of France were invited to compete with designs for a façade which should be of such magnificence as to satisfy Colbert, while Bernini, then at the height of his fame, was summoned from Italy for the same

purpose. The plans chosen were those of Claude Perrault, who built the east façade, adorned with twenty-eight Corinthian pillars, called the *Colonnade du Louvre*, for Louis XIV., 1665–70. Levau died of grief because his plan—a very noble one—was not chosen. Still, the Louvre remained unfinished, so that Parisians used to say the only chance of seeing it completed would be to make it over to one of the four great mendicant orders, to hold their chapters and lodge their General there. Louis XV. and XVI. did nothing more than repair the buidings already existing, and then came the Revolution. Even in the time of Napoleon I., the space between the Louvre and the Tuileries was invaded by a number of narrow, dirty streets, which, with the royal stables and several private hotels, destroyed the effect of the two palaces. After the Revolution of 1848, these were swept away, and Napoleon III., from the commencement of his power, determined to unite the Louvre and the Tuileries into one great whole. This was carried out and completed in 1857. The difference of the axis of the two palaces was then cleverly concealed by the arrangement of buildings which enclose the "*Square du Louvre*," though the destruction of the Tuileries has since rendered the design ineffectual.

Entering the Louvre from the Rue de Rivoli by one of the five entrances under the *Pavillon de Rohan* in the north façade, we find ourselves in the *Place du Carrousel* of Napoleon I., which is a great enlargement of the little square in front of the Tuileries occupying the site of the "Jardin de Mademoiselle" (de Montpensier, and originally named from a carrousel or tournament which Louis XIV. gave there in 1662. In the centre of the grille of what was formerly the court of the Tuileries still stands the graceful *Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel*, built in 1806, by Fontaine

and Percier, for Napoleon I. The car and horses which surmount it are modelled in imitation of the famous horses of St. Mark, restored to Venice by the Allies; the figures and reliefs commemorate the successes of the first emperor at Austerlitz, Ulm, Presburg, Vienna, and Munich. The initials and monograms of their different builders mark many of the surrounding buildings. Opposite the point at which we entered, is the *Pavillon de Lesdiguières*, dividing the renaissance Louvre of Charles IX., adorned with Tuscan columns supporting mezzanini, from the later buildings continued under Louis XIV., which have no mezzanini, and where the pediments rest on coupled Corinthian columns as a stylobate. The modern buildings on the north-east, occupy the site of the Hôtel de Longueville, famous for the intrigues of the Fronde,[1] and those on the south-east beyond the entrance of the Square du Louvre that of the church of St. Thomas du Louvre, which fell in upon its congregation, October 15, 1739. The buildings

[1] This famous mansion, originally called Hôtel de Vieuville, was built by Clément Métezeau for the Marquis de Vieuville. He sold it, 1620, to the Duc de Luynes (the tyrant minister of Louis XIII.), who died in the following year. His widow sold it to Claude de Lorraine, Duc de Chevreuse, whom she afterwards married, and who received the Duke of Buckingham here when he came over to fetch Henrietta Maria. The duchess, celebrated in a thousand love-affairs, was driven into exile by the enmity of Richelieu, and at his death only came back to be again banished for a time by the influence of Mazarin. She returned, however, to make her hôtel a centre for the intrigues of the Fronde, seconded by her daughter, "qui avait les yeux capables d'embraser toute la terre" (Mme de Motteville), and by the Duchesse de Longueville, "l'héroine de la Fronde," who eventually purchased the hôtel and gave it a new name. Her daughter-in-law, the Duchesse de Nemours, bequeathed the hôtel to Henri de Bourbon, Prince de Neuchâtel, whose daughter brought it back by marriage into the family of Luynes. The hôtel existed in a degraded condition till 1832, when it was pulled down to enlarge the Place du Carrousel. Another building, demolished about the same time, was the church of St. Louis du Louvre, where a protestant congregation continued to worship during the great Revolution (John Moore, *Journal of Residence in France*, December, 1792), and which contained the tomb of Cardinal Fleury, the Prime Minister of Louis XV. (who had proposed to pull down the Louvre and sell the materials), represented expiring in the arms of religion.

of Napoleon III. are surrounded by statues of eminent Frenchmen. All around is magnificence—

> "Le palais pompeux, dont la France s'honore."
> *Voltaire*, "*Henriade.*"

The most interesting associations of the Place du Carrousel are those which belong to the fruitless flight of the royal family on June 20, 1791.

"Madame Elizabeth went out first with Madame Royale, followed, at a little distance, by Mme de Tourzel leading the Dauphin. One of the three body-guards accompanied her. Either by accident or on purpose, one of the sentinels in the courts who, in his walk, crossed the path by which the two princesses had to pass, turned round just at the time when he was near them and about to meet them. Madame Royale remarked it, and whispered to Madame Elizabeth, *My aunt, we are recognized.* They left the court, however, without being remarked, and followed, as I have already said, by Mme de Tourzel and the young prince, crossed the Little Carrousel to the court of the Rue de l'Echelle, where M. de Fersen was waiting for them with a carriage. It was a hired vehicle, resembling, in its shape and by the horses that drew it, what is called in Paris a fiacre. He had hired it in a distant quarter, and he himself acted as coachman, dressed as this species of coachman dresses. He was so well disguised that while he was waiting, having already in the carriage the two princesses, the Dauphin and Mme de Tourzel, an empty fiacre stopped near him, and the driver, who thought he was addressing one of his comrades, commenced a conversation on such subjects as ordinarily interest this class of men; the conversation lasted a long time, and M. de Fersen sustained it with such sufficient presence of mind in the slang of hackmen, that his brother-whip had no suspicion. He got rid of him after having giving him a pinch of snuff from a shabby box which he had. Soon afterwards the king arrived, followed by the second body-guard; there had been a pretty long interval between his leaving the palace and the departure of the first party, but it was equally fortunate, although one of the buckles of his shoes broke quite near the sentinel of the gate of the Carrousel, and he was obliged to fix it under his very eyes. The queen, who was to come last, caused half an hour's delay and gave the travellers much anxiety.

The third body-guard had been left to accompany her and give her his arm. All went well as far as the great gate of the Cour Royale, but, just as she was leaving, she saw the carriage of M. de Lafayette approaching with torches and his ordinary attendants; he was going home, and crossing the Carrousel to reach the Pont-Royal. The queen had on a hat that hid her face. The night was very dark; she drew up against the wall to let the carriage pass. Having escaped this danger, she told her attendant to take her to the Little Carrousel, at the corner of the Rue de l'Echelle, about two hundred paces from the spot where they were. The man knew less of Paris than she did; it was dangerous to ask the way so close to the gate of the Tuileries; they turned, by chance, to the right instead of to the left, passed the wickets of the Louvre, crossed the Pont-Royal, and wandered about a long time on the quays and in the Rue du Bac. They were compelled at last to make up their minds to ask their way. A sentinel on the bridge pointed it out. They had to retrace their steps, repass the wickets, and skirt the courts of the Tuileries to arrive at the Rue de l'Echelle. At last, they reached the vehicle without other accident than loss of time. But this was a very serious loss, for the value of every minute was incalculable. When all the illustrious caravan was re-united, they set out to catch the vehicle which was waiting for them beyond the barrier Saint Martin."—*Weber*, "*Mémoires.*"

Under the Consulate, the Place du Carrousel was the scene of the weekly reviews of Napoleon I.

"A very curious spectacle was presented by these parades, especially under the Consulate. Under the empire they might be more magnificent, but in 1800 their splendor was entirely national; it was the glory of France that was visible in these battalions which, whether of recruits or veterans, equally made the stranger tremble who saw them from the windows of the palace."—*Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantès.*

The Place was constantly used for military pageants under the first empire, and of these none took a greater hold upon the spectators than the reviews of the Old Guard by Napoleon I.

"In this vast square the regiments of the Old Guard were

drawn up before being passed in review. They presented opposite to the palace, imposing lines of blue twenty ranks deep. Beyond the enclosure, and in the Carrousel, there stood in other parallel lines several regiments of infantry and cavalry, ready at the least signal to manœuvre and pass under the triumphal arch which adorns the middle of the railings, on the summit of which, at this time, the magnificent horses of Venice were displayed. The bands of the regiments were placed on each side of the galleries of the Louvre, and these two military orchestras were masked by the Polish Lancers on duty. A great part of the sandy square remained vacant, like an arena prepared for the movements of all these silent bodies. These masses, disposed with all the symmetry of the military art, reflected the sun from the triangular flashes of ten thousand glittering bayonets. The air waved the plumes of the soldiers and made them undulate like the trees of a forest bent by an impetuous wind. These veteran bands, mute and glittering, presented a thousand contrasts of color in the diversity of the uniforms, the facings, the arms, and the aiguillettes. This immense picture, a miniature of a battle-field before the combat, was admirably framed, with all its accessories and striking peculiarities, by these high majestic buildings, whose immobility chiefs and soldiers were at that moment imitating.

"An indescribable enthusiasm was displayed in the expectant attitude of the crowd. France was about to say 'Good-bye' to Napoleon, on the eve of a campaign which involved dangers foreseen by the humblest citizen.

"The clock of the palace struck the half-hour. At that instant the hum and murmur of the crowd ceased, and the silence became so profound that a child's voice could have been heard.

"Then those who seemed to have life only in their eyes, could distinguish quite a peculiar clank of spurs and clash of swords, echoing from the sonorous peristyle of the palace.

"A little man, dressed in a green uniform, with white breeches and riding boots, suddenly appeared, keeping on his head a three-cocked hat that shared the prestige of the man himself. A large red ribbon of the Legion of Honor floated over his breast. A small sword was at his side.

"He was perceived by all the multitude and from all points at once.

"At his appearance, the drums beat *aux champs*, and the bands burst out with a phrase whose warlike expression called

out every instrument, from the bass drum to the softest flute. To these military sounds, souls thrilled, flags saluted, the soldiers presented arms, with a unanimous and regular movement which shook the muskets from the first rank away to the last one just visible in the Carrousel ; the words of command were repeated like echoes, and cries of '*Vive l'Empereur*' were uttered by the enthusiastic multitude. All was in motion, vibrating and quivering.

"The man, surrounded by such love, such enthusiasm, devotion, and vows, for whom the very sun had dispersed the clouds of heaven, remained motionless on his horse, three paces in front of the little gilded squadron which followed him, having the Grand Marshal on his left, the Marshal on duty at his right. In the midst of all the emotions excited by him, no line in his face moved.

"Yes. Even so. Such was he at Wagram in the midst of the fire, such was he at the Moskowa among the dead."—*Balzac*, "*Le Rendezvous.*"

The first French sovereign who formed a collection of pictures was François I. This was enormously increased, under Louis XIV., by Colbert, who bought for a ridiculously small sum the greater part of the collection of pictures and drawings of Charles I. of England, of which the original purchaser was Everard Jabach the banker, who was afterwards compelled by poverty to re-sell them. This became the germ of the existing collection, enriched under Louis XV. by the sale of the Prince de Carignan and by works ordered from the best French artists of the time, and, under Louis XVI., by a collection of Flemish pictures. Under the Republic, the pictures at Versailles were added to those of Paris, and the collections were offered to the public as *Le Muséum de la République.* With the Italian campaigns of Napoleon I., such a vast mass of works of art deluged Paris as even the immense galleries of the Louvre were quite insufficient to contain.

"Sous quels débris honteux, sous quel amas rustique
On laisse ensevelir ces chefs-d'œuvres divins!
Quel barbare a mêlé sa bassesse gothique
A toute la grandeur des Grecs et des Romains!"

Voltaire.

"Vous avez enrichi le Muséum de Paris de plus de cinq cents objets, chefs-d'œuvre de l'ancienne et de la nouvelle Italie; et qu'il a fallu trente siècles pour produire," said Napoleon to his soldiers after the taking of Mantua. But nearly the whole of this collection was restored to its rightful owners in 1815. Under Louis Philippe and the second empire a vast number of bequests added greatly to the wealth of the original Museum.

The collections of the Louvre are of various kinds—paintings, drawings, engravings, ancient sculpture, sculpture of the middle ages and renaissance, modern French sculpture, Assyrian antiquities, Egyptian antiquities, Greek and Etruscan antiquities, Algerine museum, marine museum, ethnographical museum, collection of enamels and jewels, the Sauvageot museum, the Campana museum, the La Caze museum, the Oriental museum, the Le Noir museum. It is not possible to visit many of these collections separately without crossing and re-crossing others. As those who are only a short time in Paris will prefer to take the more important collections on the first floor first, we will begin with those, entered on the right of the Pavillon Sully, which faces the Arc du Carrousel in the centre of the front of the Louvre. The staircase (in part of the building of François I.) is due to Henri II., and bears his chiffre, arms, and emblems frequently repeated; its sculptures are by Jean Goujon. Reaching the first floor, a door on the right opens into the *Salle des Séances*,

containing the collections bequeathed to the Louvre by M. Louis La Caze, 1870. Each room should be visited from right to left. We may notice in this room—

221. *Largillière :* Portrait of President de Laage.
165. *Boucher :* Female Portrait.
260. *Watteau :* "Gilles"—of the Comédie Italienne.
*242. *Rigaud :* Portrait of De Créqui, Duc de Lesdiguières.
78. *N. Maes*, 1648 : Grace before Meat.
16. *Tintoret :* Susanna and the Elders.
18. *Tintoret :* Portrait of Pietro Mocenigo.
32. *Ribera*, 1642 : "Le Pied-Bot"—a young beggar.
170. *Chardin :* Children's grace.
37. *Velasques :* Portrait of the Infanta Maria Theresa, afterwards Queen of France.
98. *Rembrandt*, 1651 : Male Portrait.
17. *Tintoret :* Virgin and Child, with Sts. Francis and Sebastian, and a donor in adoration. From the gallery of Cardinal Fesch.
243. *Rigaud :* Portrait of Président de Bérulle.

The pictures of Watteau here, and in the rooms devoted to the French school, are chiefly interesting as the best representations we possess of the aristocratic society of France in the time of Louis XV. and Mme de Pompadour—

"To see this society, embroidered, powdered, perfumed, of which Watteau has left so charming a portrait, who could have thought that it bore in its womb the greatest and most furious revolution that history tells of? How could such energy and wrath be nurtured into life beneath that surface of wit, gallantry, and gaiety?"—*Balzac*, "*Six Rois de France.*"

The next room, *Salle de Henri II.*, only contains some pictures by French artists, of no great importance, though No. 47 is an interesting portrait of Descartes, by *Bourdon.*

The *Salon des Sept Cheminées* (forming part of the *Pavillon du Roi*, and once inhabited by the Cardinal de Guise, uncle of Marie Stuart) is devoted to the French school.

Its works are exceedingly stiff and mannered. Yet there are few visitors to the Louvre, especially young visitors, who have not in time become interested in these pictures; therefore we may especially mention—

240. *Gérard:* Portraits of M. Isabey and his daughter.

277. *Guérin:* The Return of Marius Sextus from Exile. He finds his daughter weeping by his dead wife. Collection of Charles X.

1252. *Girodet:* Attala borne to the Tomb. Bought from Chateaubriand for 50,000 francs.

236. *Gérard:* Psyche receives the first Kiss of Love. From the collection of Louis XVIII. Gérard was the most popular painter of the Restoration. Three sovereigns —of France, Russia, and Prussia—sat to him on the same day.

802. *Mme Lebrun*, 1786: Portrait of Mme Molé Raymond, of the Comédie Française. From the collection of Napoleon III.

156. *David:* Portrait of the artist as a young man. David gave this portrait to Isabey; M. Eugène Isabey gave it to the Louvre.

83. *Mme Lebrun:* Portrait of the artist and her daughter—a lovely picture. From the collection of Louis Philippe.

242. *Géricault:* Scene on the Raft of the *Medusa*, when, on the twelfth day after its shipwreck, the brig *Argus* appears on the horizon. From the collection of Charles X. This picture is said to have inaugurated modern emotional French art.

*159. *David*, 1805: Portrait of Pius VII. The Pope holds a letter on the back of which is inscribed, "Pio VII. bonarum artium patrono." A grand portrait, executed during the residence of the Pope at the Tuileries.

*160. *David:* Portrait of Mme Récamier. A masterpiece of the artist.

"In her whole composition there was nothing but simple grace, refinement, and goodness, and all these united together and harmonized by that attraction which forms the only charm by which love is won. It was the soul that animated her eyes and shone through her long drooping lashes and on her brow, flushing beneath the bandeau of pale yellow, the only ornament for

many years of that charming head. In the smile which so often opened her rosy lips, could be seen equally the simple joy of a young ravishing creature, happy to please, happy to be loved, seeing only the joys of nature and responding to the salutations of love that greeted her everywhere by an expression of silent benignity. She was grateful to life for being so fair and so joyous."—*Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantès.*

459. *Prud'hon*, 1808: Justice and Divine Vengeance pursuing Crime. Ordered for the Criminal Court in the Palais de Justice, by Frochot, préfet de la Seine.
833. *Prud'hon*, 1796: Portrait of a Girl (Marie-Marguerite Lagnier). From the collection of Napoleon III.
251. *Girodet:* Endymion Asleep. Painted in the Villa Medici at Rome in 1792. From the collection of Louis XVIII.
149. *David*, 1799: The Sabines; designed in the prisons of the Luxembourg during the Great Revolution.

"In the midst of his work, the turnkey arrived with some armed men. 'Citizen David is summoned to the tribunal,' said a hoarse voice. David continued without answering. Fortunately the turnkey was sober that day and the men with him were not very drunk. Otherwise our great painter might have met the fate of Archimedes. 'Come, citizen,' the turnkey resumed, 'thou wilt have time to scrawl on the wall at *thy return*. The tribunal is waiting.' 'I only ask an hour,' replied David, scarcely turning round; 'but I must have it, I have no time now.' The jailer went out stupefied; the reply was carried to the tribunal, and mentioned in the record. Thus the artist made the executioner wait his good pleasure. By good luck, he waited in vain."—*Félix Joncières.*

Passing through a room containing Etruscan jewels, from the left of the circular vestibule, we enter the *Galerie d'Apollon.* At its portal is a splendid XVII. c. grille brought from the château of Mansart at Maisons-sur-Seine.

This magnificent gallery, decorated with paintings by Lebrun, and stucco ornaments by Girardon and other great masters, contains a collection of gems and jewels. Amongst historic relics, we may notice—

Case I.—

Reliquary of the arm of Charlemagne. Early XIII. c.
Reliquary of St. Henri. End of XII. c.
"Cassette de St. Louis."
Crystal vase of Eleanor of Aquitaine. XII. c.
Precious objects from the altar of the St. Esprit.

Case III.—

Crown used at the coronation of Louis XV.
Casket of Anne of Austria.

Case VII. (*in a central window*).—

Bed-candlestick and mirror of Marie de Medicis, given by the Republic of Venice on her marriage with Henri IV.
Livre d'heures of Catherine de Medicis, with miniatures representing all the family of Valois.

Case at the end of room on the left.—

Sword and spurs of Charlemagne.
Hand of Justice and Sceptre, used at the coronations of Kings of France.
Clasp of the mantle and ring of St. Louis.
Reliquary of Jeanne d'Evreux, given to the Abbey of St. Denis in 1329.
Buckler and helmet of Charles IX. in enamelled gold.

Case at the end of room on the right.—

Armor of Henri II.

The *Salon Carré* contains the masterpieces of all the different schools collected in the Louvre—

"Qui sur tous les beaux arts a fondé sa gloire."[1]

Thus, every picture in this room is more or less worthy of study; we must at least notice—

1st Wall, right of entrance.—

426. *Perugino* (Pietro Vannucci): Madonna and Child adored by Angels. From the collection of the King of Holland. An early work of the master.

[1] Voltaire.

380. *Andrea del Sarto* (d'Agnolo), 1487–1553: Holy Family. Collection of François I.

"Strangely enough, this painter, so unhappy in real life, gives to his figures an air of candid happiness and unaffected goodness; a kind of innocent joy lifts the corners of their lips and they beam, illuminated with a sweet serenity, in the warm, colored atmosphere with which the artist surrounds them. A painter paints his dreams, not his life."—*Théophile Gautier.*

59. *Gentile Bellini* (elder brother of Giovanni), 1426–1507: Two male Portraits. From the collection of Louis XIV.

100. *Paul Veronese* (Paolo Cagliari), 1528–88: Jupiter annihilating Crime. Brought from the ceiling of the Hall of the Council of Ten in the Ducal Palace at Venice, to decorate the chamber of Louis XIV. at Versailles.

"The crimes are Rebellion, Treason, Lust, and Embezzlement, punished by the Council of Ten, and Paul Veronese has characterized them in an ingenious and poetic manner. He painted this ceiling after a journey to Rome, where he saw the antique and Michael Angelo."—*Théophile Gautier.*

*446. *Titian* (Tiziano Vecelli), 1477–1576: The Entombment. A replica of the noble picture at Venice, which has belonged in turn to the Duke of Mantua, Charles I. of England, and Louis XIV.

536. *Herrera* (Francisco de), 1576–1656: S. Basil dictating his Rule. From the collection of Marshal Soult.

*410. *Rembrandt* (van Ryn), 1608–69: The Carpenter's Home. Signed 1640.

"Rembrandt takes for his background a humble Dutch interior, with its brown-toned walls, its funnel-shaped chimney lost in shadow, and its narrow window, from which a ray of light penetrates through the yellow panes; he paints a mother stooping over the cradle of a child, a mother, nothing more, with her bosom lighted from a side window; near her an old matron, and beside the window a carpenter at work planing some pieces of wood. Such is his manner of comprehending the Virgin, St. Anne, the child Jesus, and St. Joseph. He renders the scene more domestic, more human, more commonplace, if you like, than it has ever been painted. You are at liberty tosee in it only the poor family of a carpenter, but the ray which strikes the

cradle of the infant Jesus indicates that he is God, and that from this humble cradle will burst forth the light of the world."—*Théophile Gautier.*

"A rustic interior. Mary, seated in the centre, is suckling her Child. St. Anne, a fat, Flemish grandame, has been reading the volume of the Scriptures, and bends forward in order to remove the coverlet, and look in the Infant's face. A cradle is near. Joseph is seen at work in the background."—*Jameson, "Legends of the Madonna."*

370. *Adrian van Ostade :* The Schoolmaster. Signed 1662. Collection of Louis XVI.

325. *Guido Reni*, 1575–1642 : Deïanira and the Centaur Nessus. Collection of Louis XIV.

* *Unnumbered. Perugino* (long attributed to Raffaelle): Apollo and Marsyas. An exquisitely beautiful picture. From the Palazzo Litta at Milan.

Un. Jehan Percal, or *Jehan de Paris:* Madonna and the Donor.

2nd (Right) Wall.—

434. *N. Poussin :* St. Francis Xavier raising a Girl to Life at Cangorima in Japan. Painted 1640. Collection of Louis XV.

419. *Rembrandt :* Portrait of a Woman. 1654.

526. *Gérard Terburg :* A Soldier offering Gold to a Young Woman. Collection of Louis XVI.

293. *Gabriel Metsu :* An Officer receiving the Visit of a Lady.

89. *Philippe de Champaigne*, 1602–74 : His own Portrait. His birth-place, Brussels, is seen in the background. Painted 1668.

*121. *Gérard Dou*, 1598–1674 : The Woman with the Dropsy. Signed 1663. This picture was bought by the Elector Palatine for 30,000 florins, and given by him to Prince Eugène. At the death of the Prince, it was placed in the Royal Gallery at Turin. At the moment of his abdication, Charles Emmanuel IV. gave it to Clausel, Adjutant-General of the army of Italy, in gratitude for the loyalty with which he had carried out the mission entrusted to him. Clausel gave it to the French nation.

229. *Sebastian del Piombo* (Sebastiano Luciani), 1485–1547 : The Visitation. Signed 1521. The design has been attributed to Michelangelo.

87. *Bronzino* (Agnolo di Cosimo), 1502–1572: Portrait of a Sculptor. Collection of Louis XIV.

*539. *Murillo* (Bartholomé Esteban), 1616–82: The Immaculate Conception. Bought, 1852, from the heirs of Marshal Soult, for 615,500 francs.

*96. *Paul Veronese:* The Supper at the House of Simon the Pharisee. Painted 1570–75 for the refectory of the Servi at Venice, and given by the Republic to Louis XIV. in 1665. This is only one of four great "Cenas" painted by the master.

"These four Holy Suppers, marvellous *agapæ* of painting, were assembled together at Paris in the years vii. and viii. A prodigious exhibition, from which we do not see that the art of that epoch profited much in regard to color."—*Théophile Gautier.*

*452. *Titian:* Alfonso I. of Ferrara (fourth husband of Lucrezia Borgia), and Laura de' Dianti, first his mistress, afterwards his wife, whom he called "Eustochia"—the happy choice. From the collection of Charles I., afterwards of Louis XIV.

*523. *Incognito* (probably Franciabigio): Portrait of a Young Man. In the Pitti Palace at Florence is an almost similar portrait by Franciabigio.

"A sombre portrait of a young man standing, with his elbow on a ledge. His hollow eyes are sunk under a marked bony brow. His hair, cap, and dress are black. The forms of the face and hands are scant in flesh and broken in contour, the cavities and retreating parts in deep, unfathomable shadow."—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

82. *Paris Bordone*, 1500–70: Portrait.

202. *Domenico Ghirlandajo*, 1449–94: The Visitation. An admirable picture from St. Maria degli Angeli at Florence.

*363. *Raffaelle:* Madonna and Child. "La Vierge au Voile" or "au Diadème." The Madonna lifts a veil to show the Infant to St. John, who kneels in adoration. This picture belonged to Phélypeaux, Marquis de la Vrillière, then to the Comte de Toulouse, and afterwards to the Prince de Carignan, who sold it to Louis XV.

*462. *Lionardo da Vinci*, 1452–1519: Portrait of Mona Lisa ("La Joconde"), wife of Francesco del Giocondo, the

friend of the artist. This portrait, a miracle of painting, in which the art of portraiture has probably approached nearest to perfection, occupied the artist four years, and he then pronounced it unfinished. A thousand explanations have been given of this "sphinx of beauty." The picture was bought by François I.

150. *Vandyke:* Portraits of Jean Grusset Richardot, President of the Privy Council of the Netherlands, and his son. Sometimes attributed to Rubens. Collection of Louis XVI.

543. *Murillo:* The Holy Family. The Virgin, seated, holds the Holy Child, to whom St. John, standing by the kneeling St. Elizabeth, presents a cross. Collection of Louis XVI.

121. *Annibale Caracci*, 1560–1609: Appearance of the Virgin to SS. Luke and Catherine. Painted for the cathedral of Reggio.

*162. *Van Eyck*, 1390–1441: "La Vierge au Donateur." The Holy Child blesses the kneeling old man, who ordered this picture as an *ex-voto;* an angel crowns the Madonna. Bought by François I. from the Duke of Urbino.

"The Virgin is seated on a throne, holding in her arms the Infant Christ, who has a globe in his left hand, and extends the right in the act of benediction. The Virgin is attired as a queen, in a magnificent robe falling in ample folds around her, and trimmed with jewels; an angel, hovering with outstretched wings, holds a crown over her head. On the left of the picture, a votary, in the dress of a Flemish burgomaster, kneels before a prie-dieu, on which is an open book; and with clasped hands adores the Mother and her Child. The locality represents a gallery or portico paved with marble, and sustained by pillars in a fantastic Moorish style. The whole picture is quite exquisite for the delicacy of color and execution."—*Jameson*, "*Legends of the Madonna.*"

447. *Nicholas Poussin*, 1650: A noble portrait of the artist, aged 56.

*364. *Raffaelle:* The Holy Family.

*368. *Raffaelle:* St. Michael, painted, 1504, for Guidobaldo di Montefeltro, Duke of Urbino.

123. *Annibale Caracci:* Pietà.

Wall of Exit.—

87. *Philippe de Champaigne:* Portrait of Cardinal Richelieu. From the Hôtel de Toulouse.

*365. *Raffaelle:* Holy Family. The Madonna holds up the Child in his cradle; St. Elizabeth presents the little St. John.

"In care and uniformity of execution, in fulness and grandeur of the nude, in breadth and delicacy of drapery, in lightness and freedom of motion, and in powerful effects of color, this work approaches most nearly to the Transfiguration."—*Waagen.*

375. *School of Raffaelle:* Abundance—evidently executed under the direction of Raffaelle.

232. *Luini* (Bernardino), c. 1530: Salome, with the head of John the Baptist. Collection of Louis XIV.

*362. *Raffaelle:* "La Belle Jardinière," 1507. The Madonna sits amongst flowering shrubs; the Infant Christ stands at her knee; St. John kneels. The picture was painted by Raffaelle for the city of Siena, and bought by François I. It has been injured in parts, and overpainted.

394. *Andrea Solario*, ob. c. 1530: "La Vierge à l'oreiller vert"—named from the pillow upon which the Child is lying. This picture, perhaps from a drawing of Lionardo, was given by Marie de Medicis to the convent of the Cordeliers at Blois, whence it passed to the gallery of Cardinal Mazarin.

79. *Philippe de Champaigne:* The Dead Christ. From the church of Port Royal.

301. *Jouvenet:* The Descent from the Cross, 1697.

"Jouvenet, a grave and learned artist, with a certain majesty, the breadth of whose compositions somewhat recall Veronese, is to Poussin and Lesueur what the Caracci and Dominichino are to Lionardo and Raphael."—*Henri Martin.*

477. *Rigaud* (Hyacinthe), 1659–1743. Portrait of Jacques-Bénigne Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux; painted for his family, afterwards in the collection of Louis XVIII.

288, 289. *Memling* (Hans), flourished 1470–1484: Sts. John Baptist and Mary Magdalene. From the gallery of Lucien Bonaparte.

208. *Holbein* (*Hans*) *le Jeune*, 1498–1554: Portrait of Erasmus. Collection of Charles I., afterwards of Louis XIV.

*459. *Lionardo da Vinci:* Madonna and Child with St. Anne—"La Sainte Anne." An authentic and important picture, brought from Italy by Cardinal de Richelieu, and taken from the Palais Cardinal to the collection of Louis XIV. The sketches for this picture are at Windsor.

37. *Antonello da Messina:* Male Portrait. From the Palazzo Martinengo at Venice, afterwards in the Galerie Pourtalès.

"A marvel, a masterpiece, a miracle of painting."—*Théophile Gautier.*

46. *Guercino* (Giovanni Francesco Barbieri), 1591–1666: The Patron Saints of Modena—Gemignano, George, J. Baptist, and Peter Martyr. Ordered by the Duke of Modena in 1651 for the church of St. Pietro.

Left Wall.—

433. *N. Poussin:* The Vision of St. Paul. Collection of Scarron, afterwards of Louis XIV.

523. *Lesueur* (Eustache), 1617–1655: Appearance of St. Scholastica to St. Benedict. From the Abbey of Marmoutiers, near Tours.

433. *Rubens* (Peter Paul), 1577–1640: Tomyris, Queen of Scythia, causes the head of Cyrus to be plunged into a bath of blood. Collection of Louis XIV. A repetition of subject, somewhat altered, is in the gallery of Lord Darnley, at Cobham in Kent.

*395. *Paul Veronese:* The Feast of Cana. A picture 30 feet wide, from the refectory of the monastery of St. Giorgio at Venice. An important picture, if only from the portraits introduced, including Francis I., Eleanore of Austria, and Charles V. Amongst the group of musicians are Titian and Tintoret, Bassano, and Paul Veronese himself.

"The scene is a brilliant atrium, surrounded by majestic pillars. The tables at which the guests are seated form three sides of a parallelogram; the guests are supposed to be almost entirely contemporary portraits, so that the figures of Christ

and the Virgin, of themselves sufficiently insignificant, entirely sink in comparison. Servants with splendid vases are seen in the foreground, with people looking on from raised balustrades, and from the loggie and roofs of distant houses. The most remarkable feature is a group of musicians in the centre in front, round a table; also portraits—Paul Veronese himself is playing the violoncello, Tintoretto a similar instrument, the grey-haired Titian, in a red damask robe, the contra-bass."—*Kugler.*

"In this gigantic composition, Paul Veronese has introduced the portraits of a great number of celebrated contemporary personages. A tradition, written down and preserved in the convent of St. George the Great, where the 'Marriage of Cana' was originally placed, and communicated to Zanetti, indicates the names. According to this key, the bridegroom, seated at the left of the table, is Don Alphonso d'Avalos, Marquis de Guast. A negro standing on the other side offers him a cup of the miraculous wine. The young woman by the side of the Marquis represents Eleanore of Austria, Queen of France. Behind her a jester, quaintly hooded with a cap and bells, puts his head between two pillars. Quite near the young woman is Francis I., then comes Queen Mary of England, dressed in a yellow robe. Further on is Soliman, Sultan of Turkey, who appears in no wise surprised at finding himself at the Marriage of Cana, a few steps from Jesus Christ; he had some one to talk to besides. A negro prince, descended beyond doubt from one of the three Kings, the Abyssinian one, we may suppose, or from Prester John, is speaking to the servants, while Vittoria Colonna, Marquise de Pescara, chews a tooth-pick; and at the corner, at the end of the table, the Emperor Charles the Fifth, without heed to chronology, tranquilly wears on his neck the order of the Golden Fleece."—*Théophile Gautier.*

*19. *Correggio:* Marriage of St. Catherine. Mazarin vainly tried to persuade the Barberini family of Rome to sell him this picture, which was constantly refused. At last he induced Anne of Austria to ask for it, when it was reluctantly given up to her entreaties, and was soon transferred by her to the Palais Mazarin, to the great mortification of the donors. After the death of Mazarin, it passed to the gallery of Louis XIV.

39. *Giorgione* (Giorgio Barbarelli), 1478–1514: A rural Concert. From the collection of Charles I., afterwards of Louis XIV. Two young men and two young women

are represented with musical instruments ; one of the latter draws water from a well.

*142. *Vandyke* (Anton van Dyck), 1600–1649: Charles I. of England, a magnificent full-length portrait. From the Orleans gallery in the Palais Royal, where the picture seemed to have a touching association with the palace in which the widow and children of Charles had so long received a generous hospitality.

"Under the pretext that the page who accompanied Charles I., in that monarch's flight, was a Du Barry or Barrymore, the Countess du Barry was induced to buy at London the fine portrait which we have at present in the Museum. She had the picture placed in her salon, and when she saw the king uncertain respecting the violent measures he had to take to quash the parliament and form the one called the Maupeou Parliament, she told him to look at the portrait of a king who had bent before his parliament."—*Mme Campan*, "*Anecdotes.*"

"The unfortunate Louis XVI. had a kind of presentiment of his tragic fate. He had carefully read the trial of Charles I., and often spoke of it, telling his friends that the perusal had been profitable to him. One of his most constant preoccupations during the three last years of his reign was to avoid the faults which, in his opinion, had ruined the King of England.

"He was often seen to turn his eyes on the masterpiece of Van Dyck, which represents Charles I. on foot, with his horse behind him held by an equerry. The picture had been bought, in the preceding reign, by Mme du Barry for the sum of twenty thousand livres, and placed by her in a saloon where it was constantly beneath the eyes of Louis XV."—*Mémoires secrets.*

260. *Roger van der Weyden:* Madonna and Child.

*370. *Raffaelle:* St. Michael and the Dragon, painted for Françoise I. in 1517. The king left the choice of the subject to the painter, and he selected the military patron of France, and of that knightly order of which the king was Grand Master.

"Like a flash of lightning the heavenly champion darts upon Satan, who, in desperation, writhes at his feet. The angel is clad in scaly armor, and bears a lance in his hands, with which he aims a death-blow at his antagonist. The air of grandeur, beauty, and calm majesty in the winged youth, the rapidity of

the movement, the bold foreshortening of Satan, hurled on the lava rocks, have a most impressive effect."—*Kugler.*

"St. Michael—not standing, but hovering on his poised wings, and grasping the lance with both hands—sets one foot lightly on the shoulder of the demon, who, prostrate, writhes up, as it were, and tries to lift his head and turn on his conqueror with one last gaze of malignant rage and despair. The archangel looks down upon him with a brow calm and serious; in his beautiful face is neither vengeance nor disdain—in his attitude, no effort; his form, a model of youthful grace and majesty, is clothed in a brilliant panoply of gold and silver; an azure scarf floats on his shoulders; his widespread wings are of purple, blue, and gold; his light hair is raised, and floats outward on each side of his head, as if from the swiftness of his downward motion. The earth emits flames, and seems opening to swallow up the adversary. The form of the demon is human, but vulgar in its proportions, and of a swarthy red, as if fire-scathed; he has the horns and serpent-tail; but, from the attitude into which he is thrown, the monstrous form is so foreshortened that it does not disgust, and the majestic figure of the archangel fills up nearly the whole space—fills the eye—fills the soul—with its victorious beauty.

"That Milton had seen this picture, and that when his sight was quenched the 'winged saint' revisited him in darkness, who can doubt?—

"'Over his lucid arms
A military vest of purple flow'd
Livelier than Meliboean, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce. . . . .
By his side,
As in a glittering zodiac, hung the sword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.'"

Jameson's "Sacred and Legendary Art."

42. *Guercino:* The Resurrection of Lazarus. Collection of Louis XVI.

306. *Francia* (Francesco Raibolini), 1450–1517: The Nativity. Collection of Napoleon III.

108. *François Clouet, dit Janet*, 1551–1592: Portrait of Queen Elizabeth d'Autriche, wife of Charles IX.

211. *Holbein the Younger:* Portrait of Anne of Cleves, Queen of England. Collection of Louis XIV.

To the right of the Salon Carré, is a small room, containing some beautiful frescoes by Luini from the Palazzo Litta at Milan, whither they were brought from a ruined church; also (1887) from the legacy of the Comtesse Duchâtel—

683, 684. *Sir Antonio More* (Moro van Dashorst), 1512–1581: Portrait supposed to represent Louis del Rio, Maître des requêtes, and his wife.

*680. *Memling:* The Virgin and Child adored by the Donors.

796. *Ingres* (J. A. Dominque), 1780–1867: Oedipus explaining the Enigma.

797. *Ingres*, "La Source," 1856: considered the most perfect example of the nude in modern painting.

Leaving the Salon Carré by the door opposite that by which we entered, we reach the Grande Galerie, immediately to the right of which opens the *Salle des Sept Mètres*, containing a precious collection of the earlier Italian school—chiefly brought together by Napoleon III.

252. *Andrea Mantegna:* The Parnassus. Originally in the collection of Isabella d'Este-Gonzaga, taken in the sack of Mantua in 1630.

156. *Lorenzo di Credi* (di Andrea d'Oderigo), 1459–1537: Madonna and Child with Sts. Julien and Nicholas. From St. Maria degli Angeli at Florence.

32. *Ansano*, or *Sano di Pietro* (of Siena), 1406–1481: St. Jerome in the Desert.

31. *Sano di Pietro:* The Vision of St. Jerome.

72. *Beltraffio* (Giovanni Antonio, of Milan), 1467–1516: "La Vierge de la famille Casio." Altar-piece painted for the church of the Misericordia, near Bologna, the best work of the artist.

113. *Carpaccio* (Vittore), flourished 1490–1519: The Preaching of St. Stephen at Jerusalem.

*251. *Mantegna* (Andrea, of Padua), 1431–1506: "La Vierge de la Victoire." A dedication picture for the victory which Gonzaga of Mantua obtained over Charles VIII. of France in 1495. F. di Gonzaga with his wife kneel

at the feet of the Virgin. Behind are Sts. Michael and Andrew. On the right St. Elizabeth kneels; the little St. John stands by the Virgin, with Sts. George and Longinus, distinguished by his lance. This is the most celebrated easel picture of the master. From St. Maria della Vittoria at Mantua.

61. *Giovanni Bellini*, 1427–1516: Holy Family. From the collection of the Prince of Orange, afterwards of Lord Northwick.

78. *Il Moretto* (Alessandro Bonvicino), 1499–1555: St. Bernardino of Siena and St. Louis, Bishop of Toulouse.

*250. *Andrea Mantegna*: The Crucifixion. A fragment from the predella of the altar-piece of St. Zeno at Verona. The two other portions of the predella are in the museum at Tours. The way in which the head of the Crucified is thrown back is very striking.

85. *Borgognone* (Ambrogio Stefani di Fossano), ob. 1524: St. Peter of Verona and a (female) kneeling donor. From the Litta Collection.

427. *Perugino*: Holy Family.

79. *Bonvicino*: Sts. Buonaventura and Antonio di Padova.

155. *Lorenzo Costa* (of Ferrara), 1460–1535: Mythological scene—painted for the palace at Mantua.

*221. *Fra Filippo Lippi* (di Tommaso) 1412?–1469: Virgin and Child, from St. Spirito at Florence.

261. *Giovanni Massone* (end of XV. c.): An Altar-piece. In the centre is the Nativity; on left, St. Francis as protector of Sixtus IV.; on right, St. Antonio di Padova as protector of Cardinal Giulio della Rovere, afterwards Julius II. From the sepulchral chapel of Sixtus IV. at Savona.

*23. *Niccolo Alunno* (da Foligno), painted c. 1458–1499: A Predella. Two angels bear a scroll with the names of Alunno and the donatrix Brisida. From St. Niccolo at Foligno.

275. *Marco Palmezzano* (of Forli), 1456–1537: The Dead Christ.

258. *Cotignola* (Girolamo Marchesi da), 1480?–1550?: The Bearing of the Cross. Signed.

391. *Luca Signorelli* (of Cortona), 1441–1523: A Fragment.

185. *Filipepi* (school of Botticelli): Venus.

418. *Cosimo Tura* (of Ferrara), c. 1420–c. 1498: Pietà.

307. *F. Francia :* The Crucifixion. Painted for St. Giobbe at Bologna.
272. *Neri di Bicci* (of Florence), 1419–1486 : Madonna and Child.
288. *Pesellino* (Francesco di Stefano), 1422–1457 : Dead Christ, and Scenes from Lives of Saints.
157. *Lorenzo di Credi :* Christ and the Magdalen.
290. *Pinturicchio* (Bernardino di Betto), 1454–1513 : Madonna and Child.
33, 34, 35. *Sano di Pietro :* Scenes from the Story of St. Jerome.
187. *Agnolo Gaddi :* The Annunciation.
55. *Taddeo Bartolo* (of Siena), 1363–1422 : St. Peter.
*192. *Giotto* (di Bondone) : St. Francis receiving the Stigmata. In the predella—the Vision of Innocent III.; the Pope approving the Order of St. Francis ; St. Francis preaching to the Birds. Signed. From St. Francesco at Pisa.

"A picture full of awe and devotion, and although signed without the prefix 'Magister,' certainly of later date than the works in the Arena by the argument of the single nail in the feet of the crucifix, a type adopted by Giotto subsequent to his works there."—*Lord Lindsay's "Christian Art."*

Left Wall (returning).—

153. *Cimabue* (Giovanni Gualtieri), 1240?–1302? : Madonna and Child with Angels. From St. Francesco at Pisa.
188. *Taddeo Gaddi :* A Predella.
199. *Benozzo Gozzoli*, 1420–1498 : The Triumph of St. Thomas Aquinas. From the Cathedral of Pisa.
154. *Lorenzo Costa :* The Court of Isabella d'Este, Duchess of Mantua. From the palace at Mantua, afterwards in the collection of Richelieu.
*170. *Gentile da Fabriano*, 1370?–1450? : The Presentation in the Temple.
287. *Pesellino :* St. Francis receiving the Stigmata, and the holy Doctors, Cosmo and Damian, taking care of a sick man. Full of simplicity and beauty.
419. *Cosimo Tura :* A monastic Saint.
171. *Gentile da Fabriano :* The Madonna holds the Child, who blesses the kneeling Pandolfo Malatesta, lord of Rimini.

220. *Fra Filippo Lippi:* The Nativity. From a church at Prato.

276. *Domenico Panetti* (of Ferrara), 1460?–1512?: The Nativity.

664. *Bartolommeo Montagna* (of Vicenza), ob. 1523: Three Children playing on Musical Instruments. A very good specimen of the master.

243. *Mainardi* (Sebastiano, of St. Gemignano): Madonna and Child with Angels.

189. *Raffaellino del Garbo*, 1466–1524: The Coronation of the Virgin.

270. *Bart. Montagna:* Ecce Homo.

347. *Cosimo Rosselli* (of Florence), 1438–1507: Madonna in Glory, with Sts. Bernard and Mary Magdalen.

*182. *Fra Angelico* (Fra Giovanni da Fiesole), 1387–1455: The Coronation of the Virgin. In the predella—the Story of St. Dominic. Vasari says that Fra Giovanni surpassed himself in the execution of this picture, which was the best altar-piece in the church of Fiesole.

"It is especially in the Coronation of the Virgin that Fra Angelico has so profusely displayed the inexhaustible riches of his imagination. It may be said that painting with him served as a formulary to express the emotions of faith, hope, and charity. In order that his task might not be unworthy of Him in whose sight it was undertaken, he always implored the blessing of Heaven before he began his work; and when an inward feeling told him that his prayer was answered, he considered himself no longer at liberty to deviate in the slightest degree from the inspiration vouchsafed him from on high, persuaded that in this, as in everything else, he was only an instrument in the hand of God."—*Rio*, "*Poetry of Christian Art.*"

*184. *Botticelli* (Alessandro Filipepi), 1447–1510: The Madonna and Child with St. John. From the collection of Louis XVIII.

409. *Bartolommeo Suardi*, ob. c. 1530: The Circumcision.

84. *Borgognone:* The Presentation in the Temple. From the Villa Melzi.

354. *Pier Francesco Sacchi* (of Pavia), early XVI. c.: The Four Doctors of the Church.

396. *Andrea Solario* (of Milan), ob. c. 1530: Crucifixion. Signed, 1503.

259. *Marco Uggione* (of Milan), c. 1460–1530: Holy Family at Bethlehem.
289. *Piero di Cosimo* (of Florence), 1462–1521?: The Coronation of the Virgin.
404. *Lo Spagna:* Virgin and Child.
389. *Luca Signorelli:* The Birth of the Virgin. Collection of Louis XVIII.
403. *Lo Spagna:* The Nativity. Given by the town of Perugia to the Baron di Gerando.

"The infant Jesus lies on the ground with his thumb in his mouth, like a baby, not yet conscious of his divinity.—*Théophile Gautier.*

*152. *Cima di Conegliano:* Madonna and Child with Sts. J. Baptist and Mary Magdalen, and a landscape in Friuli. Signed.
467. *Bartolommeo Vivarini* (of Murano), ob. c. 1500: St. Giovanni Capistrano. Signed, 1459.
429. *Pietro Perugino:* The Contest between Love and Chastity. From the gallery of Isabella d'Este.
390. *Luca Signorelli:* Adoration of the Magi.
246, 247, 248. *Gio. Nicola Manni:* The Baptism of Christ, Assumption of the Virgin, and Adoration of the Magi.
70. *F. J. Bianchi* ("*Il Frari*"): Madonna and Child.

La Grande Galerie, begun by Catherine de Medicis and continued by Henri IV., is divided by marble columns plundered from the churches of Paris, where they usually served to support a baldacchino. It will be found most convenient and least fatiguing to take the best pictures on the right in descending and those on the left in ascending; but the schools are divided—first Italian, then Spanish, then German, Flemish, and Dutch. Numbers of artists are usually engaged in copying the pictures. Manon Vaubernier, afterwards the famous Comtesse du Barry, was discovered by Lebel, a myrmidon of Louis XV., when she was a copyist in this gallery.

"It is a piece of stupidity not to write the subjects on the frames."—*Zola*, "*L'Assommoir.*"

Right: 1st Division:—

16. *Mariotto Albertinelli.*
*227. *Lorenzo Lotto* (of Treviso), 1480?–1554: St. Jerome in the Desert. Signed, 1500.
448. *Titian:* The Council of Trent. Collection of Louis XV.
379. *Andrea del Sarto:* Charity. Signed, 1518. Collection of François I.
337. *Tintoret* (Jacopo Robusti), 1512–1594: Portrait of the Artist.
274. *Palma Vecchio:* The Annunciation to the Shepherds. Collection of Louis XIV. A very beautiful Holy Family, with a young shepherd adoring.
336. *Tintoret:* Sketch for the Paradise at Venice.
442. *Titian:* Holy Family. From the collection of Cardinal Mazarin, afterwards of Louis XIV.
*463. *Lionardo da Vinci:* Bacchus. Collection of Louis XIV. Probably originally intended for St. J. Baptist and altered to represent the pagan god.
231. *Luini:* The Holy Family—the Holy Child asleep. Collection of Louis XIV.
102. *Paul Veronese:* St. Mark crowning the Theological Virtues. From the Sala della Bussola in the Ducal Palace at Venice.
*373. *Raffaelle:* Joanna of Arragon, wife of Ascanio Colonna, Constable of Naples. Painted for Cardinal Bibbiena, who gave it to François I. Vasari says that only the head was executed by Raffaelle.
93. *Paul Veronese:* Holy Family. From the collection of the Comte de Brienne, afterwards of Louis XIV.
395. *Andrea Solario:* Portrait of Charles d'Amboise.
*458. *Lionardo da Vinci:* St. John Baptist. Given by Louis XIII. to Charles I.; afterwards in the collection of Louis XIV.
*367. *Raffaelle* (?): St. Margaret. Collection of François I.

"The famous St. Margaret of Raffaelle was painted for François I. in compliment to his sister, Margaret of Navarre. It represents the saint in the moment of victory, just stepping forward with a buoyant and triumphant air, in which there is also something exquisitely sweet and girlish: one foot on the wing of the dragon, which crouches open-mouthed beneath; her right hand holds the palm, her left sustains her robe. The aim of

Raffaelle has evidently been to place before us an allegory: it is innocence triumphant over the power of sin."—*Jameson's "Sacred Art."*

101. *Paul Veronese:* Portrait of a Young Woman. From the Bevilacqua Gallery at Verona.
230. *Luini:* Holy Family.
*450. *Titian:* Portrait of François I. The king wears a medallion of St. Margaret round his neck. From the collection of François I.
73. *Bonifazio:* The Resurrection of Lazarus. Formerly in St. Luigi dei Francesi at Rome.

"The gravity of the scene is a little spoiled by a detail rather too natural. One of the Jews present at the miracle holds his nose to prevent his perceiving the fetid odor of the open sepulchre. It is a want of taste; but the gesture is so true and the personage so well painted!"—*Théophile Gautier.*

*366. *Raffaelle:* St. John Baptist. This picture differs much in composition from that in the Tribune at Florence.
86. *Bronzino:* Christ and the Magdalen. Mentioned by Vasari as existing in St. Spirito at Florence—an intensely vulgar picture.
384. *Girolamo Savoldo:* Male Portrait.
439. *Titian:* Madonna and Child with Sts. Stephen, Ambrose, and Maurice. Collection of Louis XIV. There is a repetition of this picture in the gallery at Vienna.
52. *Federigo Barocci*, 1528–1612: The Circumcision. From an Oratory at Pesaro.
309. *Bagnacavallo:* The Circumcision. This picture was bought by Charles Lebrun at the sale of Fouquet, and resold to Louis XIV.
332. (On a screen.) *Daniele da Volterra:* David and Goliath. Hard and violent, but so masterly as to have been attributed to Michelangelo.

2nd Division.—

68. *Pietro da Cortona* (P. Berrettini): Romulus and Remus. Collection of Louis XV.
67. *Pietro da Cortona:* Madonna and Child, with St. Martina offering a lily.
312. *Rembrandt:* The Presentation in the Temple.

321. *Guido Reni :* St. Sebastian. Collection of Mazarin, afterwards of Louis XIV.
181. *Domenico Feti :* The Guardian Angel.
139. *Lodovico Caracci :* Madonna and Child. Collection of Louis XV.
9–12. *Francesco Albani :* Mythological Scenes.
400. *Lionello Spada* (of Bologna), 1576–1622 : The Martyrdom of St. Christopher. The giant kneels with bound hands : the executioner, who has raised himself on a step to reach him, prepares to strike off his head. Considered by Waagen to be the masterpiece of the artist.
257. *Carlo Maratta :* Portrait of the Artist.
129. *Annibale Caracci :* Martyrdom of St. Stephen. Collection of Louis XIV.
557. *Zurbaran :* St. Apollina. From the collection of Marshal Soult.
546. *Murillo :* The Miracle of St. Diego—"La Cuisine des Anges." The angels prepare the dinner of the monk absorbed in his devotions. Signed, 1646. Collection of Marshal Soult.

3rd Division.—

556. *Zurbaran :* The Funeral of St. Pedro Nolasco.
548. *Jose de Ribera* (L'Espagnolet), 1588–1656 : The Adoration of the Shepherds. Signed, 1650.
555. *Zurbaran :* St. Pedro Nolasco and St. Raymond de Peñaforte.

4th Division.—

*672. *Albert Durer :* Head of an Old Man.
343. *Sir Antonio More :* The Dwarf of Charles V. with a dog.
*277. *Jan van Mabuse :* Portrait of Jean Carondelet, Chancellor of Flanders. Signed, 1517. In a niche is the chancellor's device "Matura."
279. *Quentin Matsys :* A Banker and his Wife. Signed, 1518.
209. *Holbein :* Male Portrait. Collection of Louis XIV.
210. *Holbein :* Portrait of Sir Thomas More, Chancellor of England. Collection of Louis XIV.
98. *Lucas Cranach*, 1472–1553 : Venus. Dated 1529.
109. *Cuyp* (Aalbert Kuyp), 1605–c. 1672 : Sea Piece.
151. *Vandyke :* Portrait of the Duke of Richmond. Collection of Louis XIV.

The twenty-three large pictures which now hang on either side the gallery—called "La Galerie Medicis"—were ordered from *Rubens* by Marie de Medicis in 1620, to decorate the gallery at the Luxembourg which she had just built. Painted especially for their places in the Luxembourg, and exceedingly interesting there, as commemorating the foundress and first inhabitant of that palace, they are out of place here. They are not hung in their order, which is—

The Destiny of Marie de Medicis.
Her Birth at Florence, April 26, 1575.
Education of Marie de Medicis.
Henri IV. receives her Portrait.
Her Marriage with Henry IV.
Her Landing at Marseilles, Nov. 3, 1600.
Her Marriage at Lyons, Dec. 10, 1600.
Birth of Louis XIII. at Fontainebleau, Sept. 27, 1601.
Henri IV. leaving for the war in Germany, and placing the government in the hands of the Queen.
The Coronation of Marie de Medicis.
The Government of Marie de Medicis.
Journey of the Queen to Pont-au-Cé, in Anjou.
Exchange of the French and Austrian princesses, Nov. 9, 1615.
Happiness of the Regency.
Majority of Louis XIII.
The Escape of the Queen from Blois, Feb. 21, 1619.
Reconciliation of Louis XIII. with Marie de Medicis.
Conclusion of the Peace.
Interview between Marie de Medicis and her son.
The Triumph of Truth.
Marie de Medicis as Bellona.
Her father, François de Medicis, Grand Duke of Tuscany.
Her mother, Jane of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Ferdinand I.

The outlines were drawn in chalk, under the personal supervision of the queen, but the paintings were executed at Antwerp; the sketches for them are at Munich.

The collection of Dutch pictures is a very fine one,

though when Louis XIV. looked at those which were here in his time he exclaimed, "Otez-moi ces magots!" We may notice—

R. 5. *Backhuisen:* A Dutch Fleet.
91. *Philippe de Champaigne:* Portrait of a Girl.
574. *Wouvermann:* Huntsmen halting before a Public-house.
516. *Teniers:* Wine-shop near a river.
396. *Porbus le Jeune:* Portrait of Marie de Medicis: a picture of great interest, as the only one preserved from the fire of Feb. 6, 1661, from the portraits of kings and queens of France (by Porbus, Bunel, and his wife, Marie Bahuche) which hung, in *la galerie des rois* of Henri IV., between the windows, nine on the west, twelve on the east. That of Henri IV. is only known by the engraving of Thomas de Leu. This picture happened to have been moved into another room, during alterations, just before the fire occurred.
86. *Philippe de Champaigne:* Louis XIII. crowned by Victory—beneath open the halls of the Ecole Française—from the Hôtel de Toulouse.
547. *Verkolie:* An Interior.
295. *E. Metzu:* The Chemist.
308. *Van der Meulen:* The Passage of the Rhine.
486. *Slingelandt:* A Dutch Family.
204. *Van der Heyden:* Village on a Canal.
143. *Vandyke:* The Children of Charles I. (Charles II., James II., and Mary of Orange). A charming miniature sketch for a great picture at Turin.
377. *Van Ostade:* The Halt.
127. *Gerard Dou:* Men weighing Gold.
301. *Van der Meulen:* Entry of Louis XIV. and Marie Thérèse into Douai, August, 1667.
*129. *Gerard Dou:* An Old Woman reading the Bible to her Peasant husband.

5th Division.—

*400. *Paul Potter:* "The Prairie." Signed, and dated 1652, when the artist was twenty-six (two years before his death).
94. *Philippe de Champaigne:* Portraits of the architects François Mansart and Claude Perrault.

515. *Teniers le Jeune :* The Village Festival.

413. } *Rembrandt :* Portraits.
416. }

*527. *G. Terburg :* The Music Lesson. 1660. From the collection of Louis XVI.

*83. *Philippe de Champaigne :* Portrait of Suzanne, the daughter of the artist, a nun of Port Royal, recovering from dangerous illness (fever and paralysis) in 1662, in answer to the prayers of Sister Catherine Agnes Arnauld —a most graphic picture of unparalleled care in the treatment of its homely details. From the Convent of Port Royal.

551. *Ary de Voys* (of Leyden), 1641–1698 : Male Portrait.

371. *Van Ostade :* The Fish Market.

78. *Philippe de Champaigne :* The Crucifixion.

*146. *Vandyke :* Portrait of Francesco de Moncada, Marquis d'Aytona, Spanish general in the Netherlands.

459. *Rubens :* Portrait of Elizabeth of France, daughter of Henri IV., who married the Infante of Spain, afterwards Philippe IV. Collection of Louis XIV.

*145. *Vandyke :* Portrait of Isabella Clara Eugenia, Infanta of Spain, Governess of the Netherlands, as a widow. Collection of Louis XIV.

27. *Berghem :* Landscape and Animals.

6th Division.—

462. *Rubens :* The Village Festival.

579. *Wynants* (Jan), c. 1600–c. 1677 : The Edge of the Forest.

155. *Vandyke :* Male Portrait.

473. *Ruysdael :* Landscape.

*144. *Vandyke :* Portraits of Charles Lodovic, Duke of Bavaria, and his brother, Prince Rupert. From the collection of Charles I.; afterwards in the Salon d'Apollon at Versailles.

190. *Franz Hals,* 1554–1666 : Portrait of René Descartes.

Returning by the South Wall.—

582. *Wyntrack :* The Farm.

405. *Rembrandt :* The Samaritan's House. Dated 1648. Collection of Louis XVI.

689. *Paul Potter :* The Wood at the Hague. 1650.

379. *Isack van Ostade,* 1617–c. 1654. A Frozen Canal.

471. *Ruysdael:* Storm on a Dutch Canal.
500. *Jan van Steen*, 1636–1689. Flemish Alehouse Festival.
*88. *Philippe de Champaigne:* Portrait of Robert Arnauld d'Andilly. 1650.

"This portrait is well conceived and highly finished in execution: the tone is warm, and the hand is peculiarly beautiful." — *Waagen.*

580. *Wynants:* Landscape.
137. *Vandyke:* "La Vierge aux Donateurs." Collection of Louis XIV.

2nd Division.—

304. *Van der Meulen*, 1634–1690: Entrance of Louis XIV. and Marie Thérèse into Arras, 1667. Louis XIV. and Monsieur, on horseback, follow the carriage, which shows how ladies used to sit "à la portière."
104. *Cuyp:* Cows.
*148. *Vandyke:* Portrait of a gentleman (supposed to be the brother of Rubens) and little girl. Collection of Louis XIV.
105. *Cuyp:* Starting for a Ride. Collection of Louis XVI.
106. *Cuyp:* The Promenade.
149. *Vandyke:* Portrait of a lady (supposed to be sister-in-law of Rubens) and her daughter. Formerly at Versailles in the collection of Louis XIV.
470. *Ruysdael:* The Forest.
674. *Holbein:* A Water-mill. Signed. Collection of Napoleon III.

3rd Division.—

41. *F. Bol:* Portrait of a Mathematician. Collection of Louis XV.
566. *Wouvermann:* The Wooden Bridge over the Torrent.
528. *Gerard Terburg:* The Concert.
152. *Vandyke:* Portrait of the Artist. From the Bedchamber of Louis XIV. at Versailles.
147. *Vandyke:* Portrait of Francesco de Moncada. From the Chamber of Louis XIV.
514. *Teniers* (David): The Temptation of St. Anthony. Collection of Louis XVIII.
113. *Dekker* (Conrad), XVII. c.: Landscape.

397. *Porbus le Jeune :* Portrait of Guillaume le Vair, Chancellor of France under Louis XIII.

318. } *Van der Meulen :* Battle Pieces.
317. }

472. *Ruysdael :* Landscape.

545. *Van der Venne :* Fête on the Peace between Belgium and Holland.

236. } *Van Huysum :* Fruit and Flowers.
237. }

172. *G. Flinck :* Portrait of a Girl.

567. *Wouvermann :* Departure for the Chase.

581. *Wynants :* Landscape.

417. *Rembrandt :* Portrait of a Young Man.

123. *Gerard Dou :* The Village Grocer.

197. *Van der Helst :* Distribution of Prizes. Marvellous in expression.

536. *Van de Welde :* Beach at Schevening.

569. *Wouvermann :* A Stag Hunt.

224. *Pieter de Hoogh :* Dutch Interior.

19. *Berghem :* The Ford.

128. *Gerard Dou :* The Dentist. Collection of Louis XIV.

461. *Rubens :* Portrait of a Lady.

369. *Van Ostade :* The Family of Adrian van Ostade.

394. } *Franz Porbus :* Portrait of Henri IV.
395. }

518. *Teniers* (le Jeune) : Interior of an Alehouse.

*407. *Rembrandt :* The Supper at Emmaus. 1648. Collection of Louis XVI.

414. *Rembrandt :* Portrait of the Artist. 1637. Collection of Louis XVI.

458. *Rubens :* Portrait of Henri de Vicq, Ambassador from the Netherlands in France. From the collection of William II. The portrait was painted by Rubens in gratitude for the recommendation of De Vicq having caused his choice for decorating the gallery of the Luxembourg.

69. *Breughel :* The Battle of Arbela.

*207. *Holbein :* Portrait of William Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury. 1527. Collection of Louis XV.

*206. *Holbein :* Nicholas Kratzer, Astronomer to Henry VIII. Collection of Louis XIV.

100. *Lucas Cranach :* Male Portrait.

280. *Lucas Cranach? :* The Deposition. From a Jesuit convent in the Rue St. Antoine, afterwards in the church of Val de Grâce.

"A picture of the deepest religious feeling. The Virgin—though very German—is a creature of meekness and purity, lost in the abandonment of sorrow."—*Lindsay's "Christian Art."*

4th Division. (Spanish.)—

537. *Morales* (Luiz–"El Divino"), 1509–1566: The Cross-bearing. Collection of Louis XVIII.
538. *Murillo :* The Immaculate Conception. Collection of Louis XVIII.
542. *Murillo :* "La Vierge au Chapelet." Collection of Louis XVI.
*547. *Murillo :* The Young Beggar Boy. Collection of Louis XVI.
545. *Murillo :* Christ bound to the Column and St. Peter on his knees.
544. *Murillo :* The Agony of Gethsemane. Collection of Louis XVI.
553. *Velasquez :* Portrait of Don Pedro Moscoso de Altamira, dean of the Chapel Royal at Toledo, and afterwards cardinal.

5th Division.—

540. *Murillo :* The Birth of the Virgin. Collection of Napoleon III.
551. *Velasquez :* Portrait of Maria Margareta, daughter of Philip IV.
554. *Velasquez :* A Group of Men. Valasquez and Murillo are represented on the left.
552. *Velasquez :* Philip IV.—a full length—with a dog.
549. *Ribera :* The Burial of Christ. Collection of Napoleon III.
474. *Domenichino :* St. Cecilia. Collection of Louis XIV.
344. *Salvator Rosa :* Battle Piece.

"An admirable picture, with an angry yellow light."—*Kugler.*

324. *Guido Reni :* Hercules and Achelous.
180. *Domenico Feti :* Melancholy. Replica of a picture at Venice.

343. *Salvator Rosa :* The Apparition of Samuel to Saul. Collection of Louis XIV.

318. *Guido Reni :* Ecce Homo. Collection of Louis XIV.

256. *Carlo Maratta :* Portrait of Maria Maddalena Rospiglisi. A very favorable specimen of the master.

24. *Caravaggio :* The Death of the Virgin. From the gallery of the Duke of Mantua this picture passed to that of Charles I., then of Louis XIV.

134. *Ann. Caracci :* Fishermen.

*119. *Ann. Caracci :* "La Vierge aux Cerises."

The name is in allusion to the legend, often repeated in old carols, that, before the birth of our Saviour, the Virgin longed for cherries which hung high on a tree, and that when Joseph was about to get them for her, the bough bent to his hand.

6th Division.—

455. *Titian :* Male Portrait. Collection of Mazarin, afterwards of Louis XIV.

451. *Titian :* An Allegory. Collection of Louis XIV.

*461. *Lionardo da Vinci* (sometimes attributed to the Milanese Bernardino de' Conti): Female Portrait, called in France "La Belle Féronnière," mistress of François I., but really representing Lucrezia Crivelli, a lady beloved by Ludovico Sforza.

*440. *Titian :* "La Vierge au Lapin." Signed. Collection of Louis XIV. The Virgin holds a white rabbit, towards which the infant Christ, in the arms of St. Catherine, eagerly stretches his hand.

92. *Paul Veronese :* The Swoon of Esther. Collection of Louis XIV.

*372. *Raffaelle :* Portrait of a Young Man, said to be the artist. Collection of Louis XIV.

*56. *Fra Bartolommeo :* The Annunciation. 1515. Collection of François I.

"The Virgin seated under a niche, and attended by standing or kneeling saints, bends backwards as she sees the messenger who flies down to her. It is clear that the latter was thrown off on the background of architecture at the moment when the rest was finished. Fra Bartolommeo has reached a point where he defies every sort of difficulty."—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

"A most brilliant and original composition, in which the

Virgin, instead of being represented kneeling in some retired spot, is seated on a throne receiving the homage of various saints, when the angel Gabriel appears before her."—*Rio*, "*Christian Art.*"

*371. *Raffaelle:* Portrait of Balthasar Castiglione, the famous author of "Il Cortigiano." Collection of Charles I., afterwards of Mazarin and Louis XIV.

445. *Titian:* Christ crowned with Thorns. From St. Maria delle Grazie at Milan.

441. *Titian:* The Holy Family.

*99. *Paul Veronese:* The Supper at Emmaus.

*460. *Lionardo da Vinci:* "La Vierge aux Rochers." Collection of François I. A replica, with some differences, of the famous picture, in the National Gallery, from the collection at Charlton.

291. *Giulio Romano:* The Nativity. From St. Andrea at Mantua; afterwards in the gallery of the Duke of Mantua; then of Charles I.; finally of Louis XIV.

443. *Titian:* The Disciples at Emmaus. A subject often painted by the master. Gallery of the Duke of Mantua, Charles I. and Louis XIV.

"Titian, according to tradition, has placed at the right of our Saviour in the dress of a pilgrim, the emperor Charles V., and at his left, in the same disguise, Cardinal Ximenes. The page who brings a dish to the table is Philip II., afterwards King of Spain." —*Théophile Gautier.*

57. *Fra Bartolommeo:* Virgin and Child throned, with Saints.

225. *Lorenzo Lotto:* St. Laurence, with St. Agnes and St. Margaret. Collection of Napoleon III.

453. *Titian:* Male Portrait. Collection of Louis XIV.

*449. *Titian:* Jupiter and Antiope, known as "La Venus del Pardo," with a glorious landscape. Given by Philip IV. of Spain to Charles I., afterwards in the collection of Mazarin, then of Louis XIV.

382. *Andrea del Sarto:* The Annunciation. A replica of the picture in the Pitti at Florence.

*38. *Giorgione:* The Holy Family, with Sts. Sebastian and Catherine, in a poetic landscape. Collections of Duke of Mantua, Charles I., Mazarin, and Louis XIV.

454. *Titian:* A Man holding a Glove. Collection of Louis XIV.

177. *Gaudenzio Ferrari* (of Valduggia), 1484–1550: St. Paul. Signed, 1543. From St. Maria delle Grazie at Milan.

*374. *Raffaelle:* Two Male Portraits: supposed to represent Raffaelle and his fencing-master: by some ascribed to Pontormo or Sebastian del Piombo.

74. *Bonifazio:* Holy Family and Saints. Collection of Mazarin, afterwards of Louis XIV.

The third door we have passed on the right of La Grande Galerie is the entrance to five rooms devoted to French and English artists. Here we may notice—

1st Room.—Containing interesting examples of XIV. c. art in France. Two pictures by *François Clouet* dit Janet (1500–1572), and a number by his pupils.

653. *Jean Foucquet*, c. 1450: Charles VII.

*652. *Id.:* Guillaume Jouvenel, Chancellor of Charles VII. A very noble work.

137. *Jean Cousin:* The Last Judgment.

2nd Room.—A noble collection of pictures of *Eustache Lesueur* (1617–1655) representing the life of St. Bruno, and executed for one of the cloisters of a Carthusian monastery which stood on the site now occupied by the Luxembourg.

"Lesueur was twenty-eight years old, when he was commissioned to paint the gallery of the Chartreux. In less than three years (1645–1648), assisted by his brothers and his brother-in-law in the less important parts of the work, he executed the twenty-two pictures of the life of St. Bruno. The public admiration was not expressed by any noisy burst of enthusiasm, but by a sort of seizure that held the spectator. This serenity, this celestial purity, this color, limpid and transparent as a clear summer sky, this religious sentiment, with its penetrating sweetness, which united the fervor of ecstasy with the calm of the soul reposing in the light, were like a new revelation. Lesueur, after Poussin, was the Gospel after antiquity and the Old Testament."—*Martin*, "*Hist. de France.*"

The pictures are—

1. Raymond, a learned doctor at Paris, and canon of Notre Dame, is lecturing on theology to his pupils, one of whom, sitting in front, with a book under his arm, is St. Bruno, a native of Cologne.
2. Raymond dies. A priest attended by two students, one of whom is St. Bruno, extends the crucifix. A demon awaits the departing soul.
3. As, three several times, the people were attempting to carry Raymond to the grave, when they were chanting the words, "Responde mihi quantas habes iniquitates," the dead man lifted himself up and with terrible voice exclaimed: "By the justice of God I am condemned." On the third occasion the body was flung aside, as unworthy of Christian burial. St. Bruno witnesses the awful scene.
4. St. Bruno kneels before the crucifix. In the background Raymond is being buried in unconsecrated ground.
5. Bruno teaches theology at Rheims.
6. Bruno, dreading the temptations of the world, persuades six friends to adopt the life of anchorites.
7. St. Bruno and his companions prepare to set out to Grenoble and distribute their goods to the poor.
8. Hugo, Bishop of Grenoble, has a vision of seven moving stars, which become stationary at a fixed point in his diocese; when Bruno and his companions appear, he sees the interpretation of his vision and gives them a retreat on a mountain near Grenoble.
9. Bruno and his friends, preceded by St. Hugo on a mule, journey to the village of Chartreux.
10. St. Bruno founds the monastery of the Grande Chartreuse.
11. St. Hugo invests Bruno with the habit of his order.
12. The rule of Bruno is confirmed by Pope Victor III.
13. St. Bruno, as abbot, receives young novices.
14. Pope Urban II., who had been a pupil of Bruno at Rheims, sends for St. Bruno to aid him in his affairs: the summons causes consternation.
15. Bruno received by Urban II.
16. Bruno refuses the Archbishopric of Reggio.
17. Bruno, unable longer to endure Court life, retires to a desert in Calabria.

18. Bruno has obtained leave to found a convent in Calabria; he prays and the monks clear the ground.
19. Count Roger of Sicily, lost in the forest, finds the hermitage of St. Bruno.
20. Whilst besieging Capua, Count Roger has a vision of St. Bruno, who warns him of treachery in his camp, so that he is able to guard against it.
21. The death of St. Bruno (1100), surrounded by his monks.
22. The apotheosis of St. Bruno—the worst, as the last was the best, of the series.

3rd Room.—Pictures by *Eustache Lesueur*, chiefly from the Hôtel Lambert, in the Isle St. Louis.

"The decoration of the Hôtel Lambert, divided between the rivals, Lesueur and Lebrun, was again a triumph for Lesueur. He gave a quite novel character to the mythological allegory already treated by Poussin with great depth, but in another style. It was, as M. Vitet has well said, antiquity as Fénelon conceived it, Christian and still martial. It was not the antiquity of Homer, but that of Plato and of Virgil. These ravishing nymphs of Lesueur are ideas descending from the empyrean of Plato, so closely akin to the heaven of St. John."—*Henri Martin.*

4th Room.—Pictures by *Horace Vernet* (1714–1789).

5th Room.—Pictures by English artists—none remarkable.

From this room one may turn (right) at the head of a staircase to the *Galerie Mollien*, containing a vast collection of the works of N. Poussin and Claude.

Right Wall.—

804. *Lenain:* Portrait of Henri II., Duc de Montmorenci.
828. *N. Poussin:* Apollo and Daphne. The last work of the artist; left unfinished.
515. *Lesueur:* Tobias instructed by his Father. Very beautiful in color.
65. *Lebrun:* Martyrdom of St. Stephen.

"In a certain sense it is a specimen of what may be called the academic school; great talent in composition, a noble style, a skilful execution, but a theatrical manner, declamatory and su-

perficial, to which the serenity of true art is wanting, and where we feel that soul is absent."—*Henri Martin.*

This picture was a votive offering executed by Lebrun at the age of thirty-two, for the Confrérie des Orfèvres, who presented it, on May 1, 1651, to the chapter of Notre Dame.

421. *N. Poussin:* The Philistines smitten with the Plague.
521. *Lesueur:* St. Paul preaching at Ephesus.

"After the *Dispute du Saint Sacrement* and the *School of Athens*, nothing had appeared that could be compared to the *Saint Paul*, a creation which is perhaps the masterpiece of the French school. A dominant ideal breathes in all this composition, a divine breath stirs the apostle's hair, the spirit of God shines in his look."—*Henri Martin.*

221. } *Claude Lorraine:* Landscapes.
222. }
453. *N. Poussin:* Diogenes. The landscape is magnificent.
195. *Claude Lefèvre:* A Master and his Pupil.
290. *Laurent de Lahyre* (1606–1656): Pope Nicholas V. witnessing the opening of the grave of St. Francis of Assisi. The Pope (1449) descends into the tomb at Assisi, which has never been opened since the death of the saint. He finds the body entire and standing upright; kneeling, he lifts the robe to examine the traces of the stigmata; attendants and monks with torches stand around.
224. *Claude Lorraine:* David crowned by Samuel.
*306. *Jouvenet:* Fagon, physician of Louis XIV. A most powerful and speaking portrait.
226. *Claude Lorraine:* A Seaport.
479. *Rigaud:* Portrait of Martin van den Bogaert, known as Desjardins, the sculptor.
415. *N. Poussin:* Eleazar and Rebecca.
232. *Claude Lorraine:* Entering a Port (Genoa?) at Sunrise.

Left Wall.—

473. *Rigaud:* Presentation in the Temple. The last work of the master (1743), bequeathed by him to Louis XV.
233. *Claude Lorraine:* The Landing of Cleopatra.
48. *Sebastian Bourdon:* Portrait of the Artist.
386. *Oudry:* Blanche, a favorite dog of Louis XV.

446. *N. Poussin:* Time saving Truth from the attacks of Envy and Discord. Executed in 1641 for Cardinal Richelieu, afterwards in the "grand cabinet du roi" at the Louvre.
225. *Claude Lorraine:* Ulysses restoring Chryseis to her Father.
392. *Mignard:* Madonna and Child, with a cluster of grapes.
475. *Rigaud:* Louis XIV. An interesting portrait (1701) of the great king, "silencieux et mesuré," as St. Simon describes him, whose minutest actions endured the scrutiny of his courtiers, from whose presence he was never relieved, a prince of the blood handing him his shirt, a duke holding a mirror whilst he shaved, &c.
480. *Rigaud:* Portrait of Charles Lebrun and Pierre Mignard.
351. *Mignard:* Ecce Homo.

At the end of this gallery we enter *Le Pavillon Denon*, containing pictures of the Battles of Alexander by *Charles Lebrun.*

On the right opens a gallery in which a collection of the *Modern French School* has been recently arranged. We may notice—

Right Wall.—

Guérin: Death of Caesar.
Constant Troyon: Oxen going to Work.
Ary Scheffer: St. Augustin and St. Monica.
Ingres: The Apotheosis of Homer.
Prudhon: The Empress Josephine.
Delaroche: The English Princes in the Tower.

End Wall.—

Delaroche: The Death of Elizabeth of England.

Left Wall.—

Scheffer: The Temptation.
100. *David:* The Vow of the Horatii.
Gros: Bonaparte at Arcola.
Benonville: The Death of St. Francis of Assisi.
Troyon: Le Retour de la Ferme.

Returning to the Pavillon Denon, we enter the *Galerie Daru.*

Right Wall.—

284–288. *Oudry:* Favorite Dogs of Louis XV., with their names.
311. *Lancret:* Summer.
587. *Jean François de Troy:* First Chapter of the Order of St. Esprit, held by Henri IV. in the Convent of the Grands Augustins at Paris, January 8, 1595.
*265. *Greuze:* The Broken Pitcher.
330. *Vanloo:* Portrait of Queen Marie Leczinska, 1747.
52. *Mme Lebrun:* Portrait of the Artist and her Daughter.
332. *Vanloo:* Portrait of the artist Jean Germain Drouais.
261, 262. *Greuze:* The Father's Curse, and the Return of the Prodigal Son. Collection of Louis XVIII.

Left Wall.—

264. *Greuze:* Portrait of an Artist.
678. *Angelica Kauffman:* A Lady and Child.
28, 29. *Boucher:* Pastoral Subjects. Good specimens of the artist.
187. *F. N. Drouais*, 1763: Portrait of the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., at six, and his sister, Clotilde, at four.
577. *Louis Tocqué:* Portrait of Queen Marie Leczinska.
*99. *Chardin:* The Benedicite. Collection of Louis XV.
724. *Chardin:* "La Pourvoyeuse."
98. *Chardin:* The Industrious Mother.
403. *Pater*, 1728: A Pastoral Feast.
*260. *Greuze:* The Village Bride, "L'Accordée du Village." The father has just paid the dowry of his daughter, and is commending her to the care of her bridegroom; the mother exhibits satisfaction at the match; the younger sister, grief at the parting.
168. *Desportes:* Folle and Mitte, dogs of Louis XIV.
162. *Desportes:* Portrait of the Artist.
367. *Oudry:* Wolf Hunt.

On leaving the last hall of the French School we find ourselves at the top of the *Escalier Daru.* Crossing the

landing half-way up the staircase, entering the Vestibule, and leaving the Galerie d'Apollon to the right, we reach again the Salle des Sept Cheminées. If we cross this, by the furthest door on the opposite wall we may enter the *Musée Campana*, containing the—

Salle Asiatique.—(The ceiling has "Poussin presented to Louis XII. by Richelieu," by *Alaux.*) Phoenician terra-cottas, Babylonian alabasters, &c.

Salle des Terres-cuites.—(Ceiling, "Henri IV. after the Battle of Ivry," by *Steuben.*) Terra-cottas, chiefly from Magna Graecia.

Salle des Vases Noirs.—(Ceiling, "Puget presenting to Louis XIV. his Group of Milo of Crotona," by *Deveria.*) Very ancient Etruscan vases.

Salle du Tombeau Lydien.—(Ceiling, "Francis I. receiving the Statues brought from Italy by Primaticcio," by *Fragonard.*) In the centre of the room is the great terra-cotta tomb of a husband and wife, from Cervetri, which was the masterpiece of the Campana collection.

Salle des Vases Corinthiens.—(Ceiling, "The Renaissance of the Arts in France," and eight scenes of French history from Charles VIII. to the death of Henri II.) All the vases in this hall are anterior to Pericles.

Salle des Vases à Figurines Noires.—(Ceiling, "Francis I. armed by Bayard," by *Fragonard.*) Vases before the time of Alexander the Great.

Salle des Vases à Figurines Rouges.—(Ceiling, "Charlemagne and Alcuin," by *Schnetz.*)

Salle des Rhytons.—(Ceiling, "Louis XII. at the States-General of Tours in 1506," by *Drolling.*) Many of the rhytons are unique.

Salle des Fresques.—(Ceiling, "Egyptian Campaign under Bonaparte," by *Cogniet.*) Frescoes and relics from Pompeii. Three frescoes of first-rate excellence were given by Francis I. of Naples.

Returning to the Salle des Vases Corinthiens, the visitor may enter, on the left, the *Musée Charles X.*, or *des Antiquités Grecques*, and, beginning with the furthest room, visit—

Salle d'Homère : Greek Pottery and Glass. Objects in wood and plaster from the tombs of Kertch.
Salle des Vases Peints, à figures rouges.
Salle Grecque.
Salle des Vases Peints, à figures noires.

The five succeeding halls and staircase of the *Musée Egyptien* contain a very precious and important collection. Their names express their contents—

Hall of the Gods and other monuments.
Hall of the Gods.
Hall of funereal monuments.
Hall of monuments relating to civil life.
Hall of historical monuments.
(Staircase) Larger sculptures. Statue of Rameses II.

Turning left, we find *Les Anciennes Salles du Musée des Souverains*, which are full of interest. Their collections are chiefly due to the energy and historic judgment of the Empress Eugénie.

Salle I. is panelled from the apartments which Louis XIII. prepared for Anne of Austria in the château of Vincennes. The stained glass is of XVI. and XVII. c.

Salle II., "*La Chambre à Alcôve*," is panelled from the apartment of Henri II. in the Louvre, which occupied the site of the Salon carré de l'Ecole Française. The four *enfants* in the alcove, sustaining a canopy, are by Gilles Guérin. This alcove is especially interesting, as the body of Henri IV. was laid there, after his murder by Ravaillac.

"We see not only the emblems 'Crescents and Fleurs-de-lys,' the devices and cyphers that recall the loves of Henri II. and Diane de Poitiers, but even a part of the details which Sauval admired when he described it; the ceiling of walnut, sculptured and relieved by ormolu, from the centre of which stand out 'the arms of France, in a heap of casques, swords, lances, &c.,' and on the doors, 'the designs and delicacy of the half-reliefs,' as well as two marvellous serpents 'with delicate, close-fitting scales.'" —*Paris à travers les âges.*

Salle III., "*La Chambre de Parade.*"—The faded tapestries

belonged to Mazarin. The wood panelling is from the chamber of Henri II.

"Musicians and the curious found it so perfect that they not only called it the most beautiful room in the world, but asserted that, in this style, it is the summit of all the perfections of which imagination can form an idea."—*Sauval.*

The silver statue of Peace in the centre of the room is by Claudet, 1806. Over the chimney is a portrait of Henri II.

Salle IV.—In the middle is a silver statue of Henry IV. as a boy, by F. Bosio (taken from a picture). In a case on the right is the curious copper basin, called *Baptistère de St. Louis*, in which all the children of Kings of France were baptized. A collection of small objects in the same case belonged to Marie Antoinette.

In the *Pavillon Central* (covered with bees) which Napoleon I. intended to use as a throne-room, and which bears his name on the ceiling, are a number of works of art—the best, Italian. Opening from this room is a hall containing various works of art, gifts to the Louvre.

By the landing of the Assyrian staircase we reach the *Collections of the Middle Ages and Renaissance.*

Hall of the Terra-cottas and Della Robbia ware.
Hall of the faience of Italy and Nevers.
Hall of the Hispano-moorish and Italian faience.
Hall of French faience. A case of exquisite XVI. c.
Hall of the small bronzes. Many most beautiful.
Hall of glass ware.
Hall Sauvageot. Mediaeval art. (Called after a former conservator.)
Hall of the ivories.

The *Musée des Dessins* occupies fourteen rooms. The drawings of the French School are especially interesting. The foreign collection includes exquisite sketches by Fra Bartolommeo, Raffaelle, Michelangelo, Perugino, Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, Albert Durer, &c.

Passing the head of a staircase, a wrought-iron gate from Maisons leads to the *Salle des Bronzes*, containing a precious collection, including—

Beautiful Head of a Young Man, from Beneventum.
Apollo in gilt bronze, found at Lillebonne, 1823.
Apollo from Piombino, with an inscription in silver let into the left heel.

We now find ourselves at the head of the stairs by which we entered, or, if we care to ascend the staircase we have just passed, we may visit the *Musée de Marine*, the *Salle Ethnographique*, and the *Musée Chinois*, which are not of general interest to an English traveller.

The *Sculpture Galleries* on the ground floor of the Louvre are entered by the *Pavillon Denon*, on the right of the Place du Carrousel. Following the gallery on the left, adorned with fragments or copies of antique sculpture, ascending several steps, and leaving the new staircase to the right, we descend to the—

Vestibule Daru, where we should notice—
Eight bas-reliefs from the Palace at Thessalonica.
Sarcophagus from Salonica, with Battle of the Amazons.

Salle de la Rotonde.—The ceiling is colored with figures in stucco by Michel Auguier. We must notice—
In Centre. The Mars Borghese.
r. 75. Lycian Apollo.

(Turning right.) *Salle de Mécène*—

Almost all the statues here and in most of the other rooms are so much "restored" that they have little interest; the heads, though antique, seldom belong to the statues.

The *Salles des Saisons* were decorated by Romanelli with the allegories of the Seasons, alternating with the story of Apollo and Diana. Under Louis XV. this was the hall of audience of the Minister of War and of the President of the Great Council.

The great Mithraic relief (569) here is very important, as the first known to antiquaries, and as bearing inscriptions which have given rise to great discussion. It comes from the cave of Mithras on the Capitoline Hill.

Salle de la Paix (or Salle de Rome)—named from paintings by Romanelli, framed in bas-reliefs by Auguier—which formed the first of the apartments of Anne of Austria, and which looks upon the little garden called *Jardin de l'Infante* (from the Spanish Infanta, who came in 1721 as an intended bride for Louis XV.): a garden laid out by Nicholas Guérin, and admired by Evelyn.

In the Centre (465). Rome—a porphyry statue—seated on a rock, from the collection of Cardinal Mazarin.

Salle de Septime-Sévère.

r. 315. Antinous. A most beautiful bust.
l. Six busts of Septimius Severus.
l. Statue of Julian the Apostate.

Salle de Antonins.—

l. 12. Colossal head of Lucilla. Found at Carthage, 1847.
l. Fine busts of Lucius Verus and Marcus Aurelius. From the villa of Lucius Verus, at Acqua Traversa, near Rome.

Salle d'Auguste.—

Centre. Colossal bust of Antinous, represented as an Egyptian god with the lotus in his hair. From the Villa Mondragone, at Frascati.
*184. Roman Orator, as Mercury. Signed by the Athenian sculptor Cleomenes; from the Villa Borghese.
468. Colossal bust of Rome, with two wolves suckling Romulus and Remus on the helmet. From Villa Borghese.
End Wall. A beautiful statue of Augustus, once in the Vatican. Amongst the busts, those of Octavia, sister of Augustus, and Vitellius, are the best.

Returning to the Salle de la Rotonde, we find, on the right, the—

Salle de Phidias.—

Centre. Headless statue of Juno (Herè) from her temple at Samos.
r. 9, 10, 11. Reliefs from Thasos. Above 125 fragments of the frieze of the Parthenon. 126: Metope from the Parthenon.
l. Relief of the Story of Orpheus and Eurydice.
Reliefs from the Temple of Assos in the Troad.

Side near Court, 1st Recess. Relief from the tomb of Philis, daughter of Clemedes of Thasos.

Salle du Tibre.—

*449. The Tiber—found at Rome in the XIV. c.—with the wolf suckling Romulus and Remus, discovered with the Nile of the Vatican in the XVI. c.

250. Silenus and Bacchus. From the Villa Borghese.

98. Diana of Versailles, or Diane à la Biche.

Salle du Gladiateur.—

Centre. 97. Diana (?). From Gabii.

276. Bust of Satyr. Found at Vienne.

(Second Window.) * "The Borghese Gladiator"—from the Villa Borghese—really the statue of an armed runner in the hoplitodromos. The inscription bears the name of the sculptor—Agesias of Ephesos. Found at Antium in the XVII. c.

135. Venus Genitrix. The Venus d'Arles, which was restored by Girardon, and placed by Louis XIV. in the Grande Galerie of Versailles.

Salle de Pallas.—

70. Apollo Sauroctonos.

137. Venus. Found at Arles in 1651.

493. "Le Génie du Repos Eternel."

*114. In the centre, the famous Pallas of Velletri, the best statue of Minerva known; found in 1797. This is a Roman copy of a Greek work of the best period.

Salle de Melpomène.—

386. Colossal statue of the Tragic Muse. Ceded to France by the treaty of Tolentino.

(*Left.*) *Salle de la Vénus de Milo.—*

*136. The Venus of Milo, found February, 1820, near the mountain-village of Castro, in the island of Melos, by a peasant named Jorgos and his son, Antonio Bottonis. They offered it for sale for 25,000 francs to the French consul, Louis Brest, but he hesitated to disburse so large a sum for his Government, and it was the account which Dumont d'Urville, a young lieutenant on board the man-of-war "La Chevrette," took to the Marquis de la Rivière, ambassador at

Constantinople, of the marvellous statue he had seen upon his voyage, which secured the Melian Venus for Paris. The statue was at first believed to be the work of Praxiteles, till, on the pedestal, the Messieurs Debay found, in Greek characters, the inscription—"Andros, Menides' son, from Antioch, on the Meander, made the work." But the pedestal underwent a change in the workshop of the Louvre: the inscription is no longer there, its ever having existed is denied by many, and the author of the statue is still uncertain. It is, however, universally allowed that when the statue was first found, its left arm was in existence, outstretched, and holding an apple—perhaps a symbol of the island of Melos.

"In every stroke of the chisel, art judges will discover evidence of the fine perception the Hellenic master had for every expression, even the slightest, of a nobly-developed woman's form. In the whole, and in every part, one finds the full-blown flower of womanly beauty. In every contour there is a moderation that includes luxuriance and excludes weakness. To the flesh the words of Homer have been applied, 'It blooms with eternal youth,' and anything comparable to it will not have been seen, be it in the sculptured works of the old or the new. Even the manner in which the outer skin, the 'epidermis,' is reproduced in the marble, is praised as unsurpassable. After rubbing with pumice stone, it was customary with the Hellenic sculptors of the good period to let the chisel skim lightly over the surface of the marble, when they wished to produce the effect of a skin warm with life, and soft as velvet. On far too many antique works, however, this outer skin has been destroyed by polishing. Here nothing of the kind has taken place; the naked parts shine like an elastic cellular tissue, in the warm tint of the Parian marble."—*Viktor Rydberg.*

Salle de la Psyché.—

l. 371. Greek statue of Pysche. From the Villa Borghese.

r. 265. Dancing Faun. From the collection of Cardinal Mazarin.

Salle d'Adonis.—

l. 172. Sarcophagus representing the Departure, Accident, and Death of Adonis.

Salle d'Hercule et Télèphe.—

l. 325. Eros Farnèse. Found in the Farnese garden, 1862.
r. 461. Hermaphrodite. From Velletri.

Salle de Médée.—

l. 282. Splendid sarcophagus representing the Vengeance of Medea.

Centre. Venus—a stooping figure. Found at Vienne.

Corridor de Pan, whence, on the left, we enter the—

Salle des Cariatides—formerly the Salle des Gardes, or des Cent Suisses (of the hundred Swiss guards)—which preceded the apartments of Catherine de Medicis. The beautiful caryatides, which sustained the tribune, are masterpieces of Jean Goujon.

"The art of the Renaissance has produced nothing more beautiful than the four figures of women by Jean Goujon, placed as supports to the tribune. Always graceful and delicate, Jean Goujon has here surpassed himself. None of his works seem to us to reach the same degree of distinction and majestic serenity, or the same purity of form and sentiment. Some columns are grouped on the walls and disposed in a portico towards the chimney. The bandeaux which cross the vault are covered with sculpture, a 'Huntress Diana,' a 'Venus Anadyomene,' attributes of the chase, dogs, garlands of towers and fruits."—*De Guilhermy.*

Here, in March 1583, the hundred and twenty pages of Henri III. were soundly whipped for having laughed at the king as he was walking in the *procession des flagellants.* Here was celebrated the marriage of Henri IV. with Marguerite des Valois; and here the wax effigy of the king lay in a *chapelle ardente* after his murder, May 14, 1610. It was also here that the Huguenot sister of Henri IV. would edify the Court by her preachings, and then comfort their hearts by dancing in a ballet. And in this room Molière played his first pieces, and the Institute used to hold its meetings.

Centre. 217. Bacchus. From the château of Richelieu.
31. Jupiter "de Versailles." Given by Marguerite d'Autriche to Cardinal de Granville, and brought from Besançon to Versailles after being presented to Louis XIV.
*235. Vase Borghese. From the Gardens of Sallust.
217. Bacchus (de Richelieu).
Minerva. From Crete.

*476. Victory, found in Samothrace, 1863—a draped figure in rapid motion.

r. Bust of Sophocles.

"The face is that of an elderly and very thoughtful man, with noble features, and of great beauty, but not without an expression of patience and of sorrow such as became him who has been well called *der Prophet des Weltschmerzes*."—*Mahaffy.*

l. In a window. Dog, from Gabii; very beautiful.

l. In a window. 374. The Borghese Hermaphrodite.

The *Musée de Sculpture du Moyen Age et de la Renaissance* is entered from the south façade of the court of the Louvre, on the east side of the south gate. It is full of interest to any one who has travelled much in France. The tombs and sculptures removed from still existing churches in Paris would be of much greater interest in the places for which they were intended, but, in the city of constant revolutions, they are safer here.

Corridor d'entrée.—

70. Painted statue of Childebert (XIII. c.) which stood at the entrance of the refectory in the abbey of St. Germain des Prés.

72. Four angels (XIII. c.), from the abbey of Poissy.

76. Statue of the Virgin and Child (XIV. c.), from the church of Maisoncelles, near Provins.

77. Pierre de Fayet, canon of Paris. 1303.

80. Tomb of Pierre d'Evreux-Navarre, Comte de Mortain (XVI. c).

"A true and simple statue: head and hands striking and natural: military coat thrown back."—*Lübke.*

81. Catherine d'Alençon, wife of Pierre d'Evreux (XV. c.)

"Even finer than the statue of her husband, with simple and beautiful drapery. Both these figures are from the Chartreuse in Paris."—*Lübke.*

82. Anne de Bourgogne, Duchess of Bedford, 1450. By *Guillaume Viniten.*

The Corridor leads to the *Salle de Jean Goujon.*—

Centre. 100. Diana. From the Château d'Anet. By *Jean Goujon.*

*112. Funeral Monument, by *Germain Pilon*, ordered (1559) by Catherine de Medicis, which contained the heart of Henri II. in the church of the Celestines. It is supported by the Graces (supposed by the Celestines to be the Theological Virtues) on a triangular pedestal by the Florentine Domenico del Barbiere. This would more appropriately find a place at St. Denis.

118–121. The Four Cardinal Virtues by *Germain Pilon.* Wooden figures which, till the Revolution, supported the shrine of St. Geneviève in St. Etienne du Mont.

Beginning from the right wall we see—

97–99. Fragments of the original Fontaine des Innocents, by *Jean Goujon.*

152. Medallion portrait of the poet Philippe Desportes, from his tomb at Bonport, in Normandy.

136. Henri III., by *Germain Pilon.*

117. Tomb of René Birague, Chancellor of France, and Cardinal Bishop of Lodève, an active agent in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, by *Germain Pilon.*

130. Charles IV., by *Germain Pilon.*

103. Philippe de Chabot, Admiral of France. Attributed to *Jean Cousin.*

129. Henri II., by *Germain Pilon.*

107. Part of the tomb of François de la Rochefoucault and his wife, Anne de Polignac, 1517, by *Jean Cousin.*

*90. The Judgment of Daniel upon Susanna, a relief by *Daniel Rihier* of Lorraine. A haut-relief.

91. Angels, by *Daniel Rihier.*

146. Figures from a tomb in St. André des Arts, by *Barthélemy Prieur.*

*144. Tomb of Madeleine de Savoie, Duchesse de Montmorency, wife of the Constable Anne. From St. Martin of Montmorency. *Barthélemy Prieur.*

*135, 135. Nymphs. *Jean Goujon.*

85, 86. Tomb of the historian Philippe de Commynes, Prince de Talmont, 1511, and his wife, Hélène de Chambres,

1531. From the chapel which they built in the Grands Augustins.

123–127. Part of the pulpit of the Grands Augustins, by *Germain Pilon.*

143. Part of the Tomb of the Constable Anne, Duc de Montmorency. *Barthélemey Prieur.* From St. Martin, Montmorency.

113. Tomb of Valentine Balbiani, wife of René Birague, by *Germain Pilon.* From St. Catherine de la Coulture.

92–96. The Deposition from the Cross and the Four Evangelists. From the rood-loft of St. Germain l'Auxerrois ; by *Jean Goujon.*

106, 107. Funeral Genii from the tomb of Admiral Philippe de Chabot. *Jean Goujon.* From the church of the Celestines.

138–142. Parts of the grand tomb of Anne de Montmorency, once in the church of St. Martin de Montmorency. *Barthlélemy Prieur.*

122. Chimney-piece from the Château de Villeroy, by *Germain Pilon ;* with (101) Henri II., by *Jean Goujon.*

115–117. Part of the tomb of the family of Cossé-Brissac. *Etienne le Hongre*, 1690.

r. Salle de Michel-Ange.—

17. In the centre is a fountain from the Château of Gaillon, of Italian work, the gift of the Republic of Venice to Cardinal d'Amboise.

High on right Wall. The Nymph of Fontainebleau, by Benvenuto Cellini, ordered by François I. Instead of placing it at Fontainebleau, Henri II. gave it to Diana of Poitiers, who placed it in her château of Anet. It was brought to Paris at the Revolution.

36. Tomb of Albert de Savoie, 1535, by *Ponzio* (Maître Ponce).

38. Tomb of André Blondel de Roquencourt, 1538, by *Ponzio.*

12 *bis.* Madonna, by *Mino da Fiesole.*

48. Bronze Madonna. From the Château of Fontainebleau (XV. c.).

57. St. John Baptist. *Donatello.*

Hercules and the Hydra. A bronze group given by

Louis XIV. to Richelieu, which in turn has ornamented Marly, Meudon, and St. Cloud.

Filippo Strozzi, by *Benedetto de Majano*, 1491.

28–29. Two slaves, by *Michelangelo*, executed for the tomb of Julius II., but given by the sculptor to Roberto Strozzi, who gave them to François I. The king gave them to the Connétable de Montmorency for the Château of Ecouen, whence they passed, after his death, into the hands of Richelieu, who took them to his château in Touraine. The Maréchal de Richelieu brought them back to Paris in the middle of the XVIII. c., and they were seized for the state when about to be sold by his widow in 1795. They now stand on either side of a magnificent XV. c. doorway from the Palazzo Spanga at Cremona. Beyond this are—

87. Tomb of Louis Poncher, Secrétaire du Roi, 1491, and Minister of Finance to François I. This, and the statue of his wife, Roberte (1520 and 1521), were probably executed soon after 1505, when Poncher founded the chapel of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, whence they were brought.

"Both are represented as lying in the calm sleep of death; the treatment of the husband is grand and noble, the drapery splendidly arranged, and the heads exhibit much fine individual characterization; the beautiful features of the lady especially wear the touching calmness of a glorified condition. These works are amongst the most exquisite productions of their glorious time."—*Lübke.*

37. Statue of Charles de Magny, Capitaine de la Porte du Roi. *Ponzio*, 1556.

16. Louis XII., a statue by Lorenzo da Mugiano. From Gaillon.

84 *bis*. Virgin and Child. French, early XVI. c.

84. St. George. A relief by *Michel Colomb*, 1508, executed for the chapel in the château of Gaillon.

88. Tomb of Roberte Legendre, the wife of Louis Poncher, 1522. From St. Germain l'Auxerrois; very beautiful and simple.

In the embrasure of the windows are bas-reliefs in bronze from the tomb of Marc-Antonio della Torre, physician of Padua, by *Andrea Riccio.*

Salle des Auguier.—

Centre. Monument of Henri de Longueville, by *François Auguier.* From the church of the Celestines.

164. "La Renommée." From the tomb of the Duc d'Epernon at Cadillac in Guienne.

60 *bis.* Mercury, by *Giovanni da Bologna.*

64, 67. Four conquered nations, by *Pierre Francheville,* 1548. From the base of the equestrian statue of Henri IV, by Giovanni da Bologna and Pietro Pacca on the Pont Neuf, where it was destroyed at the Revolution.

r. 161, 162. Four Bronze Dogs. From the Château de Fontainebleau ; by *Francheville.*

r. 193. Tomb of Jacques Souvré de Courtenvaux, by *F. Auguier,* 1604–1669.

147. Henri IV. *Barthélemy Prieur.*

63. David and Goliath. *Pierre Francheville.*

191. Tomb of Jacques August de Thou. *François Auguier.* From St. André des Arts.

62. Orphée. *Pierre Francheville.*

170. Louis XIII. *Jean Warin.*

169. Tomb of Charlotte de la Tremouille, Princesse de Condé. From the Convent of Ave Maria.

167. Anne d'Autriche. *Simon Guillain.*

165. Louis XIV. as a child. *Simon Guillain.*

166. Louis XIII. *Simon Guillain.*

These three statues, and the relief above, commemorated the bridge begun (1639) under Louis XIII. and finished (1647) under the regency of Anne of Austria.

Mercury : *Pierre Francheville.*

Salle de la Cheminée de Bruges (left of corridor on entering).—

Centre, 70 *bis.* Copper sepulchral statue of Blanche de Champagne, wife of Jean I., Duc de Bretagne, 1283, executed at Limoges early XIV. c. for the abbey of Joie, near Hennebout, of which she had been the foundress.

r. The celebrated historic skeleton figure from the Cimetière des Innocents, commonly called "*La Mort Saint-Innocent*" of alabaster, attributed to François Gentil of Troyes. In the cemetery it stood under the fifth arcade of the "charnier de Messieurs les Martins," having been ordered by them. It was in a box, of which the churchwardens had the keys. On All Saints' Day, and

till the middle of the day after, the effigy was shown to the people. With its right hand the skeleton holds the folds of a shroud, its left points with a dart to a scroll, on which is engraved—

"Il n'est vivant, tant soit plein d'art,
Ni de force pour résistance,
Que je ne frappe de mon dard,
Pour bailler aux vers leur pitance."

In 1670 the canons of St. Germain removed the skeleton, that it might not be injured by new buildings in the Rue de la Ferronerie. On December 13, 1671, *la figure de jaspe représentant la mort*, which had been given to the care of the churchwardens, was reclaimed, and a judgment of July 31, 1673, ordered its restitution to its old position. But in 1686 the skeleton seems to have been still in the care of a churchwarden named Noiret in the Rue des Fers, who tried to sell it, but was forced to restore it in 1688, when it was placed between the pillars in the Charnier de la Vierge in a closed box. Here it remained forty-eight years. But (October 29, 1736) the canons of St. Germain l'Auxerrois moved it, and placed it at the back of the cemetery tower. Upon this the Curé des Innocents and the churchwardens, forgetting that the canons were the owners of the charniers, climbed the tower and carried off the skeleton. A lawsuit ensued and (July 10, 1737) a judgment was obtained forcing the restitution of the skeleton.

On suppression of the church, cemetery, and charniers of the Innocents, in 1786, the skeleton was carried to St. Jacques la Boucherie, then to the Museum of Alexandre Lenoir, whence it passed to the Louvre.

Statues from the central pavillon of the Tuileries.

Salle Chrétienne (*right of Corridor.*).—

Tomb of St. Drausin, twenty-second bishop of Soissons. From the abbey of Notre Dame de Soissons—early Merovingian sculpture. The cover of the sarcophagus does not belong to it, and comes from St. Germain des Prés.

Sarcophagus of Livia Primitiva. From Rome.

Sarcophagus from Riguieux-le-Franc, with Christ and the Apostles, placed two and two in compartments divided by columns.

Altar-front of St. Ladre from the Abbaye de St. Denis.

Salle Judaïque.—

1. La stèle de Mesah. A Semitic inscription of thirty-four lines, containing the history of the wars of Moab with Israel, 896 A.C.
5. Fragment of a lava door from the cities of Moab. Sarcophagi from the tombs of the kings

The *Egyptian Museum of Sculpture* is entered from the east side of the Court of the Louvre, by the door on the right as you face St. Germain l'Auxerrois. The collection is magnificent. One cannot but recall here the words of Napoleon I. to his army before the Pyramids : "Allez et pensez que, du haut de ces monuments, quarante siècles vous observent." The museum forms a complete encyclopaedia of the religion, arts and customs of the Egyptians. In the *Salle Henri IV.* the hieroglyphics on the granite sphinx from Tanis (numbered 23*a*) record the name of King Meneptah, under whom the exodus of the Israelites took place, and of Sheshouk I., the Shishak who was the conqueror of Rehoboam. The *Salle d'Apis* is called after the bull in the centre, sacred to Ptah, the god of Memphis.

Facing the entrance of the Egyptian collection is that of the *Musée Assyrien.* Most of the objects here come from the palace of King Sargon VIII. (B.C. 722–705) at Khorsabad, or from that of Sardanapalus V. (VII. c.) at Nineveh. Most magnificent are the four winged bulls, whose heads are supposed to be portraits of kings.

From the north side of the court of the Louvre is the entrance of the *Musée de Gravure ou de Chalcographie.* An enormous plan of Paris, engraved 1739, is invaluable to topographers. A collection of portraits in pastel includes that of Mme de Pompadour, by *Latour.*

The *Sculpture Moderne Française* is reached on the north of the Pavillon Sully, on the west of the court of the Louvre. It is contained in the—

Salle de Puget.—

204. Perseus and Andromeda, Milo and Croton, by *Puget.* From the gardens of Versailles.

209. A small copy by *Girardon* of the statue of Louis XIV., in the Place Vendôme, destroyed in the Revolution.

245, 246. Geometry and Charity, by *Legros.*

Salle de Coysevox.—

227. Tomb of Cardinal Mazarin. From the chapel of the Collège des Quatre Nations, now the Institute. *C. Ant. Coysevox.*

234. Shepherd and Young Satyr. From the private garden of the Tuileries. *Coysevox.*

The Rhone. From St. Cloud. *Coysevox.*

233. Marie-Adélaïde de Savoie, Duchesse de Bourgogne, as a hunting Diana. *Coysevox.* From the gardens of Trianon.

Bronze bust of Louis II. de Bourbon—"le grand Condé." *Coysevox.*

Venus, from the gardens of Versailles. *Coysevox.*

Busts of Lebrun, Bossuet, Richelieu, Marie Serre (the mother of Rigaud), and of the sculptor himself. *Coysevox.*

193. Amphitrite. *Michel Auguier.*

Salle de Coustou.—

150 *bis.* Adonis reposing after the Chase. *Nicolas Coustou.*

151, 155. Louis XV. and Marie Leczinska. From the gardens of Trianon. *Guillaume Coustou.*

250. Julius Caesar. *Nicolas Coustou.*

268. Hannibal. *Sébastien Slodtz.*

Music. *Falconnet.*

Bas-reliefs in bronze. From the pedestal of the statue of Louis XIV. in the Place des Victoires. *Desjardins.*

170. Mercury attaching the Wings of his Heels. *Pilgale.*

Salle de Houdon.—

296. Diana. *Houdon.*

284 *bis.* Bacchante. *Pajou.*

272. Cupid. *Bouchardon.*
284. Bust of Mme du Barry. *Pajou.*
Model of Statue of Louis XV. *Bouchardon.*

Salle de Chaudet.—

314. Cupid. *Chaudet.*
307. Homer. *Roland.*
338. Daphnis and Chloe. *Cortot.*
383. Cupid and Psyche. *Canova.*
313. The Shepherd Phorbas and Oedipus. *Chaudet.*

Salle de Rude.—

Mercury, Jeanne Darc, Young Neapolitan Fisherman, Christ, Louis David. *Rude.*
Theseus contending with the Minotaur. *Ramey.*
Psyche, Sappho, a son of Niobe, the Toilette of Atalanta. *Pradier.*
Venus. *Simart.*
Spartacus. *Foyatier.*
382. Philopoemon. *David d'Angers.*
Fisherman dancing the Tarantella, a Vintager improvising. *Duret.*
Despair, and the Infancy of Bacchus. *Joseph Perraud.*

It was from the end of the palace facing St. Germain l'Auxerrois that the Empress Eugènie escaped, at 2½ P.M., on September 4, 1870.

"They reached the colonnade of Louis XIV., opposite the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and there, in front of the gilded railing, the Empress and Mme Lebreton entered a fiacre. M. de Metternich gave the driver the order: 'Boulevard Haussmann.'

"A lad of fifteen, in a cap and blouse, who happened to be passing, cried out:

"'She is a good one all the same . . . . Why, it is the Empress!'

"His exclamation, luckily for the fugitives, was lost in the noise of the vehicle, which was already in motion and going in the direction of the Rue de Rivoli."—*Comte d'Hérisson.*

The Rue du Louvre occupies the site of several famous

buildings, including the later Hôtel de Condé or Hôtel de Bourbon, destroyed 1758, where Louis de Bourbon, son of le Grand Condé, the eccentric savage, who played so conspicuous a part in the reign of Louis XIV., and who married one of his daughters by Mme de Montespan, died suddenly in 1710, while his wife was giving a carnival ball. Here also stood the Maison du Doyen (de St. Germain), in which Gabrielle d'Estrées, the famous mistress of Henri IV., died suddenly on Easter Eve, 1599, after supping with Sebastian Zamet, a former lover. It was at this entrance of the Louvre that the unpopular minister, Concini, beloved by Marie de Medicis, was murdered, April 27, 1617, with the connivance of her son, Louis XIII. Facing us is the parish church of the Louvre, *St. Germain l'Auxerrois*, which was founded in 560, by St. Germain of Paris, in memory of his great namesake of Auxerre. As the royal church, it held the first rank in Paris after the cathedral. It was taken and turned into a fortress by the Normans in 886, and at that time it was called, from its form, St. Germain le Rond. Robert the Pious rebuilt the church 997–1031.[1] But the earliest parts of the present building are the tower against the south wall, the choir, and the principal entrance, of early XIII. c.; the chapels of the nave are XV. c.; the porch, built by Jean Gaussel (1435), the façade, transepts and chapels of choir are of XV. and XVI. c.

"The porch of the beginning of the fifteenth century is perfectly conceived. In front are three principal arcades the whole breadth of the nave, and two narrower and lower arcades for the aisles; a similar arcade on each side is returned for the side entrances. The vaulting, closed in the two lowest bays at each end, is surmounted by two chambers, covered in by two gables, pointed and lighted by little windows, pierced in the tympanum,

[1] As is described in his Life by the monk Helgaud.

and concealing the difference of height between the great and the little arches. A balustrade crowns this construction, which forms a terrace under the rose window, in the central portion.

"The sculpture and details of this porch, which has been often retouched and scraped to the quick, are deficient in character, weak and poor. The porch is to be studied only for its *ensemble* and happy proportions. It will be seen that the arcades at the extremities being lower than those of the centre, the worshippers, gathered in this exterior vestibule, which is also of considerable depth, are perfectly sheltered from the wind and the rain, while movement is easy."—*Viollet-le-Duc*, vii. 304.

The statues of St. Francis of Assisi and St. Mary of Egypt are the only figures adorning the porch which are contemporary with it; the rest are modern, in imitation of the early idealistic style, the angel on the gable being by Marochetti. But the effect is picturesque, and the corridor, with its frescoes by Mottez, and the groups of beggars who are always to be found on its steps, has afforded subject for many a picture. The central portal is XIII. c. Of its six statues, that of St. Geneviève deserves notice, with a candle which a demon is trying to extinguish, whilst an angel holds a chandelier ready to give a fresh light if he succeeds. On the left of the porch is the *Salle des Archives*, an interesting room, which preserves its old pavement, doors, and wooden ceiling.

The church is cruciform, with double aisles, and an encircling wreath of chapels. Once the interior was full of interest, but this, for the most part, has been "restored" away. The gothic choir was modernized by the miserable architect, Bacarit, in 1715; the noble rood-loft, designed by Pierre Lescot, and sculptured by Jean Goujou, has been removed, and many of the ancient tombs and sculptures have vanished. Still there is an aspect of antiquity, color and shadow here which is wanting in most Parisian churches. The pulpit and stalls have survived the Revo-

lution, and the state seat occupied by the royal family on great solemnities, executed in 1681, from designs of Lebrun, by François Mercier. The choir grille is one of the best pieces of metal work of the last century. The ancient bosses of the nave and chapels have escaped being restored away, as they could not be touched without weakening the fabric.

"They bear the figures of St. Vincent and St. Germain, who were the patron saints of the church, of St. James the Greater, St. Landry, and St. Christopher, who is crossing a torrent with the infant Christ on his shoulders. The most graceful of all is St. Germain in his bishop's robes, painted and gilt, which stands with a pierced rose background, at the last bay of the chapel of the Virgin. Some of them seem to have been painted with armorial bearings. The clustered columns have no capitals."—*De Guilhermy.*

Making the round of the church we see—

r. The 2nd Chapel (of Notre Dame, XIV. c.), with a wooden screen, is a complete church, with stalls, organ, pulpit, &c. In the retable is framed a stone Tree of Jesse, XIV. c., from a church in Champagne. Three statuettes, discovered behind some panelling, are coeval with the chapel—a Madonna and Child, with Sts. Vincent and Germain.

Right Transept. Guichard: The Descent from the Cross. South Door, XV. c., with a Virgin of XIV. c.

4th Chapel of Choir. Statues, by *Laurent Magnier*, of the two Etiennes d'Aligre, father and son (1635, 1677), Chancellors of France.

The greater part of the stained glass is modern, but some glass of the XV. c. and XVI. c. remains in the transepts, especially in the rose windows. In the original church, in 656, was buried St. Landericus or Landry, ninth bishop of Paris, who founded the Hôtel Dieu, and sold the furniture of his house to feed the poor in a famine. In the present church the jester of Charles V. (for whom

the king made a splendid tomb); the poet Malherbe; the philosopher André Dacier; the painters Coypel, Houasse, Stella and Santerre; the sculptors Sarazin, Desjardins and Coysevox; the architects Louis Levau and François d'Orbay; the geographer Sanson, and the Comte de Caylus, were buried, but their tombs are destroyed. Here also was interred (1617) the ambitious Concini, Maréchal d'Ancre, the influential favorite of Marie de Medicis (to whose foster-sister, Leonora Galigaï, he was married), murdered by order of her son Louis XIII., with the enthusiastic approval of his subjects, before the eastern entrance of the Louvre; but his rest here was brief.

"Next morning, the lackeys of the great nobles, followed by the scum of the populace, went to the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, where the Marshal d'Ancre had been secretly buried, exhumed the body and dragged it through the city with hoots and obscene shouts, in which the name of the Queen-mother was joined with that of Concini; they ended by cutting his remains in pieces and burning them. One madman roasted the heart and ate it."—*Henri Martin*, "*Hist. de France.*"

St. Germain, being the parish church of the Louvre, was attended by the sovereigns, when they were residing there, on all great religious festivals. Louis XVI. and his family, followed by the Assembly, walked in the procession of the Fête-Dieu to this church, as late as May 23, 1790. In the revolution of July, 1830, the church was transformed into an ambulance, and the dead were buried in a trench hastily dug opposite the entrance. It was here that the dog of one of the victims, "le chien du Louvre," as Casimir Delavigne calls him, lay for weeks, and died upon the grave of the master he had followed through the combat. On February 14, 1831, when an anniversary service for the death of the Duc de Berry was being celebrated, the people burst in and sacked the church; the

stained-glass and stalls were broken, and the tombs mutilated. For six years after this the building was closed for worship, the sacristy and presbytery being used as a mairie. Then its demolition was decided on, to make way for a direct street from the Louvre to the Hôtel de Ville. It was only saved as a concession to the entreaties of Chateaubriand that the authorities would spare "un des plus anciens monuments de Paris, et d'une époque dont il ne reste presque plus rien." In 1837 its restoration was begun.

It was the bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois which, at 2 A.M. of August 24, 1572, gave the first signal for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, at the order of the young king, Charles IX., goaded on by his mother, Catherine de Medicis. The bell was the sign agreed upon for the massacre to begin in the quarter of the Louvre; a little later the bell of the Tour de l'Horloge, on the island, announced the massacre on the left bank of the Seine. The modern tower now marks the spot where an attempt had been made two days before to murder Admiral Coligny (the first victim of the massacre) as he was returning from an interview with the king to his residence in the Hôtel de Ponthieu, in the Rue des Fossés St. Germain.

"He walked slowly, reading a petition just presented to him, and when he arrived at the Rue des Fossés St. Germain l'Auxerrois, opposite a house inhabited by a man named Villemur, an old tutor of the Duke de Guise, an arquebuse, loaded with two copper balls, was fired from this house and struck Coligny. One ball cut off the index finger of the right hand; the other made a large wound on the left arm. Coligny, without exhibiting as much emotion as his companions, pointed out the house whence the shot came, and ordered one of his suite to go and tell the king what had happened, and, supported by his servants, returned on foot to his house.

"The house whence the gun was fired, was entered; the ar-

quebuse was found, but the assassin Maurevert, immediately after the shot, had fled by a back door, and, mounting a horse waiting for him, reached the Porte St. Antoine, where he found another horse, on which he got away from Paris."—*Dulaure*, "*Hist. de Paris.*"

A cloister formerly surrounded the church, which, in the reign of Charlemagne, already enclosed a famous school which has left its name to the Place de l'Ecole. Here Etienne Marcel, Prévôt de Paris, lived, and, as chief of the Jacquerie, roused the fury of the people in the XIV. c.; and here Calvin lodged, at fourteen, with his uncle Richard, a locksmith, in a little room looking on the church, of which the chants awakened him in the morning to attend the Collège de la Marche.

CHAPTER II.

IN OLD PARIS.

From the Rue St. Honoré to the Quartier des Halles and Quartier du Temple.

ENGLISHMEN are often specially impressed with Paris as a city of contrasts, because one side of the principal line of hotels frequented by our countrymen looks down upon the broad, luxurious Rue de Rivoli, all modern gaiety and radiance, whilst the other side of their court-yards opens upon the busy working *Rue St. Honoré*, lined by the tall, many-windowed houses which have witnessed so many Revolutions. They have all the picturesqueness of innumerable balconies, high, slated roofs, with dormer windows, window-boxes full of carnations and bright with crimson flowers through the summer, and they overlook an ever-changing crowd, in great part composed of men in blouses and women in white aprons and caps. Ever since the fourteenth century the Rue St. Honoré has been one of the busiest streets in Paris. It was the gate leading into this street which was attacked by Jeanne Darc in 1429. It was the fact that the Cardinal de Bourbon and the Duc de Guise had been seen walking together at the Porte St. Honoré that was said to have turned half the moustache of Henri of Navarre suddenly white, from a presentiment of the crime which has become known as the Massacre of St.

Bartholomew. Here, in 1648, the barricade was raised which gave the signal for all the troubles of the Fronde. It was at No. 3—then called L'Auberge des Trois Pigeons —that Ravaillac was lodging when he was waiting to murder Henry IV.; here the first gun was fired in the Revolution of July, 1830, which overturned Charles X.; and here, in the Revolution of 1848, a bloody combat took place between the insurgents and the military. Throughout this street, as Marie Antoinette was first entering Paris, the poissardes brought her bouquets, singing—

> " La rose est la reine des fleurs,
> Antoinette est la reine des cœurs ; "

and here, as she was being taken to the scaffold, they crowded round her execution-cart and shouted—

> " Madame Veto avait promis
> De faire égorger tout Paris,
> Mais son coup a manqué
> Grâce à nos canonniers ;
> Dansons la carmagnole
> Au bruit du son
> Du canon ! "

Turning east towards Old Paris, we pass, on the right of the Rue St. Honoré, the *Church of St. Roch*, of which Louis XIV. laid the foundation-stone in 1633, replacing a chapel built on the site of the Hôtel Gaillon. The church was only finished, from designs of Robert de Cotte, in 1740. The flight of steps which leads to the entrance has many associations.

" Before St. Roch, the tumbrel in which was Marie Antoinette, stopped in the midst of howling and hooting. A thousand insults were hurled from the steps of the church as it were with one voice, saluting with filth their queen about to die. She, however, serene and majestic, pardoned the insults by disregarding them."—*De Goncourt.*

It was from these steps, in front of which an open space then extended to the Tuileries gardens, that Bonaparte ordered the first cannon to be fired upon the royalists who rose against the National Convention, and thus prevented a counter-revolution. Traces of this cannonade of 13 Vendémiaire are still to be seen at the angle of the church and the Rue Neuve St. Roch. The portal of St. Roch is doric below and corinthian above. The interior of the church, due to Antoine Le Mercier, consists of a wide central nave with side aisles bordered by eighteen chapels, a transept with chapels, and a choir with three chapels, one behind the other—a plan confused, and contrary to all laws of architecture, but certainly rather picturesque. Theological Virtues sustain the pulpit, where the veil of Error, represented by a ponderous sculptured curtain, is giving way before Catholic Truth. Against the pillar on the north of the organ is a medallion monument to Corneille, who died in the Rue d'Argenteuil, October 1, 1684. Making the round of the church we may notice—

r. 1st Chapel. Tomb of Maupertuis. *Huez.* Medallion of Maréchal d'Asfeld, 1743; bust of François, Duc de Créqui; medallion of Mme Lalève de Juilly. *Falconnet.*

2nd Chapel. Bust of Mignard by *Desjardins*, part of a monument to which the figure of his daughter, Mme de Feuquières, belonged, now taken hence, to represent a Magdalen at the foot of the Calvary. Tomb of the Comte d'Harcourt, by *Renard.* Fine bust of Lenôtre, by *Coysevox.* Tomb, by *Guillaume Coustou*, of the infamous Cardinal Dubois, minister under the Orleans Regency and during the early years of Louis XV. This monument was brought from the destroyed church of St. Honoré. The face of the kneeling figure wears a most complacent expression.

"He died absolute master of his master, and less prime minister than exercising, in all its extent and independence, the whole power and authority of the king; superintendent of Posts, Cardinal, Archbishop of Cambrai, with seven abbeys, for which

he was insatiable. The public follies of the Cardinal Dubois, especially after his master no longer restrained him, would fill a book. It is enough to show what a monster the man was, whose death brought comfort to great and small, and, in truth, to all Europe, even to his own brother, whom he treated like a negro." —*St. Simon*, "*Mémoires.*"

"He is the worst and most selfish priest that can be seen, and God will punish him."—*Correspondance de Madame* (*Duchesse d'Orléans*).

3rd Chapel. Tomb of Charles, Duc de Créqui.

Transept. "La Guérison du Mal des Ardents," a picture by *Doyen*, which, with the "Prédication de St. Denis," by *Vien*, in the opposite transept, made a great sensation at the time they appeared.

"It was already an anticipation of the quarrel between the classicists and romanticists. The younger men were enthusiastic for the full, theatrical composition of Doyen; the 'burgraves' of the day exclaimed against the decay of art, and reserved their admiration exclusively for the learned, calm, and harmonious composition of Vien."—*A. J. du Pays.*

4th Chapel. Of St. Clotilde, by *Devéria.* In the apse are several pictures by *Vien.*

Behind the Chapel of the Virgin (on left) is the entrance of the *Chapel of Calvary*, rebuilt 1845. It contains: a group of the Entombment by *De Seine;* a Crucifixion by *Duseigneur;* and a Christ on the Cross by *Michel Auguier*, formerly on the high-altar of the Sorbonne. The statue of the Virgin is by *Bogino.* The statue of the Madeleine, by *Lemoine*, was originally intended to represent the Comtesse de Feuquières, daughter of Mignard.

1st Chapel of Nave. Monument of the Abbé de l'Epée, 1789, celebrated for his noble devotion to ameliorating the condition of the deaf-and-dumb, and founder of the institutions in their favor.

3rd Chapel. Monument erected, 1856, to Bossuet, who died, 1704, in the Rue St. Anne, in this parish.

4th Chapel, or Baptistery. Group of the Baptism of Christ, by *Lemoine*, formerly in St. Jean-en-Grève.

Running north-west from the Rue St. Honoré, behind

St. Roch, is the *Rue d'Argenteuil*, where No. 18 was inhabited by Corneille. The street is crossed by the handsome *Rue des Pyramides*, at the end of which, facing the Louvre, is an equestrian statue of Jeanne Darc, by *Fremiot*.

It was at the corner of the next street, the *Rue de l'Echelle*, that the carriage, with M. de Fersen as coachman, waited, with its agonized freight, for Marie Antoinette, whilst she lost her way by leaving the Tuileries at the wrong exit and wandering into the Rue du Bac, on the night of the flight to Varennes.

Crossing the Place Royale (to which we shall return later), we find on the left of Rue St. Honoré, running north-east, the *Rue de Jean-Jacques Rousseau* (formerly Rue *Plâtrière* and Grenelle St. Honoré). Rousseau was born on the second floor of No. 2, in 1622. In a neighboring house, the poet François Rayner was born, in the same year. In the garden of No. 12 are some remains of a tower belonging to the walls of Philippe Auguste. At No. 41 are some vestiges of the Hotel de Ferriére, which belonged to Jean de la Ferriére, Vidame de Chartres, where Jeanne d'Albret, mother of Henri IV., died, June 9, 1572. No. 58 was the *Hôtel des Fermes*, where the *fermiers-gênéraux* had their offices. It is of the XVI c., and became, in 1612, the property of Chancellor Séguier, who rebuilt it and offered it as a site to the Académie Française. No. 51, the *Hôtel de Bullion*, was formerly Hôtel d'Herwert or Epergnon. La Fontaine died in the street in 1695. At the end of the street, on the left, is the back of the new Post Office. The Rue de Sartine leads hence at once to the Halle de Blé (*see after*).

On the right of the Rue St. Honoré, at the entrance of the Rue de l'Oratoire, is the Church of the *Oratoire*. It

occupies the site of the Hôtel de Montpensier, which belonged to Joyeuse, one of the minions of Henri III., then of the Hôtel du Bouchage, in which Gabrielle d'Estrées lived for a time, and where Henri IV. received (December 27, 1594) from Jean Châtel that blow on the mouth with a knife, which caused the bold D'Aubigné to say to him: "Sire, God has struck you on the lips because you have hitherto only denied Him with your mouth; beware, for if you deny Him with your heart, He will strike you in the heart." M. de Bérulle bought the hotel for the Pères de la Congrégation de l'Oratoire in 1616, and Le Mercier was employed by Louis XIII. in 1621 to erect a church for them, that they might not suffer by the destruction of the chapel of the Hotel du Bourbon, within the present courts of the Louvre, which he was about to pull down. Thenceforth the edifice was called *l'Oratoire royal.* It was built at a peculiar angle that it might follow the direction of the palace, and this adds to the effect of its stately portico. Cardinal de Bérulle died suddenly within its walls in 1690, whilst saying mass in a chapel. He was, in France, the founder of the Oratorians, "un corps où tout le monde obéit et où personne ne commande."[1] Here the licentious Régent d'Orléans used to go into retreat, "à faire ses pâques." The church was once famous for the preaching of Massillon and Mascaron. At the Revolution it was used as a hall for public meetings, and continued to be thus employed till 1832, when it was given to the protestants, and has since been celebrated for the eloquence of Grétry, Coquerel, and Adolphe Monod. It was at the end of the street nearest the Rue St. Honoré that Paul Stuard de Caussado, Comte de St. Megrim, lover of the Duchesse de Guise,

[1] General Talon.

was murdered as he came from the Louvre, July 21, 1578.

On the left is the Rue d'Orléans. "Voici la rue d'Orléans," said Louis XVI. as he crossed it on his way to his trial. "Dites la rue de l'Egalité," answered Chaumette, the procureur-syndic of the Commune, who accompanied him.[1] In this street stood the Hôtel de Harlay, now destroyed.

At the corner of the *Rue de l'Arbre Sec* is a singular house with a fountain beneath it, dating from 1529, but reconstructed 1775. It was formerly called Fontaine de la Croix du Trahoir, and marks one of the places of execution before the Revolution, where a guillotine stood *en permanence*, at the foot of a gibbet. A nymph between the windows on the first floor is by Jean Goujon. The original name of the street—Rue du Trahoir—is said to have resulted from Brunehaut, daughter, wife, mother, and grandmother of kings, having been dragged through it, at eighty, at a horse's tail. This was one of the spots used for the burning of protestants, and Nicholas Valeton was burnt here, under François I.

"Henri III. was passing the *Croix du Trahoir* when a man was being hanged. The king being told by the court officer that his crime was great, said with a laugh, "Well, do not hang him till he has said his *in manus*." The ruffian swore that he would never utter the words in his life, as the king had given orders not to hang him before. He persisted so that they had to appeal to the king, who, seeing he was a good fellow, pardoned him."—*Tallemant des Réaux.*

Near this, in the Rue des Poulies, the first restaurant was opened in 1785, Boulanger, the master, taking as his sign, "Venite ad me omnes qui stomacho laboratis, et ego

[1] Lamartine.

vos *restaurabo*"—whence the name which has ever remained to his imitators.[1]

The Rue de l'Arbre Sec led into the Rue des Fossés St. Germain l'Auxerrois, which took again, in its later existence, a name it had borne in 886. Here, when the street was called Rue de la Charpenterie, Jacques de Bethizy, Advocate of the Parliament of Paris, built an hotel in 1416. The prolongation of the street was called Rue de Ponthieu, from the Hôtel de Ponthieu, in which (and not, as sometimes stated, in the destroyed Rue de Bethizy) Admiral Coligny was murdered.

"The Duke de Guise, followed by some armed men, hurried to the house of Admiral Coligny. He forced the outer door, and the Swiss of the Guard of Navarre attempted resistance, but their captain and some men were killed on the spot. The duke, who had awaited in the court the issue of the first enterprise, ordered some of his soldiers to go up to Coligny's bedroom, the door of which was entrusted to a German valet. The latter, opposing any entrance to his master, received a ball in the head. Although at the first disturbance at the outer door, the admiral had gone to the window to learn the cause of the tumult, and although it was easy to see that they were after him, he made no attempt to escape; on the contrary, he lay down again in his dressing-gown, and pretended to be asleep, when three armed men entered the room. One of the three assassins, who was a gentleman, seized him by the arm, crying: 'Admiral, you sleep too much!' Coligny pretended to awake from his first sleep, and turning to the man who addressed him, received a sword thrust in the left side and a dagger thrust in the right side. The Swiss were then ordered to throw him out of the window. But Coligny was not yet dead, and made such a resistance when they tried to lay hold of him, that four Swiss could not succeed, in spite of the blows of their halberds which they gave him on the shins. They made a second effort to execute the order they had received, and all four seized him by the body, but, seeing that the French soldiers were busy plundering his cash-box, they let Coligny fall and joined in the plunder. All at once a voice was

[1] Fournier, *Paris démoli.*

heard from the court below, 'Is the Admiral dead? Fling him out of the window!' A French soldier then, approaching Coligny, who, although prostrate on the floor, still made a vigorous resistance, put the muzzle of his gun into his mouth and killed him. He was still making some movement when he was thrown from the window. After this murder they massacred about forty persons who were found in the house, and who were for the most part in Coligny's service."—*Letter of a German priest, written on the day after the massacre to Lambert Gruter, Bishop of Neustadt.*

The Hôtel de Ponthieu, after belonging to the family of Rohan-Montbazon, became, as Hôtel de Lisieux, a public-house, where the great comédienne, Sophie Arnauld, the daughter of the publican, was born, in the very room in which the admiral was murdered. All is destroyed now.

Left of Rue St. Honoré, the Rue Sauval leads to the *Halle au Blé*, a circular edifice on a very historic site.

"The dome of the Halle-au-Blé is an English jockey-cap on a high ladder."—*Victor Hugo.*

Here stood the Hôtel de Nesle, built in the XIII. c., by Queen Blanche of Castille, who received there the homage of Thibault, the poet-king of Navarre, when he sang—

"Amours me fait comencier
Une chanson nouvèle;
Et me vuet enseignier
A amer la plus belle
Qui soit el mont vivant."

Hence, also, when wearied of the importunity of his love, Queen Blanche sent Thibault to fight in the Holy Land, where he hoped to conquer the affections of the queen by his deeds of valor. Here the beautiful queen died (1253) on a bed of straw, from necessity's sake, and the hotel, after passing through a number of royal hands, was given by Charles VI. to his brother, the Duke of Orleans—"afin de le loger commodément près du Louvre, et dans un lieu

qui répondit à sa qualité." Hence, as the guilty paramour of his sister-in-law, Isabeau de Baviére, the Duke went to his murder in the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois.

It was Catherine de Medicis who pulled down the Hôtel de Nesle, and who, weary of the Tuileries as soon as she had completed its central façade, employed Bullant to build a more splendid palace on this site, called, from its later proprietors, Hôtel de Soissons. The cruel queen had her observatory here, and when a light was seen passing there at night, the passers-by used to say, "The queen-mother is consulting the stars; it is an evil omen!" After the death of Catherine de Medicis, the hôtel belonged to Catherine of Navarre, sister of Henri IV., then to Olympia Mancini, Comtesse de Soissons (mother of Prince Eugène, born here Oct. 18, 1660), who fled from France to escape being tried for poisoning her husband, after the exposure of Mme de Brinvilliers and the institution of the court of inquiry called "la Chambre des Poisons." Even of the second palace nothing remains to this day except a fluted column, resting on a fountain, adorned with the arms of Paris, and attached to the exterior of the Halle. This column, erected by Bullant in 1572, is said to have been used for the observations of Catherine's astrologer; it now bears a sun-dial, the work of Pingré, canon of St. Geneviève. The Revolution has destroyed the monograms, crescents, fleurs-de-lis, &c., which once adorned it. Such was the fame of the Hôtel de Soissons, that Piganiol de la Force declares that, except the Louvre, no dwelling-house was more noble and illustrious, while to give its history, or rather that of the Hôtels de Nesle, de Bahaigue, d'Orléans, de la Reine-Mère, and des Princes, as it was successively called, it would be necessary to touch on the great events of every reign during its long existence.

Houses now cover the gardens of the Hôtel de Soissons, which, under the Regency, were covered by the wooden booths used in the stock-jobbing of Law and his Mississippi scheme.

On the left of the Rue St. Honoré is the little *Rue des Prouvaires* (Prouaires, Prêtres), where Alphonso of Portugal was lodged in the time of Louis XI., and for his amusement taken to hear a theological discussion at the University which lasted five hours! "Voilà un monarque honorablement logi et bien amusé," says St. Foix.

If we continue the Rue de Rivoli, the *Rue des Bourdonnais* (named from Adam and Guillaume Bourdon) opens on the left: now of no interest, but once of great importance as containing the glorious Hôtel de la Trémouille, built 1490, rivaling the noblest buildings of the age in France, but wantonly destroyed in 1840. The hotel long belonged to the family of Bellièvre, to which Mme de Sévigné was related. "Ils n'ont pas voulu la vendre," she wrote, "parce que c'est la maison paternelle, et que les souliers du vieux chancelier en ont touché le pavé."

"The architecture of this hotel was one of the most graceful creations of the end of the fifteenth century. The tower at the left, the great staircase, the porticoes, with their first story, had undergone only slight mutilations. The façade, looking on the court, was sadly spoiled, but all the elements of its decoration existed in part under the modern plaster work. On the garden side the façade was very simple. Too much admiration cannot be expressed for the delicate taste displayed by the architect in this charming piece of work. The grouping of the smooth and decorated surfaces was most happy."—*Viollet-le-Duc*, vi. 284.

We are close to the Halles Centrales (which may be reached directly from the Halle au Blé), occupying the district formerly called Champeaux, which, from time im-

memorial, was at once a centre for provisions and a place of sepulture. The great roads leading to Roman towns were always bordered by tombs, and the highways leading to the Roman Lutece, on the island in the Seine, were no exception to the rule. Especially popular as a place of sepulture was the road across the marshes, afterwards known as "grant chaussée Monsieur Saint Denys." A chapel dedicated here to St. Michael at a very early date was the precursor of a church dedicated to the Holy Innocents, built under Louis le Gros, whose favorite oath was "par les saints de Bethléem." The whole surrounding district had by this time become a cemetery, and the ancient oratory was exclusively used for prayers for the dead. Philip Augustus surrounded the cemetery with walls, and it became, as the Cimetière St. Jean or Cimetière Vert, the favorite burial-place of the middle classes.[1] Of great extent, it was surrounded by cloisters, decorated with frescoes of the Dance of Death—La Danse Maccabre—of great local celebrity, and contained a very fine old *lanterne des morts* and several hermitages, some of which were inhabited from motives of devotion, but one at least as an enforced penance, by Renée de Vendome—"la recluse de St. Innocent"—shut up here for life as a punishment for adultery. Louis XI. erected a monument in the church, with a statue, to another hermit of the cemetery, the nun Alix la Bourgotte. The church, and the cemetery with its cloisters, were closed in 1786. Their site is now covered by the vast buildings of the modern Halles, replacing the famous Marché aux Innocents, which had its origin in booths, erected in the time of Philippe le

[1] Corrozet preserves this epitaph: "Cy-gist Jollande Bailli, qui trépassa l'an 1518, le 88e an de son âge, le 42e de son veuvage, laquelle a vu, devant son trépas, deux-cents quatre-vingt-quinze enfans issus d'elle."

Hardi, when the cloisters of the cemetery were a fashionable walk. The huge existing market, consisting of six pavilions separated by three streets, only dates from 1858. The best time for visiting it, and seeing the crowds which frequent it, is between 6 and 8 A.M.

"A bright gleam announced the day. The great voice of the Halles roared higher, and, at intervals, peals of bells in a distant steeple broke this rolling and swelling clamor. They entered one of the covered streets between the fish market and the fowl market. Florent raised his eyes and looked at the lofty vault with its interior wood-work shining between the black lace-work of the cast-iron girders. When he reached the great central street, he dreamed he was in some strange city, with its distinct quarters, its suburbs, its villages, its promenades and roads, its squares and places, placed, just as it was, entire, under a shed, some wet day, by some gigantic caprice. The shadows, slumbering in the angles of the crossing roofs, multiplied the forest of pillars, enlarged to infinity the delicate mouldings, the detached galleries, the transparent Venetian blinds, and, above this city, in the deepest darkness, was a vegetation, an efflorescence, a monstrous outgrowth of metal, whose stems, climbing and twining, and branches, twisting and interlacing, covered a world with the tracery of the foliage of some primeval grove. The quarters were still asleep, their railings closed. The butter and fowl markets displayed a line of small trellised shops, and long deserted alleys, under the rows of gas-jets. The fish market was just opened; some women crossed the rows of white slabs, spotted with the shadow of baskets or forgotten rags. In the market for vegetables, for flowers and fruits, the hubbub increased. Gradually the city awoke, from the popular quarter, where the cabbages had been heaped up since four o'clock, to the rich and idle quarter, that only took from the hooks its pullets and pheasants about eight o'clock.

"But in the great open streets there was an affluence of life. Along the footwalks, on each side, the market gardeners were there; the small cultivators from the neighborhood of Paris, displayed in their baskets the crops gathered the evening before, boxes of vegetables or handfuls of fruit.

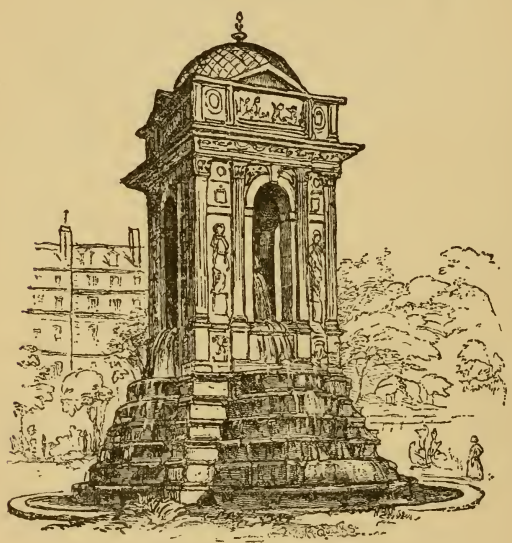
"In the midst of the incessant ebb and flow of the crowd, wagons entered under the arches, checking the sounding trot of

their horses. Two of these vehicles, left across, barred the road. Florent, to pass, had to lean his hand against one of the gray sacks, like those of charcoal, whose enormous weight bent down the springs; the sacks had the odor, fresh and moist, of seaweed; one of them, broken at one corner, let a black mass of big mussels escape. At every step they had to pause. The fish was coming in; the trucks came, one after the other, with big wooden cages full of baskets, that the railroads brought full from the ocean. And to get out of the way of the fish-trucks, which became more and more numerous and disturbing, they flung themselves under the wheels of the trucks of butter, eggs, and cheese, big yellow wagons with four horses and red lamps; strong men picked up the cases of eggs, the baskets of butter and the cheese and carried them to the auction-room, where clerks, in low caps, were writing in note-books by the glare of the gas.

"Claude was delighted with the tumult; he lost himself in an effect of light, in a group of blouses or in the unloading of a vehicle. At last, they were free. As they were traversing the long street, they walked into an exquisite odor, which floated around them and seemed to follow them. They were in the middle of the market of cut flowers. In the square, right and left, women were sitting with square baskets before them, full of bunches of roses, of violets, of dahlias, and of daisies. The bunches looked dull, like spots of blood, and gently pale with silvery gray tints of great delicacy. Near a stall, a lighted candle struck, in the black background, a sharp note of color, the bright tufts of the daisies, the blood-red hue of the dahlias, the blueness of the violets, the living flesh tints of the roses. Nothing was more sweet or spring-like than the tender perfumes encountered on the footpath after the pungent odors of the fish or the pestilential smell of the butter and cheese."—*Zola*, "*Le Ventre de Paris*."

"Les Piliers des Halles" were formerly very picturesque, but nothing now remains of the past, except the *Fontaine des Innocents*, which now stands in a shady square at the south-east corner of the Halles. Originally dating from the XIII. c., it was reconstructed in 1550 after a plan of Pierre Lescot, and decorated with sculpture by Jean Goujon. But it was then attached to the church wall,

which gave it quite a different appearance. John Evelyn says, "Joyning to this church is a com'on fountaine, with good relievo's on it." Since its removal to its present site, its aspect has been further altered by the addition of a cupola and disproportionate base: at the same time new nymphs by Pajou were added to those of Jean Goujon. Stripped of its original interest, the fountain is still a *chef-*



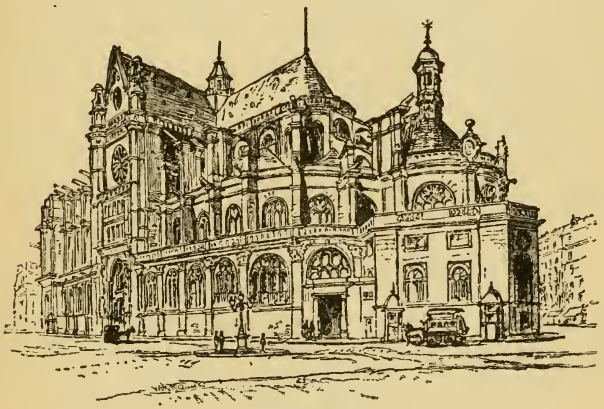
THE FONTAINE DES INNOCENTS.

d'œuvre of the French renaissance of the XVI. c., and its earlier and still existing decorations, by Jean Goujon, are of the greatest beauty.

It was to the Halles that Jacques d'Armagnac, Duc de Nemours, after having been confined in an iron cage, was brought from the Bastille to be beheaded, August 4, 1477, by order of Louis XI., and there that his children, dressed

in white, were forced to stand beneath the scaffold, that their robes might be saturated with their father's blood.

Behind the Halles, which are ever filled with a roar of voices like a storm at sea, rises the huge mass of the great church of St. Eustache, the most complete specimen of renaissance architecture in Paris, a gothic five-sided church in essentials, but classical in all its details, and possessing a certain quaint, surprising and imposing grandeur of its own, though brimming with faults from an



ST. EUSTACHE

architectural point of view. Henri Martin, who calls it "the poetical church of St. Eustache," considers it the last breath of the religious architecture of the Middle Ages. Begun in 1532, it was completed as we now see it (except the principal portal—altered since, and still incomplete), by the architect David, in 1642.

"The Renaissance effaced the last traces of the old national art. . . . The forms of ancient Roman architecture, which were not well known, were applied to the system of construction of the Gothic churches, which was despised without being under-

stood. Under this equivocal inspiration the great church of St. Eustache was begun and ended, an edifice badly conceived, badly built, a confused mass of details borrowed from all sides, without connection and without harmony; a kind of Gothic skeleton clothed in Roman rags, stitched together like a harlequin's dress."—*Viollet-le-Duc*, i. 240.

The richly-decorated renaissance portals are surmounted by gothic rose-windows, divided by balustrades, and, at the summit of the south gable, a stag's head with a crucifix between its horns, in memory of the miraculous animal by which the saint was converted when hunting. Classical pilasters divide the windows, and decorate the flying buttresses, and a very graceful classical campanile of the XVII. c. surmounts the Lady Chapel.

With all its faults, the vast and lofty interior will probably strike the ordinary visitor with admiration for its stately magnificence.[1] He may notice :—

4th Chapel. *Gourlier:* Marriage of the Virgin—a relief.
5th Chapel. *Magimel:* Ecce Homo—a relief.
Transepts. Statues by *Debay;* frescoes by *Siguol.*

The windows of the choir and apse are of 1631, and bear, constantly repeated, the name of their artist, Soulignac, unknown elsewhere.

4th Chapel of Choir. Restored frescoes of XVII. c.
8th (Terminal) Chapel. The statue of the Virgin, by Pigalle, sculptured for the dome of the Invalides.
9th Chapel. The tomb of Jean Baptist Colbert, 1683, the famous minister. He is represented kneeling on a sarcophagus, at the base of which are figures of Religion and Abundance.

"In the parish church of St. Eustache is the life-size statue of M. Colbert, grand treasurer of the order of the Holy Ghost, with the mantle and collar of the knights. There is no one who would not take him for a knight."—*St. Simon.*

[1] It is the largest church in Paris except Notre Dame, being 318 feet long, and 132 feet wide at the transept.

"Mazarin left the king a precious legacy. 'Sire,' he said in presenting to him a simple clerk of the finance office, 'I owe everything to you, but I think I shall balance my account with your Majesty by giving you Colbert.'"—*Touchard-Lafosse*, "*Hist. de Paris.*"

"The people were as ungrateful as the king had been. It was necessary to convey his corpse from his hotel in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs to the church of St. Eustache by night, for fear lest the funeral be insulted by the market folk. The people of Paris only saw in Colbert the author of heavy and vexatious taxes established after the war with Holland, and the people of France, in general, accustomed by Colbert himself to refer to the king all the good and great measures which the minister had suggested, assigned to the king the glory and to the Comptroller General of Finance the miseries that glory cost. The people had no suspicion of the struggles that took place in the council, and the better informed class of citizens, who were brought into contact with Colbert, alone was in a position to appreciate him. We must always recognize this fact, that for great men there are only two judges: God and posterity.

"With Colbert ended the line of great ministers."—*Martin*, "*Hist. de France.*"

N. Transept. On the bénitier, Pope Telesiphorus (139, who instituted Holy Water) blessing the water.

Left of the Organ. Medallion monument of General François de Chevert, 1760, with an epitaph by Diderot, telling how "sans ayeux, sans fortune, et sans appui, il s'éleva malgré l'envie, à la force de mérite."

The magnificent sculptures which Jacques Sarrazin executed for the high-altar and apse, all perished in the Revolution. The St. Louis, Virgin, and infant Saviour were portraits of Louis XIII., Anne of Austria, and Louis XIV.! The "banc d'œuvre" was executed by Lepautre from designs of Cartaud for the Régent Duc d'Orléans, at a cost of 20,000 livres. All memorials are destroyed of Admiral de Tourville; the Duc de la Feuillade; d'Armenonville, keeper of the seals; Marin de la Chambre, physician of Louis XIV.; Voiture, Vaugelas, Furetière, Benserade, La Mothe le Vayer, and the painter Charles de la Fosse, buried in this church. Besides the tomb of Colbert, only the monument of Chevert (which was taken to the Musée des Monuments Français) has been preserved.

"It is impossible to point to a single detail which is not elegant, or to anything offensively inappropriate. Yet the eye is everywhere offended by the attenuation of classical details, and the stilting that becomes necessary from the employment of the flatter circular arch instead of the taller pointed one. The hollow lines of the corinthian capitals are also very ill-adapted to receive the impost of an arch; and when the shaft is placed on a base taller than itself, and drawn out, as is too often the case here, the eye is everywhere shocked, the great difference being, that the gothic shaft was in almost all instances employed only to indicate and suggest the construction, and might therefore be 100 diameters in height without appearing weak or inappropriate."—*Fergusson.*

It was in this church that 720 wreaths of roses were distributed to mark the Burgundians during the terrible massacre of the followers of Armagnac in 1418. Here in the beginning of the XVI. c., whilst the rivalry between Church and theatre was at its height—

"The curé of St. Eustache was in the pulpit doing his best to edify his audience, when Jean du Pontalais happened to pass before the church. The sound of the little drum with which Pontalais was summoning the crowd, forced the preacher to raise his voice and broke the thread of his discourse. The more the tambourine sounded, the louder bawled the parson, and the contest began to amuse the audience. At last the harassed preacher gave orders to go and silence the mountebank. Some pious members went out, ... and never came back. They went to increase the crowd around the thumper, instead of stopping his thumping. The noise of the tambourine redoubled. At last the curé, out of patience, left the pulpit, came out of the church and went straight up to Pontalais. 'Hello!' cried Pontalais, 'who has given you the impudence to preach while I am playing the drum?' Then the preacher, more vexed than ever, took the cutlass of his *Famulus* (the beadle) who was with him, and made a great gash in the tambourine. As he returned to the church to finish his sermon, Pontalais takes his drum, runs after the priest and claps it on his head like an Albanian hat, with the cut end downwards. The preacher wished to mount the pulpit in the state in which he was, to show the insult that had been done him, and how the word of God was despised. But the people

laughed so loud at seeing him with the drum on his head, that he could not keep his audience that day and was forced to retire and hold his tongue, for a remonstrance was made to him to the effect that it was not the act of a wise man to quarrel with a fool."—*Deschanel*, "*La vie des comédiens.*"

St. Eustache has always been the special church of the Halles, and it was here, in 1701, that the Dames de la Halle, with whom he was very popular, caused a special Te Deum to be sung for the recovery from dangerous illness of Monseigneur, son of Louis XIV.

"The Revolutionary Society sat at St. Eustache. It was composed of lost women, female adventurers, recruited in vice or in the haunts of misery, or the cells of the madhouse. The scandal of their sessions, the tumult of their motions, the oddity of their eloquence, the audacity of their petitions, troubled excessively the Committee of Public Safety. These women were going to dictate the law under the pretext of giving advice to the Convention."—*Lamartine*, "*Hist. des Girondins.*"

This church also was especially connected with the *Fêtes de la Raison.*

"St. Eustache presented the appearance of a large drinking shop. The choir represented a landscape ornamented with cottages and clumps of trees. In the distance were mysterious thickets, and some 'practicable' footpaths had been cut in the great piles of rock work. These precipices of common deal were not inaccessible. Troops of prostitutes, who impudently marched in file, ran after the men, and the creaking of the planks under their hurried tread was continually audible.

"Around the choir were ranged tables laden with bottles, sausages, chitterlings, pies, and other meats. On the altars of the lateral chapels sacrifices were made at the same time to lust and gluttony, and hideous traces of intemperance were seen on the consecrated slabs.

"The guests streamed in by every door; every one who came took part in the feast. Children of seven and eight, girls as well as boys, put their hands into the dishes in sign of liberty, and even drank from the bottles, and their quick intoxication excited the laughter of the vile beings who shared in it."—*Mercier*, "*Le nouveau Paris.*"

The *Rue du Jour*, just behind the west end of St. Eustache, was formerly Rue du Séjour, from a residence of Charles V. The *Hôtel du Royaumont* (No. 4) was built here in 1613, by the Abbé du Royaumont, and afterwards became the property of the Comte de Montmorency-Boutteville, the famous duellist. Its old portal remains.

The Rue du Jour falls into the *Rue Montmartre*, which contained the Chapelle St. Joseph, built by the Chancellor Séguier, and in which Molière and La Fontaine were buried; it was destroyed in the Revolution.

Opening from the Rue Montmartre, on the left, is (much curtailed by modern improvements) the *Rue de la Jussienne*, a name commemorating the popular pronunciation of the church of St. Marie l'Egyptienne, which dated from the XIV. c., and stood at the angle of the Rue Montmartre.

"The stained windows of the time of Francis I. represented the life of the patron saint, and inscriptions of singular quaintness explained the circumstances—even those which the saint herself thought it necessary to expiate by a long course of penitence."—*De Guilhermy.*

It was in going to his devotions at this church that Henri III. drew from under the little dogs, which he carried slung in a basket around his neck, and gave to Chancellor Chiverny the edict which took away from the bourgeois of Paris the rights of nobility granted them by Charles V.

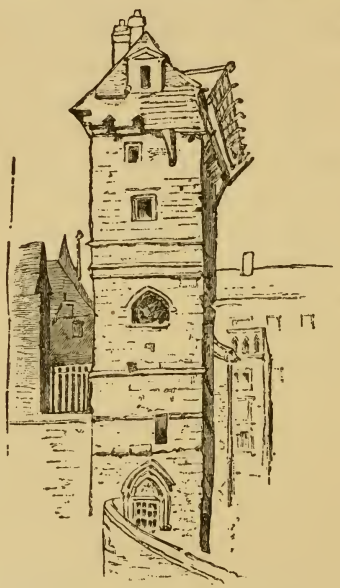
No. 2, Rue de la Jussienne, belonged to the Hôtel of Mme du Barry, and the financier Peruchet had his bureau there in the time of Louis XV. It has the handsome decorations of heads and garlands of the time of Louis XV. The next street on the left of the Rue Montmartre was the Rue des Vieux Augustins, where, at No. 17,

Charlotte Corday lodged in 1793, in the Hôtel de la Providence.

The modern *Rue de Turbigo* runs north-east from St. Eustache to the Place de la République on the Boulevards, crossing the site of the fine hotel of the Marquis de l'Hospital. In the great modern cross street, called Rue Etienne Marcel, a grand and picturesque old tower is to be seen, in a court on the right side, sadly hemmed in by modern houses. This is all that remains of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*, sometimes called Hôtel d'Artois, having been built—in the "quartier Mauconseil"—by the Comte d'Artois in the XIII. c. Under Charles VI. the hôtel was often the residence of Jean sans Peur, Duke of Burgundy. It was bought in 1548 by the Confrérie de la Passion, that they might represent their mysteries there. After a few years they let it to "les Enfants Sans Souci," a society of amateur actors of good family; from them it passed to more regular actors, known as "Comédiens de l'Hôtel de Bourgogne."

"Mélite," the first play of Corneille, was represented at the Hôtel de Bourgogne in 1625; his other plays were acted there as they appeared, and it was here that Christina of Sweden shocked Anne of Austria by sitting at the performance "dans une position si indécente, qu'elle avait les pieds plus hauts que la tête." There was a perpetual rivalry between this theatre and that of Petit-Bourbon, where the plays acted were those of Molière, who ridiculed the actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne in his "Précieuses ridicules." But the "Alexandre" of Racine drew back the wavering admirers of the older theatre. After its appearance at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, St. Evremond wrote, "que la vieillesse de Corneille ne l'alarmait plus, et qu'il n'appréhendait plus tant de voir finir la tragédie après lui,"

though when "Andromache" and "Bajazet" had been represented here Mme de Sévigné wrote, "Racine fait des comédies pour la Champmeslé[1]; ce n'est pas pour les siècles à venir. Vive donc notre vieil ami Corneille!" In 1680 the "Comédiens italiens" took the theatre of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, where they obtained a great success



TOWER OF THE HÔTEL DE BOURGOGNE.

for seventeen years, but were suppressed in May, 1697, for having produced a piece called "La fausse Prude," in which Mme de Maintenon fancied herself represented, and thus drew upon herself a qualification not originally intended for her. The Comédiens Italiens were restored by the Régent d'Orléans, and obtained a great celebrity

[1] "La plus miraculeusement bonne comédienne."

through the performance of Riccoboni and Benozzi, and the plays of Marivaux and Delisle. In 1723, the actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne were called "Comédiens ordinaires du Roi," and their title was inscribed over the gate of the hôtel. The theatre was closed and pulled down in 1783, but it may be regarded as having been the cradle of the Comédie Française.

Nothing now remains of the ancient buildings of the hôtel except the great square tower, built by Jean sans Peur, and containing a winding staircase and vaulted gothic hall. This was probably the chamber which the Duke (who by no means deserved his surname) built after the murder of the Duke of Orleans, "toute de pierre de taille, pour sa sûreté, la plus forte qu'il put et terminée de mâchicoulis, où toutes les nuits il couchoit."

"The steps of the staircase turn around a column terminating in a very simple capital, which serves as a support to a round drum of stone, encircled by three double rings, from which spring the vigorous shoots of an oak, whose branches describe four pointed bays, while the foliage covers luxuriantly the entire vault. We know nothing like it in the mediæval monuments of Paris; it is a style of ornamentation no less remarkable for its rarity than its elegance. In the pointed tympanum of one of the exterior bays two planes and a plumb-line are sculptured in the middle of gothic flowers. The Duke Jean sans Peur took the planes for his emblem, in opposition to the knotty clubs chosen by the Duke of Orleans."—*De Guilhermy.*

Should we return to the Rue St. Honoré we should now reach the spot where Henri IV. was assassinated (beyond the entrance of the Rue de la Tonnellerie), May 14, 1610, on his way to see Sully at the Arsenal. The Rue St. Honoré at that time ceased here and became exceedingly narrow, under the name of Rue de la Ferronnerie. The house in front of which the murder took place (No. 6) was marked by a Maltese cross painted red, and was called

Maison de la Croix rouge. It was a false tradition which represented the event as having occurred opposite a house (now destroyed—No. 3 Rue St. Honoré) upon which a notary named Portrain, to honor the king's memory, placed his bust with an inscription, now in the Carnavalet Museum.

"Francis Ravaillac was a sort of visionary, of a dark, strange disposition, and a sinister look. He had been a lawyer's clerk, a novice in the convent of the Feuillants at Paris, than a schoolmaster at Angoulême, his native city. He had always sought the society of monks and priests remarkable for their bigotry and violence. . . . He hesitated a long time before he became fixed on the horrible idea which haunted him. He came from Angoulême to Paris in the preceding January to speak to the king. He had had, he said, revelations from Heaven touching the interests of religion; he wished to persuade the king to revoke the edict of Nantes, but his evil look made him repulsed everywhere, and he departed without being able to approach the king. He returned to Paris at the end of April. He remained, from early morning, near the gate of the Louvre, where he saw the king's carriage pass out. He followed it. In turning from the Rue St. Honoré into the Rue de la Ferronnerie, which was then very narrow, the carriage met two carts, which forced it to graze the stalls that stood up against the wall of the Cemetery des Innocents. The king's small suite was separated from him by this accident. While the carts were being made to back, Francis Ravaillac glided between the stalls and the carriage, which was quite open, and, seeing the king at the door close to him, he put one foot on a stone-post, the other on one of the wheels, and struck Henry with a knife between the ribs. The king raised his arm and cried, 'I am wounded!' At the same instant a second blow pierced his heart. Henry did not speak again or give any sign of life.

"Ravaillac remained motionless, without attempting to escape, or flinging away his knife. The nobles who accompanied the king prevented the murderer being massacred on the spot, and had him arrested and placed in safe-keeping; then, closing the windows of the carriage, they cried to the people that the king was only wounded and returned to the Louvre. They took there only a corpse."—*Henri Martin*, "*Hist. de France*," x. 568.

Ancient streets in this district which have vanished of late years under modern improvements, are the Rue de la Tixeranderie, the Rue des Mauvais Garçons, and the Rue St. Faron (where the abbots of St. Faron had their hotel), with the Place Baudoyer, a name which recalled the revolt of the Bagaudes against the Roman dominion, and which was corrupted from that of the neighboring Porta Bagaudarum to Place Baudéer, Baudier, Bauder, Baudois, Baudoyer.

The next opening, left of the Rue St. Honoré, forming one side of the little square which contains the Fontaine des Innocents, is the *Rue St. Denis*, originally important both as leading to the tomb of St. Denis and as having the privilege of the royal entries into the capital after the coronations at Rheims.

"The Rue St. Denis is one of the oldest streets in Paris, and is said to have been first marked out by the track of the saint's footsteps, when, after his martyrdom, he walked along it, with his head under his arm, in quest of a burial-place. This legend may account for any crookedness of the street, for it could not reasonably be asked of a headless man that he should walk straight."—*Hawthorne*, "*Note-Books*."

Two low slated spires mark the picturesque little gothic church of *Sts. Leu et Gilles*[1]—of which the houses only allow the west front and the apse to be seen—a dependency of the Abbey of St. Magloire. The church dates from 1320, but, with the exception of the central portal, the façade is of 1727, when the spire now on the south tower was transported thither from a tower falling into ruins on the north side, which was rebuilt. The side aisles are of the XVI. c.; but the choir and apse were rebuilt in 1780. Beneath these is a crypt—the Chapel of Calvary—con-

[1] St. Loup, the famous Bishop of Sens, and St. Gilles, the hermit of Provence.

taining beneath the altar a fine dead Christ of the XV. c. or XVI. c. from the old church of St. Sepulchre. The pictures are not worth much notice, except, from the subject, a portrait of St. François de Sales (left of altar), executed after his death by *Philippe de Champaigne.*

"In the first chapel to the south, a picture, dated 1772, represents the crime and the punishment of a soldier who was burned in 1415 for having struck with his sword the image of the Virgin, placed at the corner of the Rue aux Ours, near the church of St. Leu. The image, according to tradition, shed blood in abundance. To preserve the memory of this extraordinary fact, an annual fête was still celebrated in the time immediately preceding the Revolution. A lay figure representing the soldier was carried in procession through the town for three days, and finally given to the flames in the Rue aux Ours, in the midst of an illumination and a display of fireworks."—*De Guilhermy.*

To the right of the choir are three curious XV. c. marble reliefs. A XVII. c. St. Geneviève once stood near the shrine of the saint. The church formerly contained the tomb of Marie Delandes, wife of the Président Chrétien de Lamoignon, with a relief representing her being secretly buried here by the poor she had succored, and who would not allow her to be taken from their parish church to that of the Récollets.

Very near this stood at a very early period the Oratoire de St. Georges, which became the church of St. Magloire when the body of that Breton saint was sent hither to preserve it from the Normans. To this church a Benedictine abbey was attached, afterwards given to Les Filles Péni-tentes. The very large church dated from the XII. c.

On the other side of the Rue St. Denis, at the junction of the Rue Grande et Petite Truanderie and Mondetour, was the *Puits d'Amour*, where a girl named Agnes Hellébie drowned herself because of her lover's treachery, in the

time of Philippe Auguste. Three hundred years after, a man threw himself into the well on account of the cruelty of his love, who repented and drew him up by a cord, after which he restored the well, which was inscribed "L'amour m'a refait en 1525, tout-à-fait."

This is one of the poorest parts of Paris, and the Rue Maubuée, one of the cross streets in descending the Rue St. Denis, is pointed out as the Seven Dials of Paris. It is a curious and picturesque old winding street. Its name, *Maubuée*—"mauvaise fumée"—comes from its being the place where Jews used to be roasted with green faggots, to punish, said the counsellor De l'Ancre, "Leur anthropomace, les admirables cruautés dont ils ont toujours usé envers les chrétiens, leur forme de vie, leur synagogue déplaisante à Dieu, leur immondicité et puanteur."

In the *Rue de Tracy*, which diverges north near the top of the Rue St. Denis, a Greek building is the chapel of the community of St. Chaumont. Behind (east of) the lower part of the Rue St. Denis runs the *Rue Quincampoix*. This district was the scene of the speculations of Law under the Regency. In 1710 (November 2) we find the Duchesse d'Orléans writing:—

"The Rue Quincampoix has put a stop to gambling in Paris. It is a real madness; I am tired of it; nothing else is talked about, and there never passes a day that I do not receive three or four letters from persons who ask me for shares. It is very tiresome."—*Correspondance de Madame.*

Crossing the ugly Boulevard de Sebastopol, in forming which the chapels at the back of the church of Sts. Leu et Gilles were curtailed, we find ourselves in the Rue de Rambuteau, and the next cross street is the *Rue St. Martin*. Descending towards Rue St. Honoré (at No. 80) we may observe a relief of the Annunciation. At the corner

of the Rue de la Verrerie is the church of *St. Merri*, originally built in the IX. c. on the site of a chapel of St. Pierre, where St. Merri, who had been prior of the monastery of St. Martin at Autun, was buried. But the present church, begun under François I., was only finished in 1612. The great gothic portal, with two smaller portals at the sides, is very rich in effect; but its statues are only modern copies from those at the south transept of Notre Dame; the woodwork is of the time of the construction. The adjoining tower is gothic below, renaissance above, with pilasters of the XVII. c. This is the tower which has given the war-note of many revolutions, and whence the "tocsin de St. Merri," sounding day and night, has sent a thrill through thousands. In the Revolution of June 5 and 6, 1832, the church was long and obstinately defended by the insurgents against the royal troops.

The interior of St. Merri has two side aisles on the right, and only one on the left, the second being here replaced by a passage through the chapels. The choir has a single aisle surrounded by thirteen chapels. In spite of classical innovations under Louis XIV., by which the gothic architecture has been mutilated, the vaulting, the rose-windows at the sides, and fragments of XVI. c. glass remain to be admired. The sculpture of the high-altar is by *Dubois*, that of the pulpit by *Michel Ange Slodtz*. Under the fifth bay of the left aisle a staircase leads to a crypt, reconstructed in the XVI. c., when the church was built, on the site of that which contained the tomb of St. Merri. In this, which was his parish church, Charles V. constructed a richly-carved wooden oratory for a certain Guillemette, esteemed a saint, who never left that place, and might be seen there in ecstacy. All the Court had great faith in her holiness, and recommended themselves to her

prayers.[1] Nothing remains of the tomb of Jean Chapelain, author of "La Pucelle," or of that of Arnaud de Pomponne, ambassador and minister of state under Louis XIV.

Reascending the Rue St. Martin, we may see, on the right, the openings of the *Rue Maubuée* and *Rue de Venise*, formerly the bankers' quarter, but which now, with their side alleys, may be looked upon as perhaps the most miserable part—the St. Giles's—of Old Paris. On the right is the opening of the *Rue de Montmorency*, which contains, marked by an inscription, the house of the philanthropist, Nicolas Flamel, partly destroyed in 1852.

"The great gable (*grand pignon*), to which it owed its name in the last centuries, no longer exists, but one can still read, in gothic characters, above the ground floor, the inscription which is the most touching part of its history. The poor '*laboring men and women dwelling in the porch of this house*' speak in it of the '*Pater noster and the Ave Maria*,' which they had to say every day for the departed, and thus recall the hospitality which Flamel gave them, only asking this prayer in return. He understood the rights of property as we understand them no longer. With the revenue derived from the best parts of each of his houses, which were numerous in this quarter, he lodged in the other stories, and supported some poor people; 'and,' says Guillebert de Metz, 'he built several houses, where people of means lived in the lower stories, and from the rent they paid poor working people were maintained in the upper stories.'"—*Edouard Fournier.*

"Nicolas Flamel founded and endowed fourteen hospitals. During the time of plague, he bought deserted houses, provided they seemed large enough, and changed them into hospitals. The plague ceased, the hospitals remained. He rebuilt three chapels, he left annuities to seven churches, among others to St. Geneviève des Ardens. He repaired three cemeteries, including that of the Innocents."—*Edouard Plouvier*, "*Paris Guide.*"

The house in the Rue de Montmorency, opposite the entrance to the Passage des Panorames, was that of Desmarest, Minister of Finance.

[1] Viollet-le-Duc, viii. 5.

Far up the Rue St. Martin, on the right, is the church of *St. Nicolas des Champs*,[1] founded in the open country—"porro ante Parisiacae urbis portam"—and dedicated in 1067, though chiefly dating, as it is now, in its west part from 1420, in its east from 1576, the change from gothic to renaissance having a striking effect in the interior. There is a beautiful west porch of the earlier date. The church is a parallelogram, with two ranges of aisles, bordered by a succession of chapels. The high-altar was designed by Mansart. The tombs included those of Pierre de Morvillier, Chancellor of France, and his parents, Philippe de Morvillier and Jeanne de Drac, who founded (1426) a chapel here to St. Nicholas, on quaint conditions attached to one of its pillars, long carefully observed.

"Every year, at the eve of St. Martin, in the winter, the aforesaid religious persons, by their mayor and one of their body, must give to the first president of the parliament two caps with ear flaps, one double, the other single, saying the while certain words, and to the first usher of the parliament a glove and writing utensils, saying certain words."

Other persons buried here were the learned Guillaume Budé, 1540; the philosopher Pierre Gassendi; the brothers Henri and Adrien de Valois, known by their historic works; and the celebrated Mlle de Scudéry. In one of the chapels is an altar-piece representing St. Martin curing a leper by embracing him, and an inscription tells that the spot where this miracle was performed was close to St. Nicolas des Champs.

Close by (at No. 292) a handsome gateway forms the entrance to the courtyard of the *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers* (open daily from 10 to 4), which has a fine staircase by Antoine, 1786, and two floors of galleries filled

[1] One of three churches in Paris dedicated to this most popular saint, the others being St. Nicolas du Louvre and St. Nicolas du Chardonnet.

with models of machinery, freely open to the public, and very interesting to scientific students.

The Conservatoire occupies the buildings which belonged to the priory of *St. Martin des Champs*, founded by Henri I. in 1060. It was only enclosed within the limits of the town on the construction of its fourth ramparts in the beginning of the XIV. c. Hence its strong walls and towers, of which a specimen is to be seen in this street near the Fontaine du Vert Bois. The priory of St. Martin was given to Cluny by Philippe I. in 1067, and bore the title of second daughter of that famous abbey. At the Revolution, the monastery was at first converted into a manufactory of arms, but was appropriated to its present use in 1798. Of all the ancient religious establishments of Paris this is the one which has most preserved the characteristics of a monastery, retaining portions of its outer walls, its church, a cloister, the refectory, and the buildings which were inhabited by the monks. The monks themselves unfortunately destroyed the old chapter house, the tower of the archives, and chapel of the Virgin, as well as the old cloister, which contained statues of Henri I., Philippe I., and Louis VI., and which Piganiol de la Force described as unequalled in Paris for its size and the number of its columns.

The *Refectory*, now used as a library, is wrongly attributed to Pierre de Montereau, who was a child when it was completed. Nevertheless it is a masterpiece of XIII. c. architecture. Its two ranges of vaults are divided by slender stone pillars, and lighted at the ends by beautiful rose-windows. The rich gothic portal on the south led to the first cloister, facing the lavabo.

"The builder of the work having skilfully thrown on the walls and external buttresses, the chief weight of the vaults,

found himself able to reduce at pleasure the size of his middle columns on which only the vertical pressure acted. Our readers will admire, on the spot, the noble character of this architecture, the marvellous execution of the capitals, the consoles, the keystones of the vaults, the foliated tracery of the roses which are pierced above the windows."—*De Guilhermy.*

At the side of the hall the reader's graceful pulpit remains, and is one of the oldest and best refectory pulpits in existence.

"Worthy of remark is the ingenious disposition of the staircase, worked in the thickness of the wall; on the interior side it is only closed in by open work; but to prevent the pressure of the wall above from crushing this open work, the builder has placed a relieving arch to take off the weight, and to meet the thrust of this arch the lower jambs of the open work are sloped as to oppose a buttress to this thrust. To-day we should demand the employment of artifice to obtain the result of a buttress without rendering it apparent; at the beginning of XIII. century they used no subterfuges."—*Viollet-le-Duc.*.

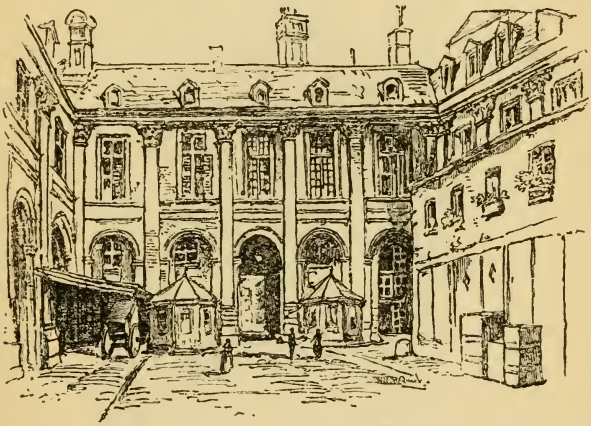
Of the old priory *Church*, the single nave, with a wooden roof, was rebuilt in the XIII. c.; but its choir and radiating chapels are of the XI. c., and the earliest examples of gothic architecture in Paris, though their vaultings were renewed in the XII. c.

"The plan presents one peculiarity—a large bay pierced in the axis of the choir, and a grand central chapel. The disposition of the chapels seems to be that common in abbey churches. The chapels have large openings to the aisles, are shallow and in communication with each other by a sort of narrow aisle, which produces a grand effect. . . . In the coupled capitals of the choir, where the sculpture rises to the height of perfect art, Byzantine elements are found. This sculpture reminds us of that of the ivory diptychs and plaques, or of Byzantine metal work. The feeling of the composition is grand, clear, and restrained.—*Viollet-le-Duc.*

In recent restorations a tourelle has been constructed on the right of the entrance, to match an original tourelle

on the left: these turrets are hexagonal, with gothic ornaments, and pointed roofs. The church is now occupied by a *Museum of Hydraulic Machinery.*

Crossing into the *Rue du Temple* and turning south, on the left is the *Rue St. Avoye*, which commemorates St. Hedwige, daughter of Berthold, Duke of Carinthia. In this dirty street lived and worked the famous portrait-painter Largillière—"le peintre des éclatants velours." At No. 71 Rue du Temple, near the angle of the Rue de



HÔTEL ST. AIGNAN.

Rambuteau, is the *Hôtel de St. Aignan*, built by Pierre Lemuet for M. de Mesmes, Comte d'Avaux, a celebrated diplomatist of the XVII. c. It afterwards belonged to the Duc de St. Aignan, "chef du conseil royal des finances" under Louis XIV. The stately entrance, which retains its magnificently carved doors, leads to a court surrounded by arcades, and the same engaged corinthian pilasters, reaching the whole height of the building, which we shall

see again at the Hôtel de Lamoignon. The Hôtel de St. Aignan is now used for warehouses.

Almost opposite this the Rue Rambuteau has cut through the Hôtel de Mesmes, where the famous Constable, Anne de Montmorency, died of the wounds he had received at the battle of St. Denis, November 12, 1567.

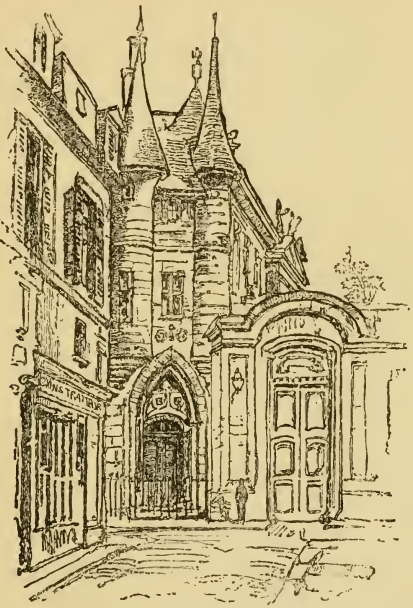
DOOR-PANEL, HÔTEL ST. AIGNAN.

He was so ignorant that he could not read; but he had served five kings, had fought in eight great battles, and had been employed in ten treaties of peace. At the age of seventy-four he had given so violent a blow to Robert Stuart, who called upon him to surrender, that he had hurled him from his horse and broken two of his teeth.[1]

On the east side of the Rue du Temple, the Rue de Braque leads to an ancient and picturesque gateway, which is the only remaining remnant of the *Hôtel de*

[1] *Mémoires de Castelnau.*

Clisson, built by the famous Constable, friend and companion in arms of Duguesclin, in 1371. It was called at first Hôtel de la Miséricorde, because of the pardon Clisson obtained from Charles V. for the Parisians, when they came crying "Miséricorde!" here under his windows.



GATE OF THE HÔTEL DE CLISSON.

In the XVI. c. this hotel occupied, with the Hôtels Roche-Guyon and Laval, a vast quadrangular space, bounded by the Hôtel de Rohan, the Rue de Quatre, Rue Chaume, and Rue de Paradis. The Ducs de Guise became the proprietors of these hotels in 1550, and François de Lorraine, the Duc de Guise murdered by a Protestant fanatic near Orleans, pulled them down and

built a vast Hôtel de Guise, on their site. This famous mansion became the cradle of the Ligue, and from hence the order was issued for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. It was also from one of the windows of this palace that Henri de Guise—"le Balafré"—hurled the handsome Comte de St. Megrim, whom he discovered in the chamber of his wife, Catherine de Cléves, and whom he caused to be assassinated, a few days after, in the Rue St. Honoré, as he was leaving the Louvre. Hither Henri III. sent to implore the Duc de Guise to still a revolution, and hence he issued an order which was productive of instant calm, after which the people cried so constantly "Vive Guise! vive Guise!" that at length their idol thought it needful to say, "C'est assez, messieurs; c'est trop; criez un peu 'Vive le roi!'" This triumph was too great for a subject. In the words of Voltaire,—

> "Guise en ces grands desseins dès ce jour affermi,
> Vit qu'il n'était plus temps d'offenser à demi,
> Et qu'élevé si haut, mais sur un précipice,
> S'il ne montait au trône, il montait au supplice,"

and he had reached the verge of a rebellion against his sovereign, which would probably have been successful, when he was assassinated by the king's order at Blois.

In 1700 the hotel once more changed its name, being bought by Mme de Soubise, "que le roi aida fort à payer," says St. Simon, for at that time she was the favorite of the moment with Louis XIV. The king made her husband, François de Rohan, a prince, a favor which he appreciated at its proper value when he answered congratulations with "Hélas! cela me vient par ma femme; je n'en dois pas recevoir de compliment." M. de Soubise, however, devoted himself to the embellishment of his hotel; he pulled down the Hôtel de Laval and built a

grand court of honor, surrounded by arcades in the form of a horseshoe. This court still exists, with an entrance of which the tympanum is adorned by an allegorical figure of History, from a design of Eugène Delacrois. The next Prince de Soubise rendered the hotel famous by the magnificence of his *fêtes;* his social qualities made him exceptionally popular, and his misfortunes as a general failed to alienate the goodwill of Louis XV., a leniency which he repaid by being the one faithful friend who accompanied the king's corpse to St. Denis.

The Hôtel de Soubise is now occupied by the *Archives Nationales.* The principal façade was reconstructed by Lemaire (1706), and has a noble portico surrounding a semicircular garden. The hotel has been so much added to and altered internally that it possesses little of its ancient decorations except the woodwork of the oval saloon, and the paintings in that room and over the doors of several other apartments, by Boucher, Carl Vanloo, &c. It retains, however, its beautiful chapel (seldom shown), painted by Niccolo del Abbate, and the gallery in which the Duc de Guise was walking and meditating upon the possible death of Henri III., when he said, looking at the frescoes on the walls, "Je regarde toujours avec plaisir Duguesclin; il eut la gloire de détrôner un tyran." "Oui certes," the gentleman to whom he spoke[1] had the courage to answer, "mais ce tyran n'était pas son roi; c'était l'ennemi de son pays."

The *Museum* of the Archives (open to the public on Sundays only, from 12 to 3) is exceedingly interesting. A vast number of curious documents are displayed and well seen in glass cases, beginning with the diplomas of

[1] He was the son of Jean le Seneschal, who threw himself in the way to save the life of François I. in the battle of Pavia, and was killed in his place.

the Merovingian, Carlovingian, and Capetian kings, and continuing through the reigns of the Valois and Bourbon sovereigns to the Republic, Consulate, and Empire. Of special interest are the papers relating to the trial of Jeanne Darc. A very curious picture—*Typus religionis*—shows all the faithful of different centuries in an ark, attacked by devils, and boats manned by apostates, evil-thinkers, &c. The *Musée Sigillographique* displays a collection of seals from the time of Childeric I. (457).

Ascending the noble staircase, which has a painted ceiling, we find several rooms devoted to the later Archives of French History. In the beautifully-decorated Salle des Bourbons are letters of d'Aguesseau, d'Antin, Dubois, the Duc de Maine, Duc de Richelieu, Marshal Saxe, Maupeou, Voltaire, Crébillon, Duc de Choiseul, Cardinal de Bernis, Buffon, Turgot, Mesdames Louise, Sophie, and Victoire, Princesse de Lamballe (with beautiful handwriting), de Montmorin, Bailly, de Lamoignon, Duc d'Orléans, Montgolfier, Florian, &c. Here also are the Procès of Damiens, the Letters of St. Simon about the prerogatives of dukes, the Will of Marie Leczinska, &c. Inside the railing of the ruelle which contained the bed, are the greatest treasures. The volumes of the Journal of Louis XVI.; his autograph Will executed in the Temple; the *procès-verbal* for his burial; and the last touching letter of Marie Antoinette to Madame Elizabeth (written in the Conciergerie, October 10, 1793).

In the next room, with letters of Barnave, Mirabeau, Necker, &c., are the Declaration concerning the Etats Nationaux, June 23, 1789; the Oath of Louis XVI. accepting the constitution, September 14, 1791; and some playing cards inscribed at the back by Louis XVI. with the names of all the persons to be admitted to his intimate circle.

In the *Salle du Consulat*, which has many letters in the admirable hand of Napoleon I., is a table from the cabinet of Louis XVI., which was taken to the Comité de Salut public at the Tuileries, and on which the wounded Robespierre was laid when he was brought from the Hôtel de Ville.

The *Rue des Archives* was formerly divided between the Rue du Grand Chantier and Rue des Enfants Rouges.

Behind the Musée, at the entrance of the Rue Charlot, is the *Church of St. Jean and St. François*, founded 1623, to serve a Capuchin convent. It contains two beautiful statues—St. Denis, by *Jacques Sarrazin*, and St. François d'Assise, by *Germain Pilon*, ordered by Anne of Austria for the abbey of Montmartre.

A little south of the Musée des Archives, by the Rue de l'Homme Armée, is the *Rue des Billettes*. To expiate the crime of the Jew Jonathas, who was burnt alive in 1290, for piercing the Host with a penknife, a chapel was built here, to which Philippe le Bel annexed a monastery of the Hospitallers of la Charité de Notre Dame. These were suppressed and their convent ceded to the Carmelites, in 1631. Sold in 1793, the convent was repurchased in 1808, and its church given to Lutheran worship. It will be found on the left of the Rue des Billettes in descending to the Rue St. Antoine. The door to the left of the church portal is the entrance to a beautiful little *Cloister* of the end of the XV. c., unique in Paris, and little known there.

Further up the Rue du Temple, the *Rue de Gravilliers* (on left) has a house (No. 69) of the time of Henri III., perhaps built by a relation of Gabrielle d'Estrées, to whom it is attributed. During the Revolution this street was

considered to be a patriot centre; at No. 38, the accomplices of Georges Cadoudal were arrested.

In the Rue du Temple, we now come (right) to a garden-square with fountains. This is all that remains to mark the site of the *Temple*, with which the saddest associations of Paris are connected, and which gave its name to the street called Rue de la Milice du Temple in 1235, and Rue de la Chevalerie du Temple in 1252.

The Temple was a moated citadel, surrounded by battlemented walls, with round towers at intervals. Thus it continued for 500 years. It was only finally destroyed in 1820. The Rues du Temple, de Vendôme, de Charlot, and de la Corderie, now cover the greater part of its enclosure; the Marché du Temple and the adjoining square only represent the space around the central donjon.

The Maison du Temple is mentioned in a charter of Bishop Eudes, of 1205; the Commanderie du Temple in a charter of 1211. The already fortified Temple was not enclosed in the walls of Philippe Auguste (1185). Henry III. of England made it his residence for eight days in 1254, when he came to Paris to visit St. Louis, and adore his collection of relics. Under Philippe le Hardi, the Grand Priors of the Templars began to have disputes with the kings of France; and under Philippe le Bel their cupidity and their vast wealth became fatal to them. The king beheld the great riches of Jacques de Molay whilst he was receiving his protecting hospitality during an insurrection in Paris. Soon afterwards (October 13, 1307), the Grand Master was arrested in the Temple, with 140 knights who had come thither to attend a chapter of the Order. Torture wrung from some of the number a confession, true or false, of the many accusations brought against them, but they all died protesting their innocence, the

Grand Prior and the Commanders of Aquitaine and Normandy being the last to suffer (March 12, 1311). The Order was abolished by Clement V. in 1313, and its riches bestowed upon that of St. John of Jerusalem, but Philippe had already seized upon all the riches of the Templars in Paris.

The Knights of St. John had become Knights of Rhodes, when their Grand Master Foulque de Villant conquered the infidels in Rhodes in 1307, but henceforth, in Paris, they always bore the name of Chevaliers du Temple. Under their rule, the Temple remained for 200 years much as the Templars had left it—crowned with towers, defended by a moat, and for some time looking down upon vast open lands—*marais*, *cultures* and *courtilles*, though a great part of these were built over when a new circuit of walls was begun under Jean in 1356, and finished under Charles V., in 1380. A vast open space within the walls of the fortress remained unenclosed till Henri IV. planned the Place de France, and when his death cut short his design, new streets were erected, bearing names of provinces and chief towns of France. Within the walls (which continued to be entered by a single gate, between two great towers opposite the Rue des Fontaines[1]), many of the old buildings were pulled down by the Hospitallers. Thus, in the XVII. c., there only remained the square Tour de César, destroyed in 1816; the old Chapel of the first Templars, destroyed 1650; the hospital, the cloister, the great church with its tombs of Grand Masters[2] and handsome campanile; and, above all, the Tour du Temple, a massive square building, with a dry moat, and round tourelles at each angle.

[1] Which contained the Convent of St. Elizabeth, and that of La Madeleine, known, during the Revolution, as the Prison of Les Madelonnettes.

[2] It contained many relics, supposed to include the head of St. John the Baptist, also claimed by the Cathedral of Amiens.

The accommodation in the tower consisted of four stories, of a single room, in which a central pillar supported the arched vaulting of the roof. One of the tourelles was a staircase, the others contained little chambers communicating with the central one.

"The Tower of the Temple dated from the end of the XIII. c. and was finished in 1306, a little before the dissolution of the order. This tower was square in plan, with turrets at the four corners rising from the ground. It served as a muniment room, treasury and prison, like most of the donjons belonging to the establishments of the Knights of the Temple. The building was destroyed in 1805."—*Viollet-le-Duc*, ix. 169.

Up to the end of the XVII. c., the Temple continued to be almost in the country. Mme de Coulanges, living within its precincts, writes to Mme de Sévigné of the uninterrupted view of the country prolonging her garden as far as the eye could reach.

From the time of the Templars the Tour du Temple had been occasionally used as a state prison. The Grand Priors had long ceased to live in it, and in the XVII. c. they built a hotel for themselves, with a handsome entrance upon the Rue du Temple. Part of this hotel still existed in 1789. It had been enlarged by the Chevalier d'Orléans, and adorned with paintings by Nattier and Raoux. Its little garden, exactly marked out by the present square, contained one of the finest and oldest chestnut-trees in France. A number of smaller hotels collected round that of the Grand Prieur, where many aristocratic families settled. The Hôtel de Boisboudrand was inhabited by the Abbé de Chaulieu, called by Voltaire "l'Anacréon du Temple;" Rousseau lived in 1770 at the Hôtel de Guise, where Mlle de Guise was born and whither she returned to live and die in her birthplace, soon after her marriage with the Maréchal Duc de Richelieu: in the Hôtel de

Boufflers lived the charming Marquise de Boufflers, to be near her friend the Grand Prior, Louis François de Bourbon-Conti. The freedom of taxes which was enjoyed there made a great number of artisans settle within the Temple walls, whilst the right of sanctuary brought thither a number of debtors, who supported themselves by trades which were prohibited in Paris itself, especially the manufacture of false jewelry—"bijoux du Temple."

From the XVI. c., the office of Grand Prior and the *Commanderie* of the Temple was the richest appanage of the bastards of the royal family. Henri d'Angoulême, son of Henri II. by a Scotch lady, held it from 1507 to 1586; Charles de Valois, Duc d'Angoulême, son of Charles IX. and the Dame de Belleville, succeeded; Alexandre de Vendôme, son of Henri IV and the Duchess of Beaufort, was instituted in 1604, at six years old, in the church of the Temple—"lieu propre et de tout temps affecté aux bâtards."[1] In 1678 the office was obtained by the brilliant Philippe de Vendôme (great-grandson of Henri IV. and Gabrielle d'Estrées), who, under the Regency, instituted the "Soupers du Temple," famous for their wit. In 1719 he resigned the office of Grand Prieur (continuing to be Prieur de Vendôme) to Jean Philippe d'Orléans, son of the Regent, by Mlle de Sery, Comtesse d'Argenton. The last two Grand Priors were not bastards, but Princes of the Blood—Louis François de Bourbon, Prince de Conti (ob. 1776) and Louis Antoine de Bourbon, Duc d'Angoulême, son of the Comte d'Artois. The latter was in his cradle when he succeeded and did not keep the office till his majority, as the Order of Malta was suppressed, with all the religious Orders, June 10, 1790.

[1] Pierre de l'Estoile.

In August, 1793, in answer to the demand of the Commune to the Assembly, Louis XVI. and his family were brought as prisoners to the Temple.

"Overwhelmed with grief, the Royal Family arrived at the Temple, and Santerre was the first person who presented himself in the court where they alighted. He made a sign to the municipal officers, which at the time I could not explain. After I became acquainted with the locality of the Temple, I concluded that the object of the signal was to conduct the king, at the moment he arrived, to the tower. A movement of the head on the part of the municipal officers announced that it was not yet time.

"The royal family was introduced into the part of the buildings which was called the palace, the ordinary lodging of Monseigneur, the Duke d'Artois, when he came to Paris. The municipal officers remained near the king, with their hats on, and gave him no other title than Monsieur. A man with a long beard, whom at first I took to be a Jew, took every opportunity to repeat the word.

"The king, entertaining the persuasion, that henceforth the palace of the Temple was to be his abode, wished to see the apartments. While the municipals felt a cruel pleasure in the king's mistake with the expectation of better enjoying his surprise afterwards, His Majesty was pleased to distribute in advance the various suites of rooms.

"The interior of the Temple was already furnished with numerous sentinels, and the watch was so strict that one could not take a step without being stopped. In the midst of this throng of keepers, the king exhibited a calmness which depicted the ease of his conscience.

"At ten o'clock, supper was served. During the repast, which was short, Manuel stood by the king's side. Supper over, the royal family returned to the salon. From that moment, Louis XVI. was abandoned to that factious *commune* which set over him guards, or rather jailers, to whom it gave the title of commissioners. On entering the Temple, the municipals had warned the persons on duty that the royal family would not sleep in the palace, but would occupy it only in daytime; so we were not surprised to hear, about eleven o'clock, one of the commissioners give us the order to take the little baggage and few clothes we had been able to procure, and follow him.

"A municipal, bearing a lantern, went before us. By the feeble light it shed, I sought to discover the place destined to the royal family. We stopped at the foot of a mass of building which the shades of night made me believe a large one. Without being able to distinguish anything, I nevertheless saw a difference between the form of this edifice and the palace we had left. The front of the roof, which seemed to me to be surmounted by spires that I took for clock towers, was crowned with battlements, on which some lamps were burning at intervals. In spite of light they gave, I did not comprehend what this building could be, built on such an extraordinary plan, and quite new, at least to me.

"At this instant, one of the municipals broke the solemn silence which he had preserved during the passage. 'Thy master,' he said to me, 'has been accustomed to gilded roofs. Well, he will see how the assassins of the people are lodged. Follow me!' I went up several steps; a low narrow door conducted me to a spiral staircase. When I passed from this principal staircase to a smaller one that rose to the second floor, I perceived I was in a tower. I entered into a room, lighted by a solitary window, unprovided with the commonest necessaries, and having only a wretched bed and three or four chairs. 'Thy master will sleep here,' said the municipal. Chamilly had now joined me; we looked at each other without saying a word; they flung us, as if it was a favor, a couple of sheets. Then they left us alone for some moments.

"An alcove, without hangings or curtains, held a small couch, which an old wicker hurdle announced to be full of vermin. We endeavored to render the room and the bed as neat as possible. The king entered, and displayed neither surprise nor ill-humor. Some engravings, mostly indecent, were hung on the walls, and he removed them himself. 'I do not want to leave such things,' he said, 'under the eyes of my daughter.' His Majesty lay down and slept peacefully. Chamilly and I remained all night seated near his bed. We contemplate with respect the calmness of the irreproachable man struggling with adversity, and subduing it by his courage. The sentries, posted at the door of the room, were relieved every hour, and every day the municipals on duty were changed.

"It was only at the moment when I was assisting the king into or out of bed, that he ventured to say to me a few words. Seated and covered with the curtains, what he said to me was not

heard by the commissioner. One day when his Majesty had his ears insulted by the vile language the municipal on guard had hurled at him, 'You have had much to suffer to-day,' said the king to me. 'Well, for love of me, continue to endure everything; make no reply.' It was easy to execute this order. The heavier the misery that oppressed my master, the more sacred became his person.

"Another time, when I was fastening to the bed-head a black pin which I had made into a kind of support for his watch, the king slipped into my hand a roll of paper. 'Some of my hair,' he said, 'the only present I can give you now.'"—*Hue*, "*Mémoires.*"

The faithful valet of Louis XVI. has given us details of the life of the royal prisoners in the Temple.

"The king usually rose at six o'clock, and shaved himself; I trimmed his hair and helped him with his clothes. He then went to his closet or study. The room was very small, and the municipal remained in the bedroom, with door half open, so as to have the king always in sight. His Majesty knelt down and prayed for five or six minutes, and then read till nine o'clock. During this interval, after cleaning up the bedroom and laying the table for breakfast, I went down to the queen. She did not open the door till I came, in order to prevent the municipal entering the room. I dressed the young prince's hair, arranged the queen's toilet, and went to perform the same duty in the room of Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth. This period was one of those when I could tell the queen and the princesses what I had heard. A sign indicated I had something to say to them, and one of them diverted the attention of the municipal officer by talking to him.

"At nine, the queen, her children, and Madame Elizabeth ascended to the king's room for breakfast; after having served them, I made the rooms of the queen and the princesses. At ten, the king and his family went down to the queen's chamber and passed the day there. He devoted himself to his son's education, making him recite passages from Corneille and Racine, giving him lessons in geography, and practising him in tinting the maps. The premature intelligence of the young prince responded to the tender cares of the king perfectly. His memory was so good that on a map covered by a sheet of paper he indicated the departments, the districts, the towns, and the course of the rivers; it

was the new geography of France that the king taught him. The queen, on her side, was occupied in educating her daughter, and these different lessons lasted till eleven. The rest of the morning was passed in sewing, knitting or working at tapestry. At noon the three princesses went to the room of Madame Elizabeth to take off their morning gowns. No municipal officer went with them.

"At one o'clock, when it was fine, the royal family went down to the garden, and four municipal officers and a chief of the Legion of the National Guard accompanied them. As there were many workmen in the Temple, engaged on the demolition of the houses and building new walls, only a part of the Alley of Chestnuts was assigned for a promenade. I was permitted to take part in these promenades, during which I played with the young prince at foot-ball, quoits, running, or other exercises.

"At two o'clock we returned to the tower, where I served dinner, and every day, at the same hour, Santerre, the brewer, commandant general of the National Guard of Paris, came to the Temple with two aides-de-camp. He carefully examined all the rooms. Sometimes the king addressed him, the queen never. After the repast, the royal family returned to the queen's chamber. Their Majesties usually made up a party for picquet or backgammon. During this time I dined.

"At four o'clock the king took a short nap, the princesses sitting around him, each with a book in her hands ; the greatest silence prevailed during this slumber.

"When the king awoke, conversation was resumed. He used to make me sit near him, and, under his inspection, I gave his son writing lessons, copying for the headlines passages from the works of Montesquieu and other celebrated authors, at the king's selection. After this lesson, I conducted the young prince to the room of Madame Elizabeth, where I made him play at ball or shuttlecock.

"At the end of the day the royal family gathered round a table ; the queen read aloud from historical or other well-chosen works fitted to instruct and amuse the children, but in which unforeseen analogies with the situation often presented themselves and gave rise to very sad thoughts. Madame Elizabeth read in her turn, and this reading continued till eight o'clock. I then served supper for the young prince in the room of Madame Elizabeth. The royal family was present, and the king amused himself by entertaining the children, making them guess some

riddles taken from a collection of the *Mercure de France*, which he had found in the library.

"After the Dauphin's supper I undressed him. The queen made him say his prayers, and he made a special prayer for the Princess de Lamballe, and in another he besought God to protect the life of the Marquise de Tourzel, his governess. When the municipals were too near, the young prince had, of himself, the precaution to say these two last prayers in a low voice. I then took him into the cabinet, and, if I had anything to tell the queen, I seized the opportunity. I told her the contents of the newspapers; none were admitted into the tower, but a crier, sent expressly every evening at seven, came to the wall on the side of the Rotunda in the enclosure of the Temple, and repeated several times a summary of all that had taken place in the National Assembly, the Commune, and the armies. I placed myself in the king's cabinet to listen, and there, in the silence, it was easy to remember all I heard.

"At nine the king had supper. The queen and Madame Elizabeth remained alternately with the Dauphin during this repast, and I brought them what they wished for supper. This was another of the moments when I could speak to them without witnesses.

"After supper, the king went up for a moment to the queen's chamber, giving to her his hand in token of adieu, as also to his sister, and receiving the embraces of his children. He then went to his room, retired to his cabinet, and read till midnight. The queen and the princesses closed their doors. One of the municipals remained in the little room which separated their bedrooms, and passed the night there: the other followed his Majesty."—*Journal de Cléry.*

Here, on January 20, 1793, the day before his execution, Louis XVI. took leave of his family.

"At half-past eight the door opened, the queen appeared first, holding her son by the hand; then Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth; they all flung themselves into the king's arms. A melancholy silence reigned for some minutes, and was only interrupted by sobs. The queen made a movement to draw the king to her room, but he said, 'No, let us go into this hall, I cannot see you elsewhere.' They entered, and I closed the door, which was of glass. The king sat down, the queen on his left, Madame

Elizabeth on his right, Madame Royale almost opposite, and the young prince remained standing between the king's knees. All bent towards him, and he often clasped them in his embrace. This scene of sorrow lasted an hour and three-quarters, during which it was impossible to hear anything ; all that could be seen was that, after every phrase of the king, the sobs of the princesses redoubled, and lasted for several minutes, and that then the king recommenced speaking. It was easy to judge by their movements that he himself had told them of his condemnation.

"At a quarter to ten, the king rose up first, and all followed him ; I opened the door ; the queen held the king by the right arm. Their Majesties each gave a hand to the Dauphin ; Madame Royale on the left clasped the king by the waist ; Madame Elizabeth on the same side, but more in the rear, grasped the arm of her august brother ; they made some steps towards the entrance door, uttering the most lamentable groans. 'I assure you,' said the king, 'I shall see you to-morrow morning at eight o'clock.' 'You promise that?' they all cried together. 'Yes, I promise it.' 'Why not at seven?' said the queen. 'Well, yes, at seven,' replied the king. 'Adieu.' He pronounced this adieu in such an expressive manner that their sobs redoubled. Madame Royale fainted at the king's feet which she clasped ; I raised her and helped Madame Elizabeth to support her. The king, wishing to put an end to this heart-rending scene, gave them the tenderest embraces, and had the courage to tear himself from their arms. 'Adieu, . . . Adieu, . . . ' he said, and returned to his chamber."—*Journal de Cléry.*

On July 3, the queen was deprived of her son.

"Louis XVII. was torn from the queen's arms, and confined in the part of the tower which the king had occupied. There, the young prince, whom some of the regicides called the wolf-cub of the Temple, was abandoned to the brutality of a man called Simon, who had been a cobbler, and was a drunkard, gambler, and debauchee. The age, innocence, misfortune, celestial visage, the languor and the tears of the royal child, could not soften this savage keeper. One day when drunk he nearly knocked out, with a blow of his napkin, the eye of the prince, whom, by a refinement of cruelty, he had compelled to wait on him at table. He beat him mercilessly.

"One day, in a fit of rage, he took up one of the andirons, and, holding it over him, threatened to brain him. The heir of

so many kings heard, at every instant, nothing but coarse words and obscene songs. 'Capet,' said Simon one day, 'if these men of La Vendée deliver thee, what wouldest thou do?' 'I would pardon you' replied the young king."—*Hue*, "*Dernières années de Louis XVI.*"

The Dauphin died in his prison, of the ill-treatment he had received, on June 9, 1795.

On August 2, 1793, the queen was separated from her daughter and Madame Elizabeth, and removed to the Conciergerie. Madame Royale relates—

"On the 2d of August, at two in the morning, they awoke us to read to my mother the decree of the Convention, which ordered that, on the requisition of the Procurer of the Commune, she was to be taken to the Conciergerie for trial. She heard the decree read without emotion, or saying a single word; my aunt and I asked at once to accompany my mother, but the favor was not granted. While she was packing up her clothes the municipals never quitted her; she was even obliged to dress in their presence. They asked for her pockets; she gave them over, and they searched them and took all that was in them. . . . My mother, after tenderly embracing me, and bidding me to take courage, to take care of my aunt, and obey her as a second mother, repeated the instructions of my father; then, flinging herself in my aunt's arms, she commended her children to her. I made no reply, so afraid was I of seeing her for the last time; my aunt said some words in a very low tone. Then my mother departed without casting her eyes on us, from fear, no doubt, lest her firmness should leave her. As she went out, she struck her head against the wicket, having forgotten to stoop. Some one asked if she was hurt. 'Oh, no,' she replied, 'nothing can hurt me now!'"—*Récit des évènements arrivés au Temple.*

On May 9, 1794, Madame Elizabeth was carried off to execution, and her niece was left alone in her prison.

"The 9th of May, just as we were going to bed, the bolts were drawn back and there was a knock at our door. My aunt replied she was putting on her dress; the answer was, that that could not take such a long time, and the knocking became so violent that we thought the door would be forced. She opened

it when she was dressed. 'Citizeness,' they said, 'wilt thou come down?' 'And my niece?' 'She will be attended to after.' My aunt embraced me and told me to calm myself, as she would return. 'No, citizeness, thou wilt not return,' some one said; 'get thy cap and come down!' Insults of the coarsest kind were heaped upon her; she bore them with patience, took her cap, embraced me again, bade me have courage and firmness, to put my trust in God, to observe the principles of religion taught me by my parents, and never to forget the last advice of my father and my mother. She went out. When she had descended, they asked for her pockets; there was nothing in them. At last, after a thousand insults, she departed with the usher of the tribunal."—*Récit des évènements arrivés au Temple.*

Madame Royale was released from the Temple, December 19, 1795, after a captivity of three years, four months and five days.

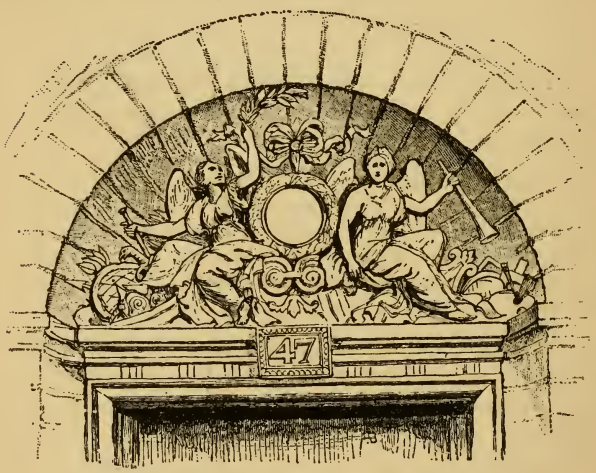
"She left no other trace of her captivity and her tears in her person than these two lines engraved by her on the stone of the window during the long inaction of her confinement. 'O my father, watch over me from heaven above! O my God, pardon those who slew my father!'"—*Lamartine, "Hist. de la Restauration."*

Nothing is now left of the Temple, but (near a rock on the south side of the square) the weeping-willow which Madame Royale, then Duchesse d'Angoulême, planted in 1814, on the site of the prison of her sorrows.

Higher up the Rue du Temple (left) is the *Church of St. Elizabeth*, founded by Marie de Medicis in 1628, for a convent of Franciscan nuns. It contains a singular font of 1654, and 100 little XVI. c. sculptures in wood, of Bible History, said to come from a church at Arras.

In the Rue de Bretagne, running along the lower side of the Jardin du Temple, No. 1 is the ancient *Hôtel de Tallard*, the staircase of which is a masterwork of Bullet. The Rue de Bretagne will take us into the *Rue Vieille du Temple*, one of the busiest streets of the quarter.

On the east, the Rue des Coutures St. Gervais contains (No. 1), the entrance to the *Ecole Centrale des Arts et Manufactures.* The hotel was built, in 1656, for the financier, Aubert de Fontenay. His monogram remains on the balustrude of the splendid staircase. His having become enriched by the salt-tax at one time gave his house the name of Hôtel Salé. Long the Venetian embassy, it became the property of the Maréchal de Villeroy,

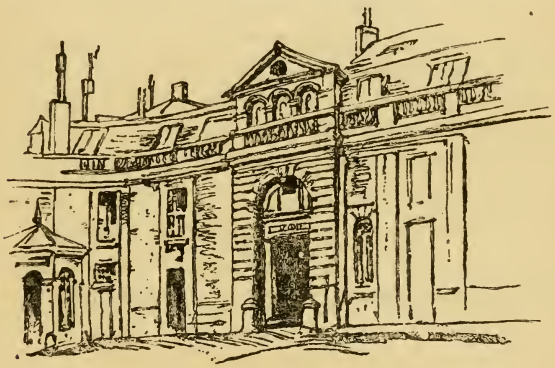


OVER DOORWAY, RUE VIEILLE DU TEMPLE.

then of M. de Juigné, archbishop of Paris. The archiepiscopal kitchens are now laboratories. A great hall is called the Salle de Jupiter.

The *Rue Vieille du Temple* is full of fine old houses. No. 108 has a handsome courtyard in brick and stone. At No. 54 is the Tourelle of the Hôtel Barbette, which we shall return to in the next chapter. The gateway at No. 87 leads into the courtyard of the stately *Palais*

Cardinal, begun, in 1712, upon part of the site previously occupied by the Hôtel de Soubise. The court of this place and its surroundings are magnificent of their kind, and were famous as the residence of the handsome and dissolute Cardinal de Rohan, who, utterly duped by the intrigues of a woman calling herself Comtesse Lamotte Valois, was arrested for the "affaire du collier," and imprisoned in the Bastille. It was his trial (followed by an acquittal) which rendered Marie Antoinette unpopular with the clergy and a great part of the aristocracy,



IN THE COURT OF THE PALAIS CARDINAL.

besides causing an exposure of court scandals and extravagance fatally injurious to her with the people. This was the Cardinal Grand Almoner of France, who, when his brother, the Grand Chamberlain, failed for thirty-three millions, announced proudly—"Il n'y a qu'un roi ou un Rohan qui puisse faire une pareille banqueroute; c'était une banqueroute de souverain."

The Palais Cardinal is now used for the *Imprimerie Nationale* (open to visitors provided with an order at 2 P.M. on Thursdays). The institution has its origin in the Im-

primerie Royale established by François I. in the Louvre. It was partly transferred to the Elysée Bourbon in 1792, and was established in the Hôtel de Toulouse in 1798. In 1809 it was brought to its present site. The most interesting typographical curiosity here is the set of matrices of the *Grec du Roi*—Greek characters engraved for François I.

At No. 47, opposite the *Marché des Blancs-Manteaux*, is the *Hôtel de Hollande*, which was the residence of the ambassador of Holland under Louis XIV. It was built in the XVII. c. by Pierre Cottard for Amelot de Bisseul, and was, at one time, the residence of Beaumarchais. The splendid entrance recalls that of the Ecole de Dessin; its gates are decorated with Medusa heads, angels supporting shields, &c. The court is very rich in sculptured Caryatides. At the back of the entrance portal is a great relief by Regnaudin of Romulus and Remus suckled by the wolf and found by the shepherd Faustulus. The rooms were adorned with bas-reliefs and paintings by Sarazin, Poerson, Vouet, Dorigny, and Corneille.

CHAPTER III.

THE MARAIS AND NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE HÔTEL DE VILLE.

THERE are, as a whole, more historic relics remaining in the Marais than in any other part of Paris. In the XVIII. c. the Marais was regarded rather as a province than as a quarter of Paris: thus we read in the song of Collé and Sedaine:

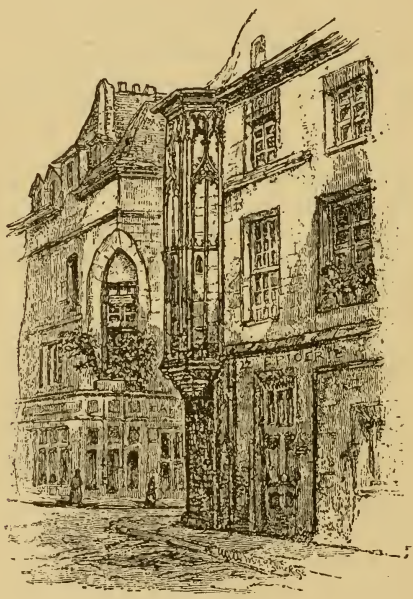
"On n'est plus de Paris quand on est du Marais,
Vive, vive le quartier du Marais."[1]

"Here you find at least the age of Louis XIII., with its superannuated manners and opinions. The Marais is to the brilliant quarter of the Palais Royal what Vienna is to London. Want does not reign there, but a perfect mass of old prejudices; small fortunes take refuge there. There are seen old grumblers, dull, enemies to all new ideas, and imperious dowagers who find fault, without reading, with the authors whose names reach their ears. There philosophers are called 'people to be burnt.' If one has the misfortune to sup there, one meets only stupid people; it is in vain to look for amiable men who adorn their ideas with the brilliancy of wit and the charms of sentiment."—*Tableau de Paris*, 1782.

Turning east from the Rue Vieille du Temple, by the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois, we find at the angle a picturesque and beautiful old house, with an overhanging tourelle,

[1] "Mauvaise plaisanterie sur le quartier du Marais."

ornamented by niches and pinnacles. It takes its name of *Hôtel Barbette* from Etienne Barbette, Master of the Mint, and confidential friend of Philippe de Bel, "directeur de la monnoie et de la voierie de Paris," who built a house here in 1298. At that time the house stood in large gardens which occupied the whole space between the Cultures St.



HÔTEL BARBETTE.

Catherine, du Temple, and St. Gervais, and which had belonged to the canons of St. Opportune. Three more of these vast garden spaces, then called *courtilles*, existed in this neighborhood, those of the Temple, St. Martin, and St. Boucelais. It is recorded that when the king offended the people in 1306, by altering the value of the coinage,

they avenged themselves by tearing up the trees in the Courtille Barbette, as well as by sacking the hotel of the minister, for which twenty-eight men were hanged at the principal gates of Paris. Afterwards the Hôtel Barbette became the property of Jean de Montagu, then sovereign-master of France, and vidame de Laonois; and, in 1403, it was bought by the wicked Queen Isabeau de Bavière, wife of Charles VI., and became her favorite residence, known as "le petit séjour de la reine."

At the Hôtel Barbette, Queen Isabeau was not only freed from the presence of her insane husband, who remained at the Hôtel St. Paul under the care of a mistress, but could give herself up without restraint to her guilty passion for her brother-in-law, Louis, Duc d'Orléans, who, in the words of St. Foix, "tâchoit de désennuyer cette princesse à l'hôtel Barbette." Here, also, were decided all those affairs of state with which the queen and her lover played, as the poor king, at the Hôtel St. Paul, with his cards, though, whatever his faults, the Duc d'Orléans was at this time the only rampart of fallen monarchy, and the only protector of the future king against the rapacity of the Duke of Burgundy.

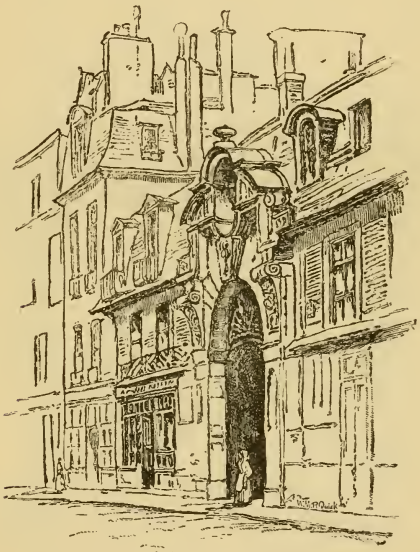
It was on Wednesday, November 23, 1407, that the queen had attired herself for the evening in her trailing robes and head-dress "en cornes merveilleuses, hautes et longues enchassées de pierreries," to receive the Duc d'Orléans, whom Brantôme describes as "ce grand desbaucheur des dames de la cour et des plus grandes." Whilst they were supping magnificently, one of the royal valets named Schas de Courte Heuse, entered, and announced that the king desired the Duke of Orleans to come to him immediately, as he wanted to speak to him on matters of the utmost importance. A presentiment of evil pos-

sessed the queen; but the duke, "sans chaperon, après avoir mis sa houppelande de damas noir fourrée," went out at once, playing with his glove as he went, and mounted his mule, accompanied only by two squires riding on the same horse, by a page called Jacob de Merre, and three running footmen with torches. But Raoul d'Octouville, formerly head of the finances, who had been dismissed from his post by the duke, was waiting in the shade, accompanied by seventeen armed men, and instantly rushed upon him, with cries of "A mort! à mort!" By the first blow of his axe Raoul cut off the hand with which the duke guided his mule, and by another blow cleft open his head. In vain the duke cried out, "Je suis le duc d'Orléans;" no one attempted to help him, and he soon tottered and fell. One of his servants flung himself upon his prostrate body to defend it, and was killed upon the spot. Then, as Raoul held over his victim a torch which he had snatched from one of the footmen, and exclaimed, "Il est bien mort!" it is affirmed that a hooded figure emerged from the neighboring Hôtel Notre-Dame, and cried, "Extinguish the lights, then, and escape." On the following day the same figure was recognized at the funeral of the Duke of Orleans in his owe chapel at the Célestins; it was his first cousin, the Duc de Bourgogne. Only two years later Jean de Montagu, Prime Minister and Superintendent of Finances, the former owner of the Hôtel Barbette, was beheaded at the Halles, and afterwards hanged, on an accusation of peculation, but in truth for no other reason than because he was the enemy of the Duc de Bourgogne. Queen Isabeau left the Hôtel Barbette after the murder of her lover, and shut herself up in Vincennes.

In 1521 the Hôtel Barbette was inhabited by the old Comte de Brézé, described by Victor Hugo—

"Affreux, mal bâti, mal tourné,
Marqué d'une verrue au beau milieu du né,
Borgne, disent les uns, velu, chétif et blême ;"

and it is said that his beautiful wife, Diane de St. Vallier, was leaning against one of the windows of the hotel, when she attracted the attention of François I., riding through the street beneath, and first received from that king a



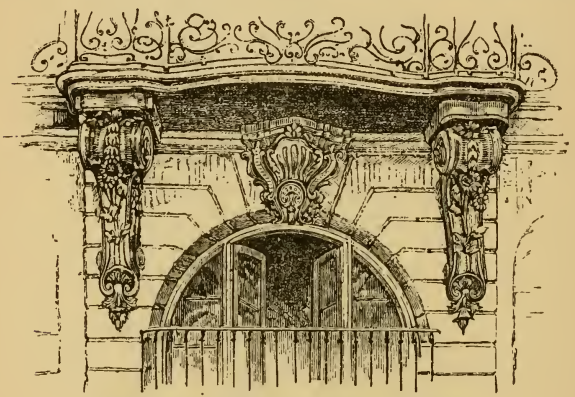
HOTEL IN THE RUE DES FRANCS-BOURGEOIS

passing adoration which laid the foundation of her fortunes, as queen of beauty, under his successor, Henri II. After the death of Diane in 1566, her daughters, the Duchesses Aumale and Bourbon, sold the Hôtel Barbette, which was pulled down, except the fragment which we still see, and which was restored in 1886.

The *Rue des Francs-Bourgeois*, formerly called Rue des

Vieilles Poulies, takes its name from the charity of Jean and Alix Roussel in 1350, who built twenty-four chambers here for the poor, and bequeathed them to the Grand Prior of France, on condition that two poor persons were to be lodged in each, at a very small rent, but free from all taxes. The street is full of fine old houses, with stately renaissance doorways, of which we give a specimen taken from No. 30.

No. 14 is of the end of the XVI. c. Its brick façade

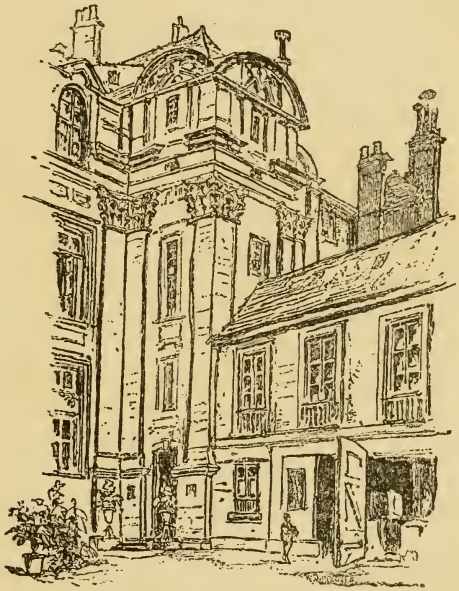


WINDOW SUPPORT, RUE DES FRANCS-BOURGEOIS.

is framed in stone with round niches. Its garden and lead fountain existed till lately. It was inhabited at one time by Barras.

The stately house known as the *Hôtel de Jeanne d'Albret* is of the time of Louis XV. At the angle of the Rue Pavée, on the right, is the *Hôtel de Lamoignon*, a magnificent historic mansion, begun by Diane de France, legitimatized daughter of Henri II., and Diane de Poitiers. She herself watched the building, and is commemorated in the D's and stags' heads amongst the ornaments. Her

life here was like an expiatory offering for that of her mother. "L'hostel de la Duchesse," said Mathieu de Morgues, in her funeral oration, in 1612, "estoit un gynécée de pudeur." She bequeathed her hotel to the Duc d'Angoulême, son of Charles IX. and Marie Touchet, half prince and half bandit.



HÔTEL DE LAMOIGNON.

"When his servants asked for their wages, he used to say: 'Shift for yourselves. Four streets run past the Hôtel d'Angoulême. You are in a good spot. Take advantage of it, if you like.'"—*Tallemant des Réaux.*

The two wings of the house are of the time of the Duke. His arms, which surmounted them, have disappeared from the cornices and pilasters. The wings

were constructed to accord with the rest of the building: in the north wing is a beautiful balcony. The great engaged pilasters, with corinthian capitals, rising to the whole height of the building, often copied since, here find their prototype. The initials remaining over the entrance are those of M. de Lamoignon, though he did not come to the hotel till long after the date inscribed on the shield: the widow of the Duc d'Angoulême lived there long after his death. The square tourelle at the angle overlooks the crossways, where the Duc bade his servants to provide for their own subsistence.

The hotel was bought in 1684, by the Président Chrétien-François de Lamoignon, who gave it his name. The first library of the town of Paris was installed here in 1763, and added to the fame of the hotel till the Revolution, when it was sold.

The *Rue Pavée* once contained the Hôtels de la Houze, de Gaucher, de Châtillon, d'Herbouville, and de Savoisi. Here also, in the centre of an old aristocratic quarter, stood the hotel of the Duc de la Force,[1] which afterwards became the terrible prison of La Force. It was intended for those in a state of suspicion, and contained five courts, capable of holding twelve hundred captives. During the Great Revolution, these included numbers of the inmates of the neighboring hotels. One hundred and sixty-four innocent victims were massacred here alone. The prison was only destroyed in 1851. Of all the tragedies connected with it, that which made most impression was the death of the Princesse de Lamballe, the most faithful of the friends of Marie Antoinette, who, having made good

[1] The original hotel, called *du Roi de Sicile*, was built by Charles d'Anjou, brother of St. Louis. It was often rebuilt, and, in 1621, was called Hôtel de Roquelaure after its sale to Antoine de Roquelaure in the XVI. c., and Hôtel de St. Paul after its sale to the C mte de St. Paul in the XVII. c.

her escape at the time of the flight of the royal family to Vincennes, insisted upon returning to share the misfortunes of her royal mistress. The prisoners in La Force, who included Mme de Tourzel and Mme de St. Brice, also members of the household of Marie Antoinette, were tried by a self-instituted tribunal, composed from the dregs of Paris. When Mme de Lamballe was dragged before them, surrounded by men whose faces, hands, clothes, and weapons were covered with blood, and heard the cries of the unfortunates who were being murdered in the streets, she fainted away. After she was restored by the care of her lady-in-waiting, who had followed her, the so-called judges demanded if she was cognizant of the plots of the tenth of August. "I do not even know if there were any plots," she replied. "Swear liberty, equality, hatred of the king, the queen, and royalty." "I can easily swear the two first," she answered. "I cannot swear the last; it is not in my heart." "Swear, or you are lost!" whispered one of the assistants. The Princess did not answer, lifted her hands, covered her face, and made a step towards the entrance. The formula, "Madame is at liberty," which meant certain death, was pronounced; two men seized her by the arms and dragged her forward. She had scarcely passed the threshold before she received a blow from a sabre at the back of her head. The monsters who held her then tried to force her to walk in the blood and over the corpses of others, to the spot marked out for her own fate, but, happily, her bodily powers again failed, and she sank unconscious. She was immediately despatched by blows from pikes, her clothes were torn off, and her body was exposed for more than two hours to the horrible insults of the people. Then her heart was torn out, and her head cut off, an unhappy hairdresser was compelled to curl

and powder its long hair, and finally head and heart, preceded by fifes and drums, were carried at the end of pikes, first to the Abbaye, to be exhibited to the intimate friend of the Princess, Mme de Beauveau, then to the Temple to be shown to the Queen![1]

"The assassins who had come to murder her made useless efforts to force her to repeat the insults with which they loaded the sacred name of the Queen. 'No, no,' she replied, 'Never! Never! Death sooner!' Her butchers dragged her to the heap of corpses and forced her to kneel; then, after giving her several sabre cuts, they tore open her bosom, cut out her heart, cut off her head, and painted its cheeks with blood; a wretched barber was forced to curl and powder her long blonde tresses, the most beautiful in the world, and then these cannibals formed themselves into a hideous procession, preceded by fifes and drums; they carried the head on a pike and displayed it to the Duke of Orleans, who showed himself on a balcony of his hotel by the side of Mme Agnès de Buffon."—*Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créqui.*

At the corner of the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois and the Rue de Sévigné, formerly Rue Culture St. Catherine, stands the famous *Hôtel Carnavalet*, built 1544, for the Président de Ligneris, from designs of Pierre Lescot and De Bullant, and sold in 1578 to Françoise de la Baume, dame de Kernevenoy, a Breton name which has remained attached to the hotel in its softened form of Carnavalet. Under her son, Du Cerceau built the left wing of the court, and figures of the Four Elements, in the style of Jean Goujon, were added from his designs. In 1664, M. de Carnavalet, lieutenant of the guard, sold the hotel to M. d'Agaurri, a magistrate of Dauphiné, for whom Van Obstal added the reliefs of the outer walls, and the figures of Force and Vigilance on the façade. Mansart was employed to restore the whole building, but the great master

[1] Bertrand de Moleville, *Mémoires.*

wisely forbore much to alter what he considered an architectural masterpiece. He added a row of his *mansardes* towards the garden, and some Ionic pilasters to the inner façade of the court, but refused to touch the outer front. Being kept away from Paris by his duties in Dauphiné, M. d'Agaurri let the hotel he had restored at so much expense —first, in 1677, to Mme de Lillebonne, who ceded it in a

HÔTEL CARNAVALET

few months to Mme de Sévigné, who found "La Carnavalette" exactly to her fancy.

It is to having been the residence of the famous Marquise de Sévigné from 1677 to 1698, that the hotel owes its celebrity. On October 7, 1677, she was able to write, "Dieu merci, nous avons l'hôtel Carnavalet. C'est une affaire admirable, nous y tiendrons tous, et nous aurons le bel air." She was delighted with the neighborhood of the *Annonciades*, whom she called "les bonnes petites filles

bleues," in whose chapel she could hear mass. But she was long in installing herself, all her friends had their *mais*, their *si*, their *car*, and her daughter's discontented temperament always found something to find fault with in the fireplace of the time of Henri II., old-fashioned by a century, the antiquated distribution of the rooms, the insufficient *parquet*, &c. Thus it took two years before Mme de Sévigné was settled in the hotel. "Nous voilà donc arrêtés à l'hôtel Carnavalet, nous ne pouvions mieux faire," she wrote on October 18, 1679, and henceforward the society of the Hôtel Carnavalet, which may be said to have brought about the renaissance of the French language, became typical of all that was most refined and intellectual in France, uniting many of those familiar to us from the portraits of Lebrun and Hyacinthe Rigaud. It was hence, too, that many of the famous letters were written by the adoring mother to the absent daughter, after her marriage with the Marquis de Grignan, mingled with complaints that she could not let her daughter's unoccupied room—"ce logis qui m'a fait tant songer à vous; ce logis que tout le monde vient voir, que tout le monde admire; et que personne ne veut louer."

"Mme de Sévigné never left it afterwards; she was its soul, and remains its glory. High above all that succeeded her, her name floats with a splendor which prevents a glance at anything else. 'The misfortune of not having her is always a new sorrow to me,' wrote Mme de Coulanges, a year after her death; 'there is too great a void in the Hôtel Carnavalet.' Since then there has been a void still, whatever were the persons or personages who came there. Brunet de Rancy, two years after her, brought only his importance as Farmer General with its clinking gold, which sounded less loudly than the wit that had disappeared. Then came the charlatans, with their transfusion of blood, and, later, chance placed the storeroom of the library where the marquise had made the most charming of books, while she was believing that

she was only writing letters. The school of *Ponts et Chaussées* was then established there, as if to level whatever remained of wit. Luckily, a scholar with wit, M. de Prony, was the director, and the salon of Mme de Sévigné could imagine that there was no geometry in the house. The last tenants were a boarding-school keeper and his scholars."—*Edouard Fournier*, "*Paris Guide.*"

The main building of the hotel is flanked by two pavilions. The lions which adorn its façade are from the hand of Jean Goujon, as well as the tympanums and the winged figure on the keystone of the gateway. In the court, the building facing the entrance is adorned with statues of the Four Seasons, from the school of Jean Goujon; the central group, of Fame and her messengers, is by the great artist himself.

"The door has a bold arch, and is surmounted by a light, female figure, with a floating, diaphanous robe, like the Naiads of Jean Goujon, exquisite, smiling, slender, like all his figures, erect on one foot, this foot placed on a charming mask. Below the mask, a part, I suppose, of the 'canting arms' of Carnavalet, is an escutcheon mutilated by the hammer, where doubtless once were seen the black and white armorial bearings of Sévigné, and the four crosses of Rabutin, of which the Count de Bussy was so proud. Lions, Victories, Roman bucklers, and Fames extended in long bas-reliefs on each side of the door, which an artist of bad taste, in the time of Louis XIV., had worked *en rocaille*, in 'vermiculated embossings,' as the architects said, in words as barbarous as the thing."—*A. Lœve-Veimars.*

Mme de Sévigné and her daughter, when at Paris, inhabited the first floor of the main building, reached by the stone staircase which still exists, and her chamber is still pointed out. M. de Grignan, on his brief visits to Paris, occupied the ground-floor rooms below. The young Marquis de Sévigné had the apartment towards the street; and the Abbé de Coulanges, uncle of the Marquise, the right wing towards the court. The left wing contained the principal reception-rooms.

The hotel is now occupied as the *Musée Municipal*, chiefly devoted to memorials of the Great Revolution (*open from* 11 *to* 4 *on Thursdays and Saturdays*), and a Library of Books on the History of Paris (*open from* 10 *to* 4 *daily*).

On the ground floor are remains of Roman tombs found at Paris, and fragments of the early basilica which preceded Notre Dame. At the top of the stairs we should notice remains of the prison doors of the Conciergerie from the cells of Mme Roland and Robespierre, and also the door of a cell in the *Hôtel des Haricots* (the prison of the National Guard), decorated by the prisoners.

In the *Grande Salle* is a model of the Bastille, and the banner of the Emigration; in a glass case (on the side of the entrance) are Jacobin caps. Amongst the pictures is one of Robespierre at twenty-four—a family portrait, painted at Arras by Boilly in 1783. In the second window is an official notice of the execution of Louis XVI. On the side of the armoire is a sketch of Marie Antoinette taken in the Conciergerie by Prieur.

Amongst the china in the *Gallery* is the famous "tasse de la guillotine." In the middle of the second gallery is a bust of Bailly, given by his daughter, and one of the official busts of Marat, erected in all the halls of sections in Paris, after his assassination.

In the *Salon central*, the carved panelling comes from the Hôtel des Stuarts, in the Rue St. Hyacinthe. Here is the arm-chair in which Voltaire died, from his chamber in the Hôtel de Villette, Rue de Beaune.

The decorations of the *Salon des Tableaux* were those of the salle-à-manger in the Hôtel de Dangeau, in the Place Royale.

The garden (which will be entered by an arch transported from the Rue de Nazareth) contains a number of historic relics—statues from Anet; a statue of Abundance from the Marché St. Germain; a relief by Auguier from the Porte St. Antoine; the old Fontaine St. Michel; a retable from a chapel at St. Mery, 1542, by Pierre Berton de St. Quentin, &c.

The name of Rue Culture or Couture St. Catherine, now changed to Rue de Sévigné, was all that remained of the convent and church of St. Catherine du Val des Eco-

liers, which was a thanksgiving for the victory of Bovines,[1] the street having been built on cultivated land belonging to the convent. In this street, at the corner near the Hôtel Carnavalet, lived the beautiful Jewess of whom the Duc d'Orléans was enamored, and at whose door the Connétable Olivier de Clisson was attacked by assassins, hired by the Baron de Craon, and left for dead, though he eventually recovered.

"A celebrated event, so circumstantially told by our historians, that we seem to be present at it. We see him passing in a dark night, this Grand Constable, armed only with a small cutlass, trotting on his good horse along this narrow deserted street. The assassins are hid under the awning of the baker, where they were waiting for him ; we hear the sound of the heavy fall of the horse, pierced by three deep sword cuts, the noise of the fall of the Constable, whose head struck against a door which it burst open ; his entreaties, his groans, the steps of the fleeing assassins, and then silence. Then the cries of the townsfolk running with torches, barefooted, hatless, and the king, who was aroused just as he was going to bed, to whom they announced the death of his good Constable, and who wrapped himself in a great coat, *se fait bouter ses souliers ès pieds*, and ran to the spot where they told him his good Constable had just been slain."—*A. Loève-Veimars.*

The *Rue du Roi de Sicile*, which turns to the right from the Rue de Sévigné close to the Rue de Rivoli, commemorates Charles d'Anjou, brother of St. Louis.

The next turn from the Rue des Francs-Bourgeois on the left is the *Rue de Turenne*, formerly St. Louis aux Marais, which takes its present name from the hotel of the famous marshal, turned into a monastery in 1684, and destroyed during the Revolution. The hotel occupied the site of the *Church of St. Denis du Sacrement.* The poet Crébillon lived next door. The chancellor Boucherat

[1] The fine tomb of Mme de Birague, now in the Louvre, came from this church, destroyed at the Revolution.

resided, at the end of the XVII. c., at No. 40, afterwards the Hôtel d'Ecquevilly.

It was in the Rue St. Louis that Mme de Maintenon lived with her first husband, the poet Scarron, and made his little dinners so entertaining that their simple servant would whisper in her ear, "Madame, encore une histoire, nous n'avons pas le rôti." Such was her poverty before her marriage that she was obliged to borrow the dress she was married in from her friend Mlle de Pons, who afterwards, as Mme d'Heudicourt, had an apartment at Versailles.

From the Rue Turenne opens on the right the *Rue des Minimes*, which formerly contained the splendid Hôtel de Vitry, and which took its name from the Minimi of the Capuchin Convent. Its church, celebrated for the sermons of Bourdaloue, contained magnificent tombs of the families of Colbert, Villarcerf, Viéville, Perigny, Le Jay, and Castille. In one chapel were those of two royal bastards—Diane, Duchesse d'Angoulême, daughter of Henri II., and Charles, Duc d'Angoulême, famous for his conspiracies against Henri IV. All these tombs were destroyed or dispersed at the Revolution.

"Two doors farther, a house of a courtesan opened at early dawn and a man came out, his cloak up to his nose, and glided along the walls. The house was well known; it was that of the fair Roman, the most famous courtesan of the time of Henri II. The man was well known also; he was called Charles of Lorraine, Duc de Guise, cardinal, archbishop, the most daring, the most eloquent, the most vicious man of his times. His company of guards, which never quitted him, even at the altar, where it mingled the smell of gunpowder and fuses with the odor of the incense, was dispensed with when he visited such places. A bad arrangement, for he had all the trouble in the world to escape the ruffians who followed him, and to reach his beautiful Hôtel de Cluny, with its three hundred halberdiers."—*A. Loève-Veimars.*

Higher up, the *Rue de Normandie* falls, on the left, into the Rue de Turenne.

"The Rue de Normandie is one of those streets in the midst of which one could fancy one was in the provinces. The grass is growing, a passer-by is an event, everybody knows everybody. The houses date from the epoch when, under Henri IV., a quarter was commenced, in which each street bore the name of a province, and in the centre was to be a beautiful square dedicated to France. The idea of the '*quartier de l'Europe*' was a repetition of this plan. The world repeats itself in everything, even in speculations."—*Balzac*, "*Les parents pauvres*."

On the right the *Rue St. Claude* connects the Rue de Turenne with the Boulevard. Here Cagliostro lived, in the house of the Marquis d'Orville.

The Rue des Francs-Bourgeois now leads into the *Places des Vosges*, which may be regarded as the heart of the Marais. Imagined by Sully, carried out by Henri IV., in his early existence as the Place Royale, this was one of the most celebrated squares in Europe.

"Great edifices in brick and stone, ornamented with panels, bosses, and heavy moulded windows. It is the style of old French architecture which followed the Renaissance and preceded the modern era; we see it with its front of two colors, its pilasters, its partitions, its great roofs of slate, topped by leaden ridges formed into divers ornaments. The judicious arrangement of the Place Royal deservedly receives praise; vast galleries reserved for foot passengers surround it, then there are four broad roads for riders and carriages, and in the centre a garden protected by an iron railing."—*De Guilhermy*.

The site had been previously occupied by the palace called Hôtel des Tournelles, a name derived from the endless turrets with which its architect had loaded it, either for ornament or defence. Pierre d'Orgemont, chancellor of France, built the first stately house here in 1380, and bequeathed it to his son, who was bishop of

Paris. The bishop sold it, in 1402, to Jean, Duc de Berry, one of the uncles of Charles VI., from whom it passed to his nephew, the Duc d'Orléans, and from him to the king. In its original state, the hotel stood like a country house in a wood called the Parc des Tournelles, which has left a name to the Rue du Parc-Royal. "En cet hostel," says Dubreul in his *Théâtre des Antiquitez de Paris*, "s'allaient récréer souventefois nos Roys, pour la beauté et commodité dudit lieu." Léon de Lusignan, king of Armenia, died here in 1393. The Duke of Bedford, regent of France after the death of Henri V., lived in the Hôtel des Tournelles, and kept flocks of peacocks and multitudes of rarer birds in its gardens. There also he established the royal library of the Louvre (of which he had become the possessor, and which he afterwards carried to England), and there he lost his beautiful wife, Anne de Bourgogne, buried close by, in the Célestins under an exquisite monument. Whenever Louis XI. visited Paris, the hotel was his residence, and it was there that, in 1467, he received his queen, Margaret of Scotland. In his later life, however, Louis XI. only cared to live in Touraine, where he died at Plessis les Tours, and his son, Charles VIII., made his home exclusively at Blois, of which he had watched the building. But Louis XII. always liked the Hôtel des Tournelles, where he spent his happiest days with his beloved Anne of Brittany. Thither he returned after his third marriage with Mary, of England, the young wife who so entirely upset all his old-fashioned ways—forcing him to dine at 12, instead of 8 o'clock A.M., and to go to bed at midnight, instead of at 6 P.M.—that she caused his death in a few months. He expired on January 2, 1515, at the Hôtel des Tournelles, where the *crieurs du corps* rang their bells round the building in which

the dead king lay, and cried lamentably, "Le bon roi Louis, père du peuple, est mort!" The two successors of Louis, François I. and Henri II., were so occupied with the building of their country châteaux at Fontainebleau, Compiègne, Rambouillet, St. Germain, Chambord, &c., that they only came to the Hôtel des Tournelles for the tournaments, which in earlier days had taken place in the grounds of the Hôtel de St. Paul, but were now transferred to the Rue St. Antoine. It was in a tournament of this kind, held in honor of the marriage of Elizabeth of France with Philippe II. of Spain, that Henri (June 28, 1559), bearing the colors of Diane des Poitiers, in tilting with the Comte de Montgomery, captain of the body-guard, received a wound in the eye, of which, ten days after, he died in great agony, in the old palace, through which the people of Paris poured for many days, to visit his body, lying in a *chapelle ardente.*

After this catastrophe the kings of France abandoned what they considered the ill-omened Hôtel des Tournelles. The insistence of Catherine de Medicis, widow of Henri II., even procured an order for the destruction of the hotel, but it was only carried out as regarded that part of the building where the king had died, and a fragment of the palace was still existing in 1656, when it was sold to the Filles de Sainte-Croix. In 1578 a horse-market occupied part of the grounds of the hotel, and it was there that the famous *Combat des Mignons* took place, and was fatal to several of the unpopular favorites of Henri III.

Henri IV. had used the last existing remains of the palace to hold two hundred Italian workmen, whom he had brought from their own country in the beginning of the seventeenth century that they might establish the manufacture of stuffs woven with gold and silver tissue in

France. At that time Henri had already formed the idea of making the Marais the handsomest quarter of Paris. The plans adopted for the Place Royale were those furnished by the austere Huguenot, Antoine du Cerceau. The king built the side towards the Hôtel de Sully (in the Rue St. Antoine) entirely at his own expense, and then conceded plots of land on the other sides to his courtiers, on condition of their erecting houses at once, according to the designs they received, each landowner only being required to pay an annual tax of a golden crown, so that only thirty-six gold crowns were received for the thirty-six pavilions surrounding the square.

At the same time the king opened the four streets leading to the square: the Rue du Parc-Royal, the Petite Rue Royale, afterwards called the Pas-de-la-Mule, and the Rue de la Coulture St. Catherine, and he erected the two central pavilions on the south and north, which were called respectively, Pavilion du Roi and Pavilion de la Reine. Every day, whilst he was at Paris, Henri IV. came himself to visit and stimulate the workmen, and when he was at Fountainebleau he wrote constantly to Sully to beg him to urge them on. "Je vous recommande la Place Royale," he would add to his letters on other subjects. Coming one day to look at the work, he was mortified to find that one of the private individuals to whom he had allotted a site was vaulting in stone the portico under his house, which the king in his own building had only ceiled with wood. Mortified to be outdone by a subject, he consulted his mason, who cleverly propitiated the royal pride by promising to imitate the superior work in plaster so well that no one would find out the difference. Henri declared that as soon as it was ready for him he should come and inhabit the Pavilion du Roi; but the square was unfinished

at the time of his death, in 1610, and it was only opened with great magnificence five years later, on the occasion of the marriage of Elizabeth, sister of Louis XIII., with the Infant of Spain. It was the splendid court fête then given which made the new square become at once the fashion, and the Place Royale remained the centre of all that was most aristocratic, till the financial world invaded it at the end of the seventeenth century. In the proudest time of the square, however, the celebrated Marion de Lorme inhabited the pavilion which had been purchased by the Duc de la Meilleraie, and there she died in 1650, and, in the words of Tallemant des Réaux, "On la vit morte, durant vingt-quatre heures, sur son lit avec une couronne de pucelle."

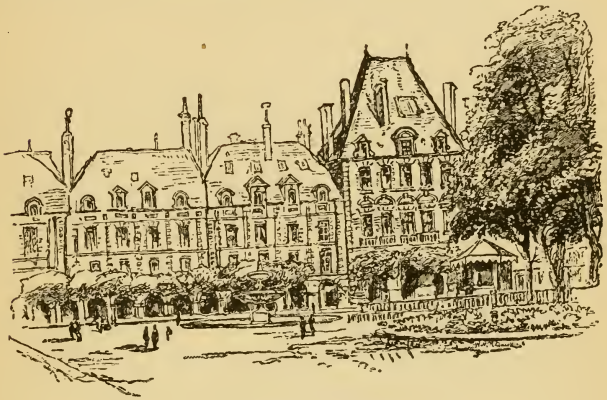
With the comparative lawlessness of the times, though Louis XIII. had issued severe ordinances for the repression of dueling, not only were duels of frequent occurrence in the Place Royale, but the balconies and windows of the square used to be filled with spectators to witness them, like a theatrical representation in broad daylight. Six of the noblest young gentlemen of the Court fought thus, with fatal results, on May 12, 1627. The last duel in the Place Royale was that of the Duc de Guise and the Comte de Coligny, in December, 1643, to decide the hereditary quarrels of their two houses, which ended fatally for the latter. As a warning and menace to duellists, Richelieu erected, in the centre of the square, a statue by Biard fils of Louis XIII.—"le très-grand, très-invincible, Louis le Juste," "armed after the mode of his age, and his plume of feathers on his head-piece," as the traveller Lister described it (1698). The figure was placed upon a horse which had been unemployed for three quarters of a century, but was the work of Daniele Ricciarelli da Volterra.

The famous statue, which stood on a pedestal with proud inscriptions by the cardinal in honor of his master, was melted down for cannon in the Revolution of 1793. In 1701 a magnificent iron grille, bearing the emblems of Louis XIV., had been placed around the gardens. Even the Revolution itself respected its beauty; but, in spite of the eloquent remonstrances of Victor Hugo (who was then living at No. 6, the house where Marion de Lorme died), it was removed in the reign of Louis Philippe to make way for a cast-iron railing in the commonplace taste of the time.

"How many public and domestic events has this Place not seen during all the seventeenth century! What noble tournaments, what haughty duels, what loving meetings! What conversations has it not heard, worthy of those of the *Décameron*, which Corneille collected in one of his earlier comedies, *La Place Royale*, and in several acts of *Le Menteur!* What graceful creatures have dwelt in these pavilions! What sumptuous furniture, what treasures of elegant luxury have not been assembled here! What illustrious personages of all kinds have mounted these beautiful stairs! Richelieu and Condé, Corneille and Molière have passed here a hundred times. It was while walking in this gallery that Descartes, conversing with Pascal, suggested to him the idea of his beautiful experiments on the weight of the air; here, too, one evening, on leaving the house of Mme de Guéménée, the melancholy De Thou received from Cinq-Mars the involuntary confession of the conspiracy which was to bring them both to the scaffold. Here, to conclude, Mme de Sévigné was born, and near here she lived."—*Victor Cousin*, "*La jeunesse de Mme de Longueville.*"

Many of the hotels of the Place Royale were like museums of historic relics and works of art, especially that of Richelieu and that of the Marquis de Dangeau. The ceilings of the hotel of M. de Nouveau were painted by Lebrun and Mignard. Houses were furnished with the utmost magnificence by the Comte de Tresmes, the Mar-

quis de Breteuil, and the Marquis de Canillac; but most of these hotels were already abandoned by their aristocratic owners at the time of the Revolution, when the Comte de Favras, who had only lately settled in the Place Royale, was accused of plotting against the government,



PLACE DES VOSGES.

and hanged like a common malefactor. Many think that the golden period of the Place did not arrive till it became the centre of the Society of the *Nouvelles Précieuses* (deserters from the superior literary atmosphere of the Hôtel de Rambouillet), which Molière satirizes in his comedy of the *Précieuses ridicules*. One of the leaders of this society was Mlle de Scudéry, authoress of the long allegorical romance of *Cyrus*, who came to settle in the Rue de Beauce, and whose Saturdays soon became the fashion, "pour recontrer des beaux esprits." For thirty years, under the name of Sapho, she ruled as a queen in the second-class literary salons of the Marais, which was known as Léolie or l'Eolie in the dialect of the *Précieuses*, when the *Place Dorique*, as they called the Place Royale, was inhabited by *Artémise*

or Mlle Aragonois, *Roxane* or Mlle Robineau, *Glicérie* or the beautiful Mlle Legendre; whilst *Le grand Dictionnaire des Précieuses* (1661) informs us that *Crisolis* or Mlle de Chavigny, and *Nidalie* or Mlle de l'Enclos, lived close by. Molière had full opportunity of studying the eccentricities of this society whilst living in the quarter of the Arsenal in 1645.

"Our heroes and heroines are devoted entirely to madrigals. Never were so many made, or so rapidly. This man has scarcely recited one, when that man feels another stirring in his brain. Here, four verses are repeated; there some one is writing twelve. All was done gaily and without grimaces. No one bit his nails or lost his part in the laughter or the talk."—*Pellisson*, "*Chroniques du Samedi.*"

The Place Royale, with its high-roofed houses of red brick coped with stone, surmounted by high roofs, and supported by arcades—the famous arcades where Corneille places the scene of one of his comedies—has never changed its ancient aspect. No. 21 was the house of Richelieu. In No. 9, which she had furnished splendidly, the great comédienne, Mme Rachel, lay in state. A statue of Charles X. by *Carot*, on a horse by *Dupaty*, now takes the place of the statue of Louis XIII. in the centre of the square—an excellent example of the most deplorable statuary. Many of the old contemporary hotels which occupied the precincts of the Place have been destroyed. Nothing remains of the Hôtel Nicolaï, at the entrance of the Rue de Turenne, or of the Hôtel de St. Géran, in the Rue du Parc-Royal. The Hôtel de Guéménée can no longer be distinguished from an ordinary house.

Running east from the upper side of the square is the *Rue des Vosges*, till recently Rue Pas-de-la-Mule. Here Gilles le Maistre, first president of the Parliament of Paris,

was daily seen passing on his mule, followed by his wife in a cart, and a servant on an ass.

On the further side of the *Rue des Tournelles* which runs behind the houses on the east side of the Place des Vosges we may still visit (No. 28) the handsome *Hôtel of Ninon de l'Enclos*—l'Eternelle Ninon—the friend of St. Evremond and the Duchesse de Mazarin, at whose beautiful feet three generations of the proud house of Sévigné knelt in turn, and who may be regarded as the last of the *Précieuses* of the Marais and Place Royale. The vestibule of the hotel retains its masks and caryatides; the boudoir its painted ceiling; the staircase has only changed its stone balustrade for one of wood, and a well-preserved medallion of Louis XIV. remains in its place; the salon on the first floor has a ceiling-painting of Apollo surrounded by the nine muses, by a pupil of Lebrun.

"Ninon, the famous courtesan, known, when age made her quit that profession, as Mlle de l'Enclos, was a fresh example of the triumph of vice conducted with wit and talent and relieved by some virtues. The noise she made, and, still more, the disorder she caused among the highest and most brilliant young men, compelled the queen-mother, in spite of the extreme indulgence which, not without cause, she had for persons of gallantry and more than gallantry, to send her an order to retire to a convent. One of the exempts of Paris carried to her the *lettre de cachet;* she read it, and remarking that no convent was especially designated, she said to the exempt, without being at all disconcerted, 'Monsieur, since the queen has been good enough to leave to me the choice of the convent into which she wishes me to retire, I beg of you to tell her that I choose that of the *Grands Cordeliers* of Paris,' and she returned the *lettre de cachet* with a fine courtesy. The exempt, stupefied at this unparalleled effrontery, had not a word to reply, and the queen found it so amusing that she left her in repose.

"Ninon had illustrious friends of all sorts, and had such talent, that she preserved them all and kept them in harmony among themselves, or at least without any open disturbance. In

all her proceedings there was an air of external decency and decorum such as the highest princesses rarely maintain when they have weaknesses. She had, by good fortune, as friends all that was most elevated and most trusted at the court, so that it became the fashion to be introduced to her, and, with good reason, for the sake of the connections formed at her house. No gambling, no loud laughter, no disputes, no talk of religion or the government; much wit with brilliancy, stories old and new, stories of gallantry, always without opening a door to slander; everything was refined, light, and measured and formed conversations, which she knew how to sustain by her wit and by her knowledge of the events of every age. The consideration, an extraordinary thing, which she acquired, the number and distinction of her friends and acquaintances continued to attract the world to her when her charms had faded, and when propriety and fashion forbade her any longer to mix the carnal and the intellectual. She knew all the intrigues of the old and of the new court, serious or otherwise; her conversation was charming; she was disinterested, faithful, secret, trustworthy to the last degree or almost to weakness, and she could be described as virtuous and full of probity."—*St. Simon.*

"L'indulgence et sage nature
A formé l'âme de Ninon,
De la volupté d'Epicure
Et de la vertu de Caton."—*St. Evremond.*

From hence the *Boulevard Beaumarchais*, remarkable for its antiquity shops, and the *Boulevard des Filles du Calvaire*, named from a monastery founded 1633 by Père Joseph, the friend of Richelieu, and suppressed 1790, run north-west to join the Boulevard du Temple.

The south end of the Rue des Tournelles falls into the *Place de la Bastille*, containing *La Colonne de Juillet*, surmounted by a statue of Liberty, and erected 1831–1840. This marks the site of the famous castle-prison of the Bastille, which for four centuries and a half terrified Paris, and which has left a name to the quarter it frowned upon. Hugues Aubriot, Mayor of Paris, built it under Charles V.

to defend the suburb which contained the royal palace of St. Paul. Unpopular from the excess of his devotion to his royal master, Aubriot was the first prisoner in his own prison. Perhaps the most celebrated of the long list of after captives were the Connétable de St. Pol and Jacques d'Armagnac, Duc de Nemours, taken thence for execution to the Place de Grève under Louis XI.; Charles de Gontaut, Duc de Biron, executed within the walls of the fortress under Henri IV.; and the "Man with the Iron Mask," brought hither mysteriously, September 18, 1698, and who died in the Bastille, November 19, 1703.

A thousand engravings show us the Bastille as it was—as a *fort-bastide*—built on the line of the city walls just to the south of the Porte St. Antoine, surrounded by its own moat. It consisted of eight round towers, each bearing a characteristic name, connected by massive walls, ten feet thick, pierced with narrow slits by which the cells were lighted. In early times it had entrances on three sides, but after 1580 only one, with a drawbridge over the moat on the side towards the river, which led to outer courts and a second drawbridge, and wound by a defended passage to an outer entrance opposite the Rue des Tournelles.[1]

Close beside the Bastille, to the north, rose the Porte St. Antoine, approached over the city fosse by its own bridge, at the outer end of which was a triumphal arch built on the return of Henri III. from Poland in 1573. Both gate and arch were restored for the triumphal entry of Louis XIV. in 1667; but the gate (before which Etienne Marcel was killed, July, 1358), was pulled down in 1674.

The Bastille was taken by the people, July 14, 1789, and the National Assembly decreed its demolition.

[1] See the plans and views in *Paris à travers les âges.*

"About eleven o'clock the attack became serious, and the people had carried the first bridge. Then M. de Launay, the governor, gave orders to fire; it was obeyed, and the discharge dispersed the multitude. It returned soon, enraged and more numerous. They were driven back afresh by a discharge of grape-shot, but the arrival of a detachment of *Gardes Françaises*, who joined the assailants, shook the courage of the garrison, and it began to speak of surrender. M. de Flue, commandant of the thirty-two soldiers of Salis, declared he would prefer death. M. de Launay, seeing that the garrison was ready to abandon him, took the match of a cannon to set fire to the magazine, which would have blown up a part of the Faubourg St. Antoine. Two non-commissioned officers prevented him. In a council held on the spot he proposed to blow up the fortress rather than fall into the hands of a furious populace that would massacre the garrison. This proposition was rejected. M. de Flue demanded from the beseigers terms of capitulation, promising to lower the draw-bridges and lay down arms if the lives of the beseiged were spared. An officer of the Queen's Regiment, one of the commandants, and nearest the fortress, promised this on his honor. The bridges were at once lowered, and the people entered without difficulty. Its first task was to search for the governor. He was seized, and, in despite of the capitulation, the unfortunate man was laden with insults and ill-treatment from the Bastille as far as the Arcade de St. Jean, where he was murdered."—*Détails donnés par M. d'Agay.*

The massive circular pedestal upon which the Colonne de Juillet now rests was intended by Napoleon I. to support a gigantic fountain in the form of an elephant, instead of the column which, after the destruction of the Bastille, the "tiers état" of Paris had asked to erect "à Louis XVI., restaurateur de la liberté publique." It is characteristic of the Parisians that on the very same spot the throne of Louis Philippe was publicly burnt, February 24, 1848. The model for the intended elephant existed here till the middle of the reign of Louis Philippe, and is depicted by Victor Hugo as the lodging of "Le petit Gavroche."

"This monument, rude, broad, heavy, rough, austere, and almost shapeless, but most assuredly majestic, and imprinted with a species of magnificent and savage gravity, has disappeared to allow the sort of gigantic stove, adorned with its chimney-pot, to reign in peace, which was substituted for the frowning fortalice with its nine towers, much in the same way as the bourgeoisie are substituted for feudalism. It is very simple that a stove should be the symbol of an epoch in which a kettle contains the power.

"The architect of the elephant managed to produce something grand with plaster, while the architect of the stove-pipe has succeeded in making something little out of bronze. This stove-pipe, this spoiled monument of an abortive revolution, was christened a sonorous name, and called the Column of July."[1]—*Les Misérables.*

Looking on to the Bastille stood the Hôtel de Beaumarchais, built by the author of *Le Mariage de Figaro*, the famous satire upon the Court of Louis XVI., who, when he read it in MS., exclaimed, "Si l'on jouait cette pièce, il faudrait détruire la Bastille! on ne la jouera jamais!" yet which all the great world witnessed immediately after at the Théâtre Français. The gardens of the hotel are now covered by warehouses.

"The Hôtel de Beaumarchais, erected on the designs of Le Moine, is, I believe, meant to be a perfect *rus in urbe*, for wildernesses, grottoes, subterranean caverns, and gurgling fountains, are all assembled in a space not much larger than that usually assigned to the flower-knot of an English villa. A very pretty temple is raised to the memory of Voltaire; and under the shade of a willow, marked by an urn filled with the golden flowers of l'immortelle, repose the ashes of Beaumarchais himself."—*Lady Morgan's "France."*

The *Boulevard Henri IV.*, running south-west from the Place de la Bastille to the Quartier de l'Arsenal, destroys many associations. It is more interesting to reach the same point by a more circuitous route, re-entering the Marais by the picturesque Rue St. Antoine, which is on a

[1] Designed by Alavoine, executed by Duc.

direct line with the Rue de Rivoli. No street is more connected with the story of the different revolutions than this, and, from its neighborhood to the two royal hotels of Des Tournelles and St. Paul, none is more associated with the early history of France. It was here that Henry II., tilting in a tournament, received his death-wound.

"The joyous sounds on the occasion of the double marriage of the princesses of France were to be soon extinguished in the silence of death. On the 20th of June, Madame Elizabeth of France was married at Notre-Dame to the Duke of Alba, as proxy of the King of Spain; on the 27th the contract between the Duke of Savoy and Madame Marguerite was signed. Splendid lists were erected at the end of the Rue St. Antoine, before the Royal Hôtel des Tournelles, and near the foot of the Bastille, in which the magistrates, torn from the bench, were confined; for three days princes and lords were jousting there in presence of the ladies; on the 29th of June, the defenders of the lists were the Dukes of Guise and Nemours, the son of the Duke of Ferrara, and the king himself, wearing the colors of his sixty-year-old lady, the black and white livery of widows, which Diana never laid aside. When the passage of arms was finished, the king, who had ridden some courses as a 'stout and skilful knight,' wished to break another spear before retiring, and, in spite of the prayers of the queen, he ordered the Count de Montgommeri to ride against him. He was the captain of the guards, who had brought Du Bourg and Du Faur to the Bastille. Montgommeri in vain endeavored to excuse himself. The two jousters charged each other violently, and broke their lances with dexterity, but Montgommeri forgot to throw at once, as was usual, the fragment remaining in his hand; he involuntarily struck with it the king's helmet, raised the vizor, and sent a splinter of wood into the eye. The king fell on the neck of his horse, which bore him to the end of the course; his squires received him in their arms, and he was carried to the Tournelles in the midst of unspeakable confusion and alarm. All the resources of art were useless, the splinter had penetrated the brain; the illustrious Vesalius in vain hurried from Brussels by order of King Philip II.; Henri languished eleven days, and expired on the 10th of July, after having ordered the celebration, on the day before his death and in his chamber, of the marriage of his sister Margaret and the Duke

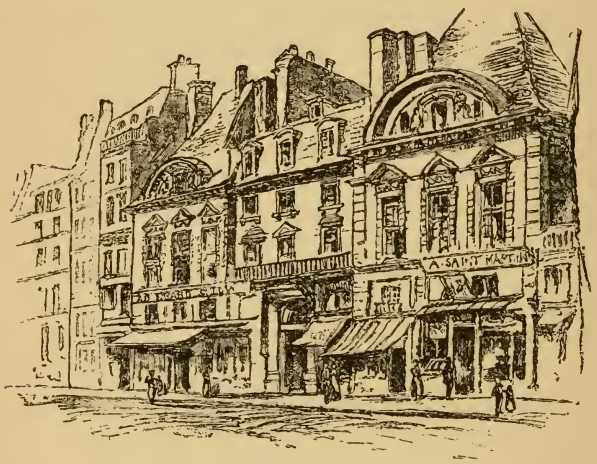
of Savoy. He was forty years and a few months old. All Protestant Europe recognized the arm of the Lord in this lightning stroke which smote the persecuting king in the midst of the festivities of the 'impious.'"—*Henri Martin*, "*Hist. de France.*"

On the left is the former *Church of the Visitation*, adding everywhere to the picturesqueness of the street by the marvellous grace of its outline, now, as the Temple St. Marie, given to the Calvinists. The Visitandines were brought from Annecy to Paris by Sainte Marie Chantal. They bought the Hôtel de Cossé, where their admirable domed church was begun by François Mansart in 1632, and dedicated, in 1634, to Notre Dame des Anges. André Fremiot, Archbishop of Bourges, brother of the foundress, Baronne de Chantal, rested in one of its chapels; in another lay the minister Fouquet, celebrated for his sudden disgrace and imprisonment in 1680; in its crypt were a number of coffins of the house of Sévigné. The church occupies the site of the Hôtel de Boissy, where for thirty-three days Henri III. watched by his dying "Mignon" Quélus, mortally wounded in the great duel of April 27, 1578, promising 100,000 francs to the surgeons in attendance if they could save the life of one to whom he bore "une merveilleuse amitié." But it was of no use, and when Quélus had breathed his last, crying out, "Oh, mon roi, mon roi!" it was the king who, with his own hands, took out the earrings he had given him, and cut off his long chestnut hair.

Within two doors of the church (No. 212) is the *Hôtel de Mayenne*, or *d'Ormesson*, or *du Petit-Musc*, a very handsome house built by Du Cerceau for the Duc de Mayenne, and afterwards inhabited by the Président d'Ormesson. It now belongs to the Frères des Ecoles Chrétiennes.

A little further down the street, on the right (No. 143),

is the finest of all the ancient hotels which still remain in the neighborhood of the Place Royale, that of the great minister who superintended its erection. The *Hôtel de Sully* or *de Béthune* was built from designs of Androuet du Cerceau for Maximilien de Béthune, Duc de Sully, the friend and minister of Henri IV., upon part of the site of the Hôtel des Tournelles, with the fortune he made in the king's service.



HÔTEL DE SULLY.

"'Give me,' wrote the king, 'your word and honor to be as good a manager of my property for my profit as I have always seen you to be of your own, and not to desire to increase your own except with my knowledge and by my liberality, which will be ample enough to satisfy a man of honor and a mind as well regulated as yours.'"—*Œconomies royales*, i. 207.

The rich front of the hotel still looks down upon the Rue St. Antoine, and the four sides of its stately court are magnificently adorned with sculptures of armor and figures of the Four Seasons; masques and leaves decorate

its windows. The noble saloon on the first floor has remains of the monogram of Sully ; in another room is an ancient mosaic pavement. After Sully the hotel belonged to Turgot, then to Boisgelin, by whose name it is still often known. Two other ancient hotels remain in this part of the Rue St. Antoine. One is the picturesque *Hôtel de Beauvais* (No. 62), built by Antoine Lepautre for Pierre de Beauvais. His wife, Catherine Bellier, who was first waiting-woman to Anne of Austria, is commemorated in the heads of rams (*têtes de bélier*) which alternate with those of lions in the decorations. Catherine owed so much to Anne of Austria that it used to be a saying that she had taken the stones of the Louvre to build her house with. The oval court has masks and pilasters ; the vestibule has doric columns sustaining trophies ; a staircase, with corinthian columns, bas-reliefs, and a rich balustrade, leads to the principal rooms on the first floor, from one of which, on August 26, 1660, Anne of Austria watched the triumphal entrance into the capital of Louis XIV. and Marie Thérèse. At No. 162 is the Passage St. Pierre, on the site of the Prison of the Grange St. Eloy. On its way to the Rue St. Paul it traverses part of the ancient XV. c. cloister of St. Paul, supported by solid buttresses, and ceiled with timber in panels.

Opposite the Hôtel de Sully, the *Rue de St. Paul* leads from the Rue St. Antoine into the ancient *Quartier de St. Paul*, which, with the adjoining Quartier de l'Arsenal, were suburbs of the city before they were included within the walls of Charles V. and thus united to the Northern part of the town. The quarter was chiefly inhabited by those who were "*hommes d'eau*," or persons whose interests lay in the part of the Seine upon which it abutted, being the place where all the boats coming from the upper Seine and

the Marne were moored for the lading and unlading of their merchandise. The great Port de St. Paul took its name from a church, which dated from the VII. c., and it was divided into several smaller ports, each of which had its own name and destination, under the superintendence of the confraternity of *Marchands de l'eau.* In this mercantile quarter three great religious establishments were situated—the church of St. Paul, the convent of Ave Maria, and the convent of the Célestins. The church was founded in 633 by St. Eloy, prime minister of the Merovingian King Dagobert. But this building, which contained the tomb of the sainted abbot Quintilianus, was only a chapel on the site of the existing Rue de St. Paul, in a spot once called Grange of St. Eloy. Its cemetery, which extended as far as the Rue Beautreillis, was intended as a burial-place for the nuns of the great monastery of St. Martial, which St. Eloy had founded in the Cité, for, at that time, in accordance with the pagan custom, all burials took place outside the town. It was only at the end of the XI. c. that the church of St. Paul les Champs became parochial. Charles V. rebuilt it in the severe gothic style, and it was reconsecrated with great magnificence in 1431. Its entrance, on the Rue St. Paul, had three gothic portals, beneath a tower surmounted by a lofty spire. Its windows were of great beauty, and were not finished till the close of Charles VII.'s reign, for amongst the personages represented in them was the Maid of Orleans, with the legend, *Et moy le Roy.* Through its neighborhood to Vincennes and afterwards to the Hôtel de St. Paul and the Hôtel des Tournelles, the royal church of St. Paul was for several centuries the *paroisse du roi.* All the dauphins, from the reign of Philippe de Valois to that of Louis XI., were baptized there, in a font which still exists at Medan,

near Poissy, whither it was removed by one Henri Perdrier, Alderman of Paris, when the old church was rebuilt. It became a point of ambition with the illustrious persons of the Court to be buried either in its cemetery or in its side chapels, which they had themselves adorned with sculpture, hangings, or stained glass. The cloisters were approached by an avenue (the present Passage St. Pierre) and exhibited in themselves all the different periods of gothic architecture, as these buildings were only completed in the XVI. c.; decorations were even added to them under Louis XIV. Their galleries had stained windows, by Pinaigrier, Porcher, and Nicolas Desangives. In the church the earliest recorded epitaph is that of Denisette la Bertichère, laundry-maid to the king, 1311. The splendid Chapelle de la Communion was the burial-place of the House of Noailles. The name *Sérail des Mignons* was at one time given to the church from the mignons of Henry III.—Quélus, Maugiron, and Saint-Mégrin [1]—buried there. The king erected magnificent tombs to them; but their statues were destroyed in 1588 by the people, led on by the preaching of the monks, who were infuriated at the murder of the Guises. In the choir lay Robert Ceneau (Cenalis), Bishop of Avranches, who died, April 27, 1560, "en expurgant les hérésies." Nicole Gilles, the historian of the *Annales de France*, was buried in the chapel of St. Louis, which he had built *de ses deniers*. Pierre Biard, sculptor and architect; the famous architect François Mansart, and his nephew Jules Hardouin; Jean Nicot, ambassador of France in Portugal, and the importer of tobacco, called at first *la nicotiana* in his honor; the philosopher Pierre Sylvain Régis, and Adrien Baillet, the

[1] Saint-Mégrin, who was looked upon as the mignon of the Duchesse de Guise, was murdered by her brother-in-law, the Duc de Mayenne, in the Rue St. Honoré, July 21, 1578.

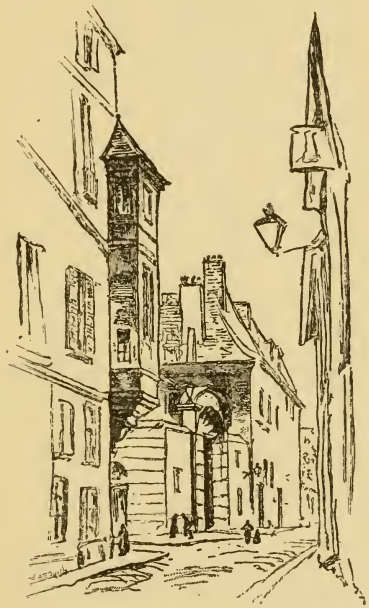
learned librarian of the Président de Lamoignon, were also buried here. Under an old fig-tree in the cemetery was the grave of François Rabelais, curé of Meudon, who died (April 9, 1553) in the Rue des Jardins, and was laid here because he was connected with the parish as priest or canon of the collegiate church of St. Maur des Fossés.

"Rabelais received the *viaticum* before dying, but at the moment of extreme unction, he could not refrain from saying that they were *greasing his boots* for a long journey. He left, it is said, duly signed and sealed, a will thus conceived: 'I have no money, I owe much; I leave the rest to the poor.' Two other sayings, quite in character, are attributed to him: 'I am going in search of a great *perhaps*,' and then with a burst of laughter, 'Down with the curtain, the farce is over.'"—*P. Barrère*, "*Les écrivains Français.*"

The body of Charles de Gontaut, Duc de Biron, executed in the Bastille under Henri IV., was brought to the churchyard of St. Paul, with that of the "Man with the Iron Mask," who died in the Bastille in 1703, and here also were buried the four skeletons which were found chained in the dungeons of the Bastille in June, 1790. One year more and both church and cemetery were closed; they were sold as national property in December, 1794, and two years afterwards they were demolished for house-building. The crowded bodies which formed the foundation were not removed before the hurried erection of Nos. 30, 32, 34 of the Rue St. Paul, for fifty years later the proprietors, making new cellars, came upon masses of bones, and even entire coffins, in lead and wood.

The convent of the Ave Maria only received that name under Louis XI. It was originally occupied by Béguines, brought by Louis IX. from Nivelle in Flanders in 1230. Gradually the number of these uncloistered nuns (who took their name from St. Bague, daughter of a *maire*

du palais of King Sigebert) amounted to four hundred, known in Paris as *Dévotes*, though, according to the poet Thomas Chantpré, they led by no means an exemplary life. When they afterwards dwindled in numbers, Louis XI. gave their convent, under the name of Ave Maria, to the Poor Clares, who flourished greatly under the patron-



IN THE RUE DE ST. PAUL.

age of his widow, Queen Charlotte. Their house was entered from the Rue des Barrés by a gateway bearing statues of Louis XI. and Charlotte de Savoie, and their church was full of tombs of great ladies, including those of Jeanne de Vivonne, daughter of the lord of Chastaigneraie; of Catherine de la Tremoille, and Claude

Catherine de Clermont, Duchesse de Retz. The President Molé and his wife, Renée de Nicolai, reposed alone in the chapter-house. At the Revolution the convent was turned into a cavalry barrack; this gave place to a market; now nothing is left.

Opposite the main entrance of the Ave Maria was the Jeu de Paume de la Croix Noire, on the ramparts of the town. After the Jeu de Paume became unfashionable, at the end of the reign of Louis XIII., its place was taken here for a short time by the *Illustre Théâtre*, where Molière was chief actor, and whence, having made himself responsible for the debts of the company, he was soon carried off to prison in the Grand Châtelet. The site occupied by the Jeu de Paume had originally been a convent of Carmelites, called Barrés, on account of their long mantles divided into checks of black and white. It was these nuns who gave a name to the *Rue des Barrés*.

The Carmelites were removed by St. Louis to the Rue du Petit-Musc, and afterwards they moved to the Quartier St. Jacques, selling their land in the Quartier de St. Paul to Jacques Marcel, merchant of Paris, whose son, Garnier Marcel, bestowed it in 1352 upon the Célestins, established here under the patronage of the dauphin Charles, during the captivity of his father, king Jean, in England. As Charles V., he built them a magnificent church, whose portal bore his statue and that of his wife Jeanne de Bourbon (now at St. Denis). Henceforth the Célestins became the especial royal foundation, and its monks were spoken of by the kings as their *bien-aimés chapelains et serviteurs de Dieu*. From the XIV. c. to the XVI. c. benefactors of the convent were dressed in the Célestin habit before receiving the last sacraments, and thus they were represented upon their tombs in the pavement of the

church. Amongst the sepulchral inscriptions here were those of the family of Marcel; of Jean Lhuiller, counsellor of parliament, and of the famous doctor, Odo de Creil (1373). In the choir were many cenotaphs, containing only the hearts of the princesses of France buried at St. Denis, but it was also adorned by the tombs of Jeanne de Bourbon, wife of Charles V., 1377 (now at St. Denis); of Léon de Lusignan, last king of Armenia, 1393 (at St. Denis); and of Anne de Bourgogne, Duchess of Bedford, 1432 (now at the Louvre).[1] Annexed to the church by the *Confrérie des dix mille martyrs* in the XV. c. was the chapel which became the burial-place of the united families of Gesvres and Beaune, and contained the body of Jacques de Beaune, lord of Semblançay, Controller of Finances under François I., unjustly hanged on a gallows at Montfaucon in 1543. Near his forgotten grave rose the magnificent monuments of the Potier des Gesvres and de Luxembourg, with their kneeling figures. Three little chapels, communicating with the Chapelle des Gesvres, belonged to other families—that of Rochefort, which produced two chancellors of France in the reigns of Louis XI., Charles VIII., and Charles XII., of whom one, Guy de Rochefort, had a curious tomb; that of the family of Zamet, which began with the financier Sébastien Zamet, who died in 1614 in his magnificent hotel of the Rue de la Cerisaie, and which ended with his son Jean Zamet, governor of the Château of Fontainebleau, who died in battle in 1622; and that of Charles de Maigné, gentleman of the chamber to Henri II., with a beautiful statue by the Florentine Paolo Poncio, now in the Louvre.

A more magnificent building, like a succursale to St.

[1] On the destruction of the church her remains—being those of the daughter of Jean sans Peur—were removed to St. Bénigne at Dijon.

Denis, rose attached to the Célestins—the great Chapelle d'Orléans, built in 1393 by Louis d'Orléans, the younger son of Charles V. (who was murdered in the Rue Barbette), in fulfilment of a vow of his wife, Valentine de Milan, for his escape from perishing by fire in the terrible masquerade called *le ballet des ardents*, given in the old hotel of Blanche of Castille. Here, in the monastery which he had richly endowed, he was buried with his wife (who only survived him a short time), and all his descendants; and here his grandson, Louis XII., erected a magnificent monument (now at St. Denis) to his memory and that of his sons. Beside it stood the urn (also at St. Denis) which contained the heart of François II., and the beautiful group of the three Graces by Germain Pilon (now at the Louvre) which upheld the bronze urn holding the hearts of Henri II., Catherine de Médicis, Charles IX., and his brother, François de Maine, Duc d'Anjou. Near this rose a pyramid in honor of the house of Longueville, and two sarcophagi which contained the hearts of a Comte de Cossé-Brissac and a Duc de Rohan. Here also was the tomb, with a seated statue, of Philippe de Chabot, and that of the Maréchal Anne de Montmorency, by Barthélemy Prieur (both now in the Louvre). All the precious contents of the Célestins, except the few statues now in the galleries, perished in the Revolution. Its church served as a barn and stable for half a century, and was destroyed in 1849. Amongst the coffins thrown up at this time was that of Anne, Duchess of Bedford, daughter of Jean sans Peur. She was buried here, because after her death her husband recollected how, one night "qu'elle s'esbattoit à jeux honnestes" with the gentlemen and ladies of her household, she heard the bells of the Célestins sound for matins, and rising up, and inviting her ladies to follow her, went at

once to the church, and assisted at the holy office, by the tomb of that Duc d'Orléans whom her father had caused to be assassinated.

Whilst Jean le Bon was a prisoner in England, his son, afterwards Charles V., was oppressed by the growing power of the *Confrérie des Bourgeois*, the municipal authorities of Paris. Under their formidable provost, Etienne Marcel, they had broken into the Louvre and murdered his two favorite ministers in his presence, his own life only being saved by his consenting to put on the red and green cap of the republican leader, and giving him his own of cloth of gold, arrayed in which he showed himself triumphantly to the people. The king for the time escaped from Paris, and after Marcel had been killed, July 31, 1358, at the Bastille St. Antoine, he determined to seek a more secure residence with the *Association de la Marchandise de l'eau*, which had always been submissive and devoted to the royal authority. Every preceding king had held his Court either in the Cité or at the Louvre, but Charles now bought, near the Port de St. Paul, the hotel of the Comte d'Etampes, which occupied the whole space between the Rue St. Antoine and the Cemetery of St. Paul. In 1363 he added to his purchase the hotel of the Archbishop of Sens, with gardens which reached to the Port, and he had also become the owner of the smaller hôtels d'Estomesnil and de Putey-Muce, and of that of the abbots of St. Maur, who built another for themselves in the Rue des Barrés. By an edict of July, 1364, Charles V., after coming to the throne, declared the Hôtel de St. Paul to be for ever part of the domain of the Crown—the hotel where "he had enjoyed many pleasures, endured and recovered from many illnesses, and which, therefore, he regarded with singular pleasure and affection." No plan of the Hôtel de St.

Paul has come down to us, but we know that it was rather a group of palaces than a single building, the Hôtel de Sens being the royal dwelling-place; the Hôtel de St. Maur, under the name of Hôtel de la Conciergerie, being the residence of the Duc d'Orléans, Duc de Bourgogne, and other princes of the royal family; the Hôtel d'Etampes being called Hôtel de la Reine, afterwards Hôtel de Beautreillis; whilst, on the other side of the Rue du Petit-Musc, were the Hôtel du Petit-Musc, and Maison du Pont-Perrin, probably occupied by Court officials. The palace, as a whole, was surrounded by high walls, inclosing six meadows, eight gardens, twelve galleries, and a number of courts. We know many of the names of the royal dwelling-rooms, such as the Chambre de Charlemagne, so called from its tapestries; the Galerie des Courges; the Chambre de Theseus; the Chambre Lambrissée; the Chambre Verte; Chambre des Grandes Aulnoires, &c. The garden walks were shaded by trellises covered with vines, which produced annually a large quantity of *Vin de l'Hôtel.* In their shade Charles V. amused himself by keeping a menagerie, and many accounts exist of sums disbursed to those who brought him rare animals. Here the queen and her ladies appeared in the new dress of the time, in which their own arms were always embroidered on one side of their gown, and their husbands' on the other.

From his twelfth year to his death at fifty-four, Charles VI. lived constantly at the Hôtel de St. Paul; there he found himself practically a prisoner in the hands of the provost of the merchants, whom his father had come thither specially to avoid, and there, in 1392, he showed the first symptoms of the insanity which returned, with intervals of calm and sense, till his death; there his twelve children by Isabeau de Bavière were born, most of them

during his madness; there he several times saw his palace attacked by a mob, and his relations and courtiers arrested without being able to help them; and there, abandoned by his wife and children, he died, Oct. 20, 1422, being only cared for by a mistress, Odette de Champdivers, nicknamed *la petite reine*. For thirteen years after her husband's death, Isabeau de Bavière remained shut up from the detestation of the French, in the Hôtel St. Paul. "Even her body was so despised," says Brantôme, "that it was transported from her hotel, in a little boat on the Seine, without any kind of ceremony or pomp, and was thus carried to her grave at St. Denis; just as if she had been a simple demoiselle." From this time the Hôtel de St. Paul was deserted by royalty. When Charles VII. returned victorious to Paris he would not lodge even in the Hôtel des Tournelles, contaminated for him by the residence of the Duke of Bedford, and, whenever he was in Paris, he stayed at the Hôtel Neuf, which is sometimes supposed to have been the same as the Hôtel du Petit-Musc, afterwards (when given by Charles VIII. to Anne of Brittany) known as Hôtel de Bretagne. In spite of the letters patent of Charles V. declaring the Hôtel de St. Paul inalienable from the domains of the Crown, Louis XI. bestowed several of the satellite hotels dependent on the palace upon his friends, and during the reign of François I. the Rues des Lions, Beautreillis, and de la Cerisaie, recalling by their names the ancient sites they occupied, had invaded the precincts of the palace. A great part of the buildings and land extending from the Rue des Barrés to the Rue du Petit-Musc, with the great royal palace "fort vague et ruineux," was alienated in 1516 for the benefit of Jacques de Geroilhac, grand-master and captain-general of the artillery of France, in reward for his public service,

especially at the battle of Marignan; finally, in 1542, all the rest of the royal domain in the Quartier de St. Paul, comprising a great number of hotels under different illustrious names, was sold, and the sites were soon occupied by fresh buildings. Scarcely any fragments of the vast royal palace remain. At the corner of the Rue de St. Paul and Rue des Lions is a tourelle, which may have belonged to one of the minor hotels of the royal colony.

"This street took its name from the building and the courts in which the large and small lions of the king were confined. One day that Francis I. was amusing himself by watching the lions fight, a lady, having let her glove fall, said to De Lorges, 'If you wish me to believe that you love me as much as you swear you do every day, go and pick up my glove.' De Lorges went down, picked up the glove amidst these terrible animals; came back and flung it at the lady's face, and then in spite of all her advances and allurements, would never see her again."—*De Saint-Foix*, "*Essais sur Paris*," 1776.

Of the streets on the left of the Rue de St. Paul, the Rue Charles V. leads to the *Rue de la Cerisaie*, where, at No. 21, are remains of the house which Philibert Delorme built for himself, and which he intended as a specimen of his finished work. His book, *Nouvelles inventions pour bien bastir*, draws attention to it as a model "estant le tout proposé par manière d'exémple et pour montrer comme l'on doit appliquer les fenêtres et portes." At the back of the garden of No. 22 is the façade of the back part of the house, with a winding staircase of massive stone.

The *Hôtel de Vieuville*, the courtyard of which opens on the left at the angle of the Rue de St. Paul and the Quai des Célestins, picturesque as it is in its high dormer windows of brick, only dates from the time of Henri III. It appears in the plan of Gomboust of 1652.

The old hotel behind the Hôtel de Vieuville is the

Hôtel des Lions du Roi, which was appropriated by Jacques de Geroilhac as his residence, in his quality of *grand écuyer*, because it adjoined the vast royal stables, which still exist, surmounted by granaries, lighted by lofty ornamented windows. The hotel has long been an establishment for distilled waters, but it retains some of its halls with painted ceilings, and walls decorated in stucco. Its entrance from the *Quai des Célestins*, much altered, is perhaps the main entrance to the royal palace of St. Paul, but a row of houses has taken the place of the fortified wall which protected the royal residence towards the river.

Opening from the Rue de St. Paul to the east is the *Rue Charles V.*, where No. 12 was the *Hôtel d'Aubray*, inhabited by the Marquise de Brinvilliers, the famous murderess. During her trial, Mme de Sévigné wrote—

"3 July, 1676. The trial of the Brinvilliers is still going on. She poisoned some pigeon pies, of which many persons died; she had no reason for getting rid of them, she was merely making experiments to assure herself of the effect of her poisons. The Chevalier du Guet, who had one of these nice dishes, died three or four years afterwards; she asked the other day if he were dead, and was answered 'no'; she turned round and said, 'He has a tough life.'"

and, after her execution—

"17 July, 1676. At length all is over. Brinvilliers is now in the air; her poor little body was thrown, after her execution, into a good large fire, and her ashes scattered to the wind; so that we are breathing her, and by the communication of little spirits, some poisonous humor will seize us, by which we shall be much astonished.

"Brinvilliers died as she had lived; that is to say, resolutely. She entered the place where they were to put her to the torture, and, seeing three buckets of water, said, 'That must certainly be to drown me; for it cannot be supposed that with my figure I can drink all that.' She listened to her sentence in the morning, without fear or weakness, and at the end asked them to recom-

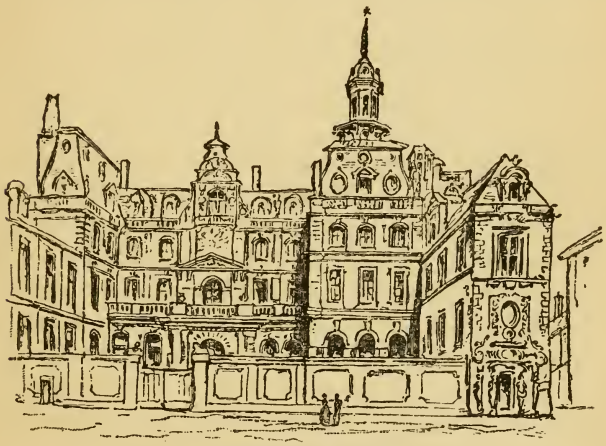
mence, as the word 'tumbril' had struck her at the beginning, and she had not given attention to the rest. She told her confessor, on the road, to place the executioner before her, *in order*, she added, *that she might not see that rogue, Degrais, who took her.* Degrais was on horseback in front of the tumbril. Her confessor reprimanded her for such a sentiment, and she replied, 'Oh, heavens, I beg your pardon ; let me see that strange sight.' She ascended, alone and barefoot, the ladder and the scaffold, and for a quarter of an hour she was put in trim, and her hair cut, and placed in this or that position by the executioner ; this caused much murmuring, and was a great cruelty. Next morning, her bones were collected, because the people believed she was a saint. She had, she said, two confessors ; one told her to confess everything, the other not ; she laughed at this diversity and said, 'I can conscientiously do what I please.' It pleased her to confess nothing."

Turning along the quay, at the angle of the Rue du Petit-Musc is the *Hôtel de Lavalette*, formerly Hôtel Fieubet, built under the regency of Anne of Austria, stately and beautiful, and decorated with paintings by Lesueur, though overcharged with ornament by Le Gros for its possessor since the Revolution.

"The Hôtel Fieubet is not as old as the Hôtel Vieuville, and had not changed its aspect till M. A. de Lavalette took the notion of completely remodelling it, by overcharging it with sculpture, which gives it a hybrid, yet very picturesque character. This beautiful house was built under the regency of Anne of Austria for one of her chancellors, Gaspard Fieubet, who became counsellor of state during the reign of Louis XIV., and was more inclined to intellect and wit than to the vanities of the court. He formed in his hotel a select society, and rivalled the *Saturdays* of Mlle de Scudéry. Poets took precedence of prose writers with Fieubet, who made a few verses and was the friend of la Fontaine."—*Paris à travers les âges.*

Behind the Boulevard Henri IV., on the west, was the Hôtel de Lesdiguières, built by the Italian financier Sébastien Zamet, the friend of Henri IV., who constantly came with Gabrielle d'Estrées to this hotel, called by the

people *le palais d'amour du roi.* It was after a supper here that Gabrielle first felt the pangs of which she died (1599), and which are supposed to have been caused by poison. After the death of Sébastien Zamet, in 1614, the hotel was sold to the Constable de Lesdiguières, who gave his name to it. A century later, 1717, the Czar Peter I., of Russia lodged there during his visit to Paris. The hotel has long been destroyed, but the formation of the boulevard disclosed



HÔTEL DE LAVALETTE.

the sculptured tomb of a cat of François Marguerite de Gondy, Duchesse de Lesdiguières, inscribed—

> "Cy-gist une chatte jolie ;
> Sa maitresse, qui n'aima rien,
> L'aima jusques à la folie . . .
> Pourquoi le dire ? On le voit bien."

The *Quai Henri IV.* beyond the Quai des Célestins, occupies the site of the Ile Louviers, now united to the mainland.

At the entrance of the Boulevard Henri IV., opposite the Hôtel de Lavalette, is the entrance of the *Rue de Sully*, bordered on the right by the building still called the *Arsenal*, though no cannon have been cast in Paris since the reign of Louis XIV. From the time of Philippe Auguste all weapons of war were made in the Louvre, till Charles V., for security, transferred the seat of government to the Hôtel de St. Paul. After this, weapons were manufactured within the walls of the hotel in the Marais, and were laid up in the great round Tour de Billy, which stood outside the city, beyond the Célestins.

Sully was made Grand Master of Artillery by Henri IV., who was constantly coming hither from the Louvre to visit him, and who, whilst Sully was looking after his magazines and foundries, delighted to improve the residence and gardens of his favorite minister. Sully built for the king Le Cabinet de Henri IV., a charming summer pavilion, containing one good chamber, with an oratory attached, looking upon the Ile Louviers. But one day, on his way to Sully at the Arsenal, the king was murdered.

Marie de Cossé-Brissac, wife of the Grand Master Duc de la Meilleraie, entrusted the internal decoration of the Cabinet de Henri IV.—which had never been completed—some say to Simon Vouet, others to Claude Vignon.

"The great room of the *Cabinet de Henri IV.*, which the duchesse designed to be her bed-room, was divided into two distinct parts by the subjects of the paintings that adorned it. In the larger part, the ceiling and wainscot represented allegorically the principal deeds of arms of Marshal de la Meilleraie; among others the siege of La Rochelle and that of Hesdin and the capture of several towns of Roussillon. It is indisputable then that these paintings were done in the year 1643 or 1644. A painting which appears original and may go back to the times of Sully, represents the entry of Henri IV. into Paris in 1594, when the Duke de Brissac opened the gates to him. This paint-

ing is a family memorial which Marie Cossé, duchesse de Meilleraie, must have kept to figure among the military trophies of her husband. In the smaller portion of the cabinet, which formed the *ruelle* and contained the state bed of the duchess, the artist has executed paintings in harmony with the destination of a bed-chamber; they represent the god of sleep, surrounded by happy dreams. The little chamber connecting with the cabinet of Henri IV. indicates, by the paintings that adorn it, that it was used as an oratory. There may be seen also on the ceiling, which presents subjects taken from the glories of heaven, the heroines of the Bible, to whom the painter has taken the liberty of adding the Maid of Orleans and the duchesse de Meilleraie herself. Her costume has been afterwards altered with a black widow's dress, when she lost her husband, whom her son succeeded as Grand Master of the Artillery at the Arsenal."—"*Paris à travers les âges.*"

The office of Grand Master of the Artillery was always given to the greatest personages of the Court. The Duc de la Meilleraie was succeeded by his son the Duc de Mazarin, then followed the Duc de Lude, 1669; and the Duc d'Humières, 1683. At this time the Arsenal was the seat of an extraordinary criminal tribunal, to inquire into the crimes of magic and poisoning, concerning which terrible revelations were made during the trial of the Marquise de Brinvilliers, and which involved the Comtesse de Soissons and many others of the greatest ladies in France. In 1694, Louis XIV. gave the office of Grand Master of Artillery to the Duc de Maine (his much-indulged son by Mme de Montespan), and his wife, Anne Louise de Bourbon-Condé, established herself there for a time, and inserted her portrait, as a nymph, by J. B. Vanloo, over the chimney-piece of the Cabinet de Henri IV. "L'arsenal était renversé pour y bâtir un beau logement pour le Duc de Maine," says St. Simon. The last Grand Master was his brother, the Comte de Toulouse.

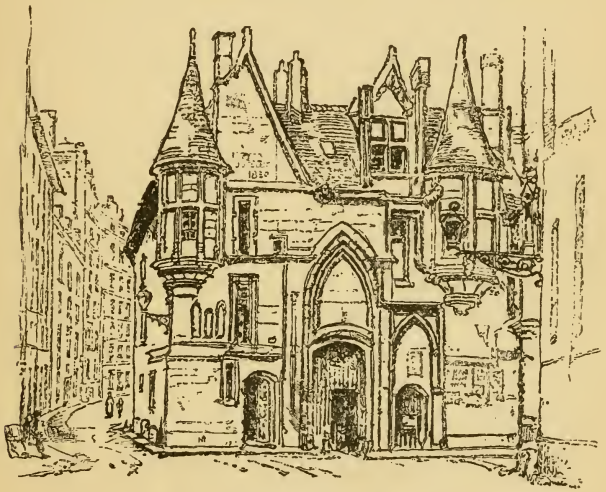
The old hotel of the Grand Master was rebuilt under

the Régent d'Orléans by Boffrand, but he preserved all that was interesting in the house, only encasing the outer walls which contained the rooms of Sully and Henri IV. When the office of Grand Master of Artillery was suppressed, that of Governor of the Arsenal remained, and to this Marc-Antoine René Voyer de Paulmy, son of the Marquis d'Argenson, was appointed. He cared nothing about cannons, but devoted his whole time and fortune to the acquisition of a magnificent library, which comprised 100,000 printed works and 3,000 MSS. Just before his death he sold his library to the Comte d'Artoise, who, by purchase, added to it the library of the Prince de Soubise. At the Revolution, the collection was seized and became a Public Library, and at the Restoration, when urged to claim what was his own, the Comte d'Artois refused to do so, only stipulating that the library should be called Bibliothèque de Monsieur. The library (open daily from 10 to 3, except on Sundays and holidays) is well worth visiting. Its collection now amounts to about 360,000 volumes, and is generally known as the *Bibliothèque de Paulmy*. It is especially rich in early French poetry.

In the *Rue de Figuier*, behind the Hôtel de St. Paul, will be found the remains of the *Hôtel de Sens*, once enwoven with the immense pile of buildings which formed the royal residence. Jean le Bon, returning from his captivity in London, was here for some time as the guest of the Archbishop of Sens. Charles V. bought the hotel from Archbishop Guillaume de Melun, but upon the destruction of the rest of the palace, that part which had belonged to them was restored to the Archbishop of Sens. In the beginning of the XVI. c. the hotel was rebuilt by Archbishop Tristan de Salazar.

Under Henri IV., the palace was inhabited for a time

by Marguerite de Valois (daughter of Henry II.), the licentious Reine Margot, when, after her divorce, she left Auvergne, and obtained the king's permission to establish herself in Paris. Here it is said she used to sleep habitually in a bed with black satin sheets, in order to give greater effect to the whiteness of her skin. She came to the hotel in August, 1605, and left it before a year was over, because, as she was returning from mass at the



HÔTEL DE SENS.

Célestins, her page and favorite Julien was shot dead at the *portière* of her carriage, in a fit of jealousy, by Vermond, one of her former lovers. The queen swore that she would neither eat nor drink till she was revenged on the assassin, and he was beheaded two days after, in her presence, opposite the hôtel. That evening she left Paris, never to return, as the people were singing under her windows—

"La Royne-Vénus demi-morte
De voir mourir devant sa porte,
Son Adonis, son cher Amour,
Pour vengeance a devant sa face
Fait défaire en la mesme place
L'assassin presque au mesme jour."

It was within the walls of the Hôtel de Sens, additionally decorated by Cardinal Dupont, that Cardinal de Pellevé, archbishop of Sens, one of the principal chiefs of the Ligue, united the leaders of the Catholic party, and there he died, March 22, 1594, whilst a *Te Deum* was being chanted at Notre Dame for the entry of the king to Paris.

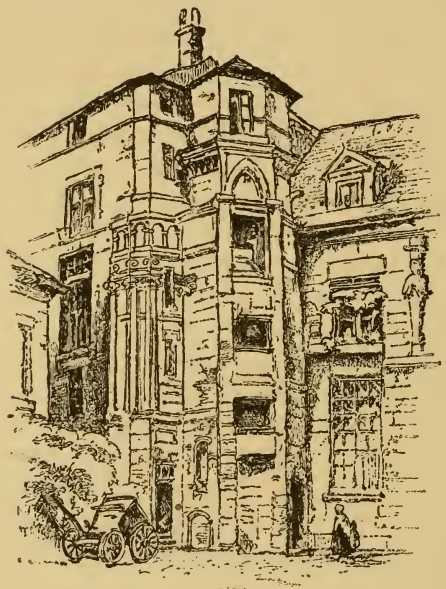
After the archbishops of Sens ceased to be metropolitans of Paris (which was raised from a bishopric to an archbishopric in 1622), they deserted their hotel, though they were only dispossessed as proprietors by the Revolution. In the last century the hotel became a diligence office; now a *fabrique de confitures* occupies the chamber of *la galante reine*, but the building is still a beautiful and important specimen of the first years of the XVI. c., and no one should fail to visit its gothic gateway defended by two encorbelled tourelles with high peaked roofs. A porch, with vaulting irregular in plan, but exquisite in execution; its brick chimneys, great halls, the square donjon tower at the back of the court, and the winding stair of the tourelle, remain entire; only the chapel has been destroyed. On the left of the entrance is an eight-pounder ball, which lodged in the wall, July 28, 1830, during the attack on the convent of Ave Maria.

A short distance hence, facing the Rue St. Antoine, is the *Church of St. Paul and St. Louis*, erected 1627–41, by François Derrand for Louis XIII., on the site of a Jesuit church built (1580) on ground formerly occupied by the

hotel of the Cardinal de Bourbon. Ravaillac, the murderer of Henri IV., declared that the Jesuit d'Aubigné met him in this earlier church and instigated his crime. The first mass in the present church was celebrated by Cardinal de Richelieu. The munificence of Louis XIII., who paid for the existing church, was commemorated by the Jesuits in a medal inscribed *Vicit ut David, aedificat ut Salomon.* Richelieu added the portal, from designs of the Jesuit Marcel Ange. The church has a reminiscence of St. Andrea della Valle and St. Ignazio at Rome, but is greatly their inferior. Two inscriptions on black marble against the last pillars of the nave commemorate Bourdaloue ("Hic jacet Bourdaloue"), 1704, and Huet, bishop of Avranches, 1721, buried here. The interesting monuments in this church, destroyed in the Revolution, included those of the great Condé and his father Henri de Bourbon, by Sarazin, also that of the cruel Chancellor René de Birague, now in the Louvre. The heart of Louis XIII. was also preserved here in a rich case by Sarazin, and the heart of Louis XIV. in a case by Coustou le Jeune. In the left transept is Christ in the garden of Olives, an early work of *Eugène Delacroix.* A representation of the Abbey of Longchamps is said to be by *Philippe de Champaigne.* In the right transept a picture of St. Isabelle (sister of St. Louis) offering that abbey to the Virgin is perhaps by the same hand. The crucifix in the sacristy comes from the old chapel of the Bastille. The shells which serve as bénitiers were given by Victor Hugo when his first child was baptized. The name of St. Paul was added to that of St. Louis when the old church of St. Paul was destroyed in 1796.

Around the fountain opposite the church, the Cour des Aides and the Chambre des Comptes fought for precedence at the funeral of Cardinal de Birague.

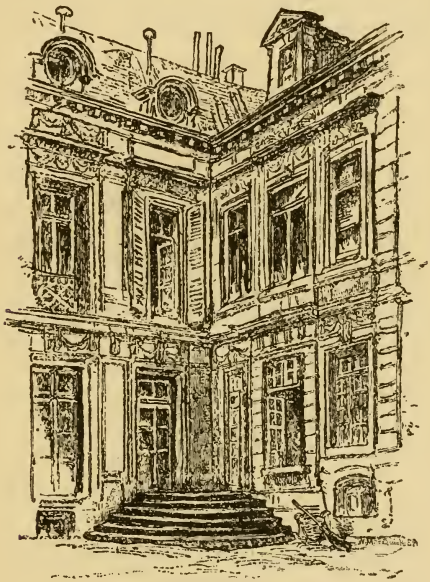
At No. 102 Rue St. Antoine is the entrance of the *Passage Charlemagne*, which crosses the courtyard of the *Hôtel du Prévot de Paris*, sometimes called *Hôtel de Graville*, *Hôtel d'Aubryot*, or *du Porc-épic*, which belonged to Hugues Aubryot, founder of the Bastille. We hear of his residing, not at the Petit Châtelet, the official residence



HÔTEL DU PRÉVÔT DE PARIS.

of the provosts, but (1381) at his hôtel, called Porc-épic—"à la poterne Saint-Pol." Having incurred the hatred of the University by his stern repression of its disorders, he was accused of heresy and favoring the Jews (a terrible crime at that time), and condemned, on a scaffold before Notre Dame, to pass the rest of his life "on the bread and water of affliction" in the dungeons of For l'Evêque,

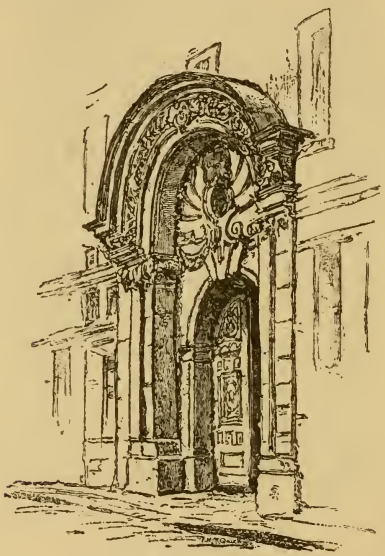
whence he was transferred to the Bastille, but, being set free in a popular insurrection, escaped to Burgundy. After the time of Aubryot, the hotel became a *séjour* of Louis d'Orléans, the builder of Pierrefonds, who created the order of Porc-épic. Then followed J. de Montaigu, the Connétable de Richemont, Estouteville, the Admiral



IN THE HÔTEL D'AUMONT.

de Graville and the Connétable de Montmorency, whose widow sold it to the Cardinal de Bourbon, by whom it was bequeathed to the Jesuits, after which it became a dependance of their college, now Lycée Charlemagne. In the plan of Paris of 1570, attributed to Du Cerceau, this hotel is inscribed as "Logis du Preuost de Paris." The buildings are of the time of François I. They are very little

known, and have therefore happily escaped "restoration," so that their color is glorious. In the dark arcades of the court, the delicate friezes, broadly over-hanging eaves, arched doorways, twisted staircase, brilliant flowers in the windows, bright glints of green seen through dark entries, and figures and costumes full of color—for such are still to be seen in the Marais—an artist may find at least a dozen subjects worthy of his skill.



GATE OF HÔTEL DE LUXEMBOURG.

The southern side of the Hôtel du Prévôt opens upon the *Rue Charlemagne,* formerly Rue des Jardins St. Paul, where there is much to repay a student of street architecture. In this street Rabelais died and Molière passed the first years of his dramatic apprenticeship. In the court of the barrack is a tower given by Charles VIII. to

the nuns of the Ave Maria. Crossing the *Rue des Nonnains d'Hyères*, so called from an offshoot of the Abbey of Hyères established here in 1182, we reach the *Rue de Jouy*, where the Abbot of Jouy had his residence. Its site is now occupied by the *Hôtel d'Aumont*, built by François Mansart for the Duc d'Aumont. It afterwards belonged to the Abbé Terray. The courtyard is magnificent, and there are several richly-decorated rooms, though the splendid ceiling on which Lebrun represented the apotheosis of Romulus is gone. Altogether this is one of the finest hotels of the period in France. It is now occupied as the *Pharmacie Générale.* In the garden was once a *Vénus couchée*, regarded as a masterpiece of Auguier.

On the left opens the *Rue Geoffroy d'Asnier*, where we find the *Hôtel de Châlons Luxembourg*, of the XVII. c., with an entrance gate of noble proportions. Its little courtyard of brick and stone is very richly decorated with masks and pilasters after the fashion of the time. The entrance is preceded by a *perron.*

Almost opposite, down a narrow entry, we have a most picturesque view of the back of the old Church of St. Gervais: though at the end of the alley, as we emerge into sunshine, we seem to enter upon a younger Paris, and leave the narrow historic streets of the Marais. The last of these, however, at the back of the church, is the *Rue des Barres*, where the handsome Louis de Bourdon, one of the lovers of Queen Isabeau de Bavière, was met by Charles VI., as he was on his way to his mistress. The king ordered Tannegui du Chatel to arrest him, and he was tried that night, sewn up in a sack, and thrown into the Seine, with these words upon the sack—"Laissez passer la justice du roi."[1]

[1] Monstrelet, p. 244.

The church of *Sts. Gervais and Protais*,[1] founded under Childebert I. in the VI. c., is chiefly XVI. c. The Grecian portico, intensely admired at the time of its erection, was added in 1616 by the greatest architect of the time of Louis XIII.—Jacques Debrosse.

"Debrosse squandered very distinguished talents in unhappy attempts to unite the three Greek orders superimposed to a principle incompatible with the antique system of construction. The porch of St. Gervais, stuck to a Gothic church, could only be admired at a period when the notion of harmony in art was lost."—*Martin*, "*Hist. de France.*"

"St. Gervais, which a porch *in good taste* has ruined."—*Victor Hugo.*

The gothic tower on the north had a classical story added at the same time with the portico. The interior is one of the best specimens of gothic architecture in Paris. The XVIII. c. ornaments of the high-altar belonged to the abbey church of St. Geneviève. The XVI. c. stalls are the only ones of the kind in Paris. The subjects on the *miséricordes* are exceedingly curious. The second chapel of the choir contains a fine (restored) window by Robert Pinaigrier, 1531. Only fragments remain of glorious windows by Jean Cousin. In the chapel, right of the apse, is the tomb, by Mazeline and Hurtelle, of the Chancellor Michel le Tellier, 1685, preserved in the museum of the Petits-Augustins during the Revolution. His son, the Archbishop of Reims, the chancellors Louis Boucherat and Charles Voysin, the painter Philippe de Champaigne, the philosopher Ducange, and the poet Crébillon, were buried here in the vaults, but their tombs are destroyed. The Lady Chapel, of 1417, is a beautiful specimen of flamboyant gothic, spoilt by paint and gilding. The three

[1] Martyred at Milan under Nero.

windows of the apse are attributed to Pinaigrier. The vaulting is a chef-d'œuvre.

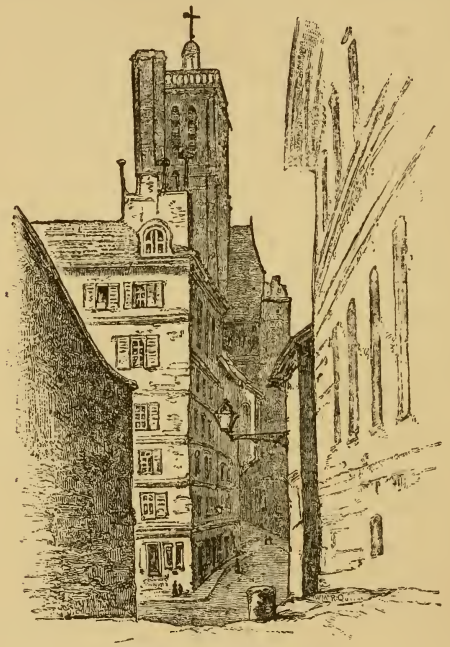
"Without lingering longer on the pendentive keystones, or the little angels suspended in the groins, we must mention the crown, perforated clear through, which seems to descend from the vaulting, as a magnificent emblem of that which the Virgin received in heaven. It is six feet across and three feet and a half in depth. Of course, iron has here come to the assistance of the builder's skill. But, still, it required much practical dexterity, even with this aid, to overcome the difficulties of cutting and to place such a piece of ornamentation as the brothers Jacquet accomplished, who were regarded, for other reasons, as the most ingenious masons of their time. The date of 1547 is visible in letters in relief on the rim of the crown. A fortified donjon and some stars recall the titles of *Tower of David* and *Star of the Morning*, given in the litanies to the mother of Jesus."—*De Guilhermy.*

The chapel of St. Denis (left transept) has a picture (1500), of many compartments, representing the Passion and Crucifixion, attributed to *Albert Durer*. From the first chapel of the nave (descending) is entered the oratory, called the *Chapelle de Scarron*, built by Jacques Betaud, Président de la Cour des Comptes (1684), and adorned by Francks with Scriptural subjects, the saints being represented in periwigs. Paul Scarron, first husband of Mme de Maintenon, was buried here. In the chapel of St. Philomène the saint is represented in a grotto. The altar-piece of the chapel of St. Laurence is XVI. c.: but all the best pictures of the church have been carried off to the Louvre. St. Gervais was one of the especial scenes of the Fête de la Raison.

"At St. Germain, there was no banquet at the ceremony; the women from the market St. Jean came in with fish knives, and all the church smelled of herrings. The saloop sellers clinked their glasses, to quench the thirst produced by the salted food. There was a ball in the Lady Chapel, where some lamps that gave out more smoke than light, served for chandeliers. In

fact, in order not to leave a single moment for modesty, night was added to depravity, so that in the midst of the confusion of these assemblies, the abominable lusts, kindled during the day, might be freely gratified during the darkness."—*Mercier*, "*Le Nouveau Paris*."

A house, now pulled down, which concealed the view of the portico de St. Gervais, was long inhabited by Voltaire.



AT THE BACK OF ST. GERVAIS.

The open space in front of St. Gervais was long known as Place du Martroy. This name, with that of the Rue du Martroy (from *martreium*, *martyrium*), commemorated the many executions which took place there, beginning with a priest and a woman burnt for heresy and a relapsed Jew—

under Philippe le Bel; followed (April, 1314) by the horrible execution of Philippe and Gauthier d'Aulnay, the supposed lovers of Marguerite and Blanche, wives of Louis le Hutin and his brother and successor Charles—roasted, mutilated, and finally beheaded.

We now reach the *Hôtel de Ville*, rebuilt by Ballu and Deperthes after the destruction (May 24, 1871) of its more magnificent predecessor during the reign of the Commune, which had been proclaimed there on the 26th of the preceding March. The name of the *Salle St. Jean* is all that recalls the existence of the old church of St. Jean-en-Grève,[1] once the baptistery of St. Gervais, where the miraculous Host of the Rue des Billettes was constantly adored, and which was afterwards swallowed up in the buildings of the municipal palace.

From Roman times Paris, or Lutèce, as a municipal town, had administrators elected by the chief citizens, with a préfet named by government, who afterwards took the name of comte, then of vicomte. These early préfets resided on the Isle de la Cité, and the earliest municipal council appears to have been the Collège des Nautes (Bateliers), which held its meetings on the island, on the site afterwards occupied by the Hôtel des Ursins. It is supposed, however, that the first building erected as a kind of Hôtel de Ville was an old edifice (only destroyed in 1744) near the Petit Pont. At the same time Le Parloir aux Bourgeois, which existed in the Rue St. Jacques, was a tribunal of commerce.

It was Etienne Marcel, mayor of Paris, who first established the municipal council at the Place de Grève, at that

[1] Famous in 1508 for the revivalist sermons of Frère Maillard, the Savonarola of France. His vigorous, fearless discourses (*Maillardi Sermones*) are well worth examining, as an exposure of the luxury and licentiousness of the time, especially amongst the clergy.

time the only large square in Paris. In July, 1357, he purchased as *un Hostel de Ville* the Maison aux Piliers, which had been inhabited by Clémence d'Hongrie, widow of Louis le Hutin, and which afterwards took the name of Maison du Dauphin ("Domus domini Delphini in Grieve") from her nephew and heir, Guy, Dauphin de Viennois. In 1532 a new Hôtel de Ville was begun and finished by the architect Marin de la Vallée in the reign of Henri IV. This was so much altered by successive restorations and revolutions that only a staircase, two monumental chimney-pieces in the Salle du Trône, and some sculptured doorways and other details remained from the interior decorations in the old building at the time of its destruction.

Till the time of Louis XVI. the history of the Hôtel de Ville was entirely local; after that it became the history of France. It was there that Louis XVI. received the tri-colored cockade from Bailly, mayor of Paris, July 17, 1789; and there, in the chamber called, from its hangings, Le Cabinet Vert,[1] that Robespierre was arrested, in the name of the Convention, during one of the meetings of the Commune, July 27, 1794.

"Here, in the great hall, the Robespierrists awaited in silence the result of the appeal to the sections. Robespierre and his more immediate friends had withdrawn to an adjoining room for private conversation. Suddenly several shots were heard in the hall, and a terrible report spread like wildfire that Robespierre had taken his own life. On receiving the intelligence that the National Guard had everywhere decided for the Convention, St. Just and Lebas called on their chief to go forth in person and lead his few faithful followers to attack the Convention. When Robespierre, broken in spirit, refused compliance, Lebas, who on the previous day had already expected an unfavorable issue,

[1] This famous room was pulled down before the destruction of the late Hôtel de Ville.

cried, 'Well, then, there is nothing left for us but to die.' He had a pair of pistols with him, one of which he handed to Robespierre, and shot himself with the other at the same moment. St. Just remained on this occasion and during the whole day in a state of gloomy repose, but Robespierre put his weapon to his mouth and pulled the trigger with an unsteady finger; in his hesitation he shattered his chin, but did not wound himself mortally. Almost at the same moment Léonard Bourdon led his troops into the Hôtel de Ville, where the city party, in their wild confusion and despair, were unable to decide on any common course of action. The younger brother of Robespierre jumped out of the window to the pavement, but was still alive when he was seized below. Henriot was shot through the panes by one of his own party who was enraged at his want of self-possession, and fell upon a heap of rubbish only slightly wounded. They were all arrested within a few minutes. After the declaration of outlawry there was no need of any further judicial proceedings, but it was not until the afternoon that the preparations for their execution had been completed. Robespierre had been laid on a table, with a box under his wounded head; he remained still and silent, and only moved to wipe the blood, which flowed copiously from his face, with pieces of paper; he heard nothing about him but words of wrath and triumph, yet he never moved a muscle, and regarded his persecutors with fixed and glassy eyes. At last the carts arrived to bear him and his twenty-one companions to the place of execution. On the scaffold the executioner tore away the scanty bandage from his head, and then he uttered a shrill cry of pain, the first sound which had proceeded from him since his arrest, and the last. On the following day seventy-one members of the municipality followed him to death: the Reign of Terror ended in a terrible sea of blood."—*Heinrich von Sybel*, "*Hist. of the Revolution.*"

After the fall of Robespierre it was seriously proposed to pull down the Hôtel de Ville, because it had been his last asylum—"Le Louvre de Robespierre." It was only saved by the common-sense of Léonard Bourdon.

But most of all, in the popular recollection, is the Hôtel de Ville connected with public fêtes—with those on the second marriage of Napoleon I. (1810), on the entry

of Louis XVIII. (1814), on the coronation of Charles X. (1825), on the marriage of the Duke of Orleans (1837), on the visits of different foreign potentates to Napoleon III. Here also was the Republic proclaimed, September 4, 1870.

It was in one of the windows of the Hôtel de Ville that Louis Philippe embraced Lafayette (August, 1830) in sight of the people, to evince the union of the July monarchy with the bourgeoisie. On the steps of the building Louis Blanc proclaimed the Republic, February 24, 1848. From September 4, 1870, to February 28, 1871, the hotel was the seat of the "gouvernement de la défense nationale," and from March 19 to May 22, 1871, that of the pretended "Comité du salut public" of the Communists. On May 24 it was burnt by its savage defenders, many of whom happily perished in the flames.

The *Place de l'Hôtel de Ville* is so modernized that it retains nothing of the Place de Grève but its terrible historic associations. Amongst the many fearful executions here, it is only necessary to recall that of Jean Hardi, torn to pieces by four horses (March 30, 1473) on an accusation of trying to poison Louis XI.; that of the Comte de St. Pol (December 19, 1475), long commemorated by a pillar; those of a long list of Protestants, opened by the auto-de-fé of Jacques de Povanes, student of the University, in 1525; that of Nicolas de Salcède, Sieur d'Auvillers, torn to pieces by four horses in the presence of the king and *queens*, for conspiracy to murder the Duc d'Anjou, youngest son of Catherine de Medicis. More terrible still was the execution of Ravaillac (May 27, 1610), murderer of Henri IV.

"The executioner cut off his hand with an axe, and threw it and the murderous knife into the fire. His breasts, his arms and

his legs were torn with pincers, and boiling oil and melted lead poured into the open wounds. He was then dismembered by four strong horses, which pulled for no less than an entire hour. They dismembered only a corpse. 'He expired,' said L'Estoile, 'at the second or third pull (*tirade*). When the executioner had to throw the limbs into the fire that the ashes, according to the sentence, might be flung to the winds, the whole crowd rushed on to claim them.' 'But,' adds the same chronicler, 'the people rushed on so impetuously that every mother's son had a piece, even the children, who made fires of them at the corners of the streets.'"—*Paris à travers les âges.*

The next great execution here was that of Leonora Galigaï, Maréchale d'Ancre, foster-sister of Marie de Medicis, beheaded, crying, "Oimé poveretta!" Then came three noble young men, a Montmorency, a Bouteville, and a Des Chapelles, executed for having fought in the duel of three against three, June 27, 1627. The Maréchal de Marillac, executed by Richelieu, was allowed to suffer upon a scaffold on the steps of the Hôtel de Ville. Under Louis XIV. came the execution of the Marquise de Brinvilliers, of whom Mme de Sévigné wrote (in allusion to her ashes being thrown to the winds): "Enfin, c'en est fait, la Brinvilliers est en l'air." March 28, 1757, was marked by the horrible execution of Damiens, the fanatic who tried to kill Louis XV.

"The aforesaid prisoner, we read in the official report, was bound to the scaffold, where at first he had his hand burnt, holding in the same the knife with which he committed the parricide. His nipples, arms, thighs and calves were torn by pincers, and into the said places was poured melted lead, boiling oil, pitch and sulphur melted together; during all this punishment the prisoner kept crying, 'My God, strength, strength! O Lord, my God, have pity on me! O Lord, my God, how I suffer! O Lord, my God, give me patience!' At length he was drawn by four horses, and after several pulls was dismembered and the limbs and body thrown into the fire."—*Paris à travers les âges.*

After the capture of the Bastille its brave governor,

M. de Launay, was beheaded on the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, and his major, M. de Losme-Salbray, was massacred under the Arcade St. Jean. These were the first victims of the Revolution. Foulon, Intendant du Commerce, suffered here soon afterwards, hung from the cords by which a lamp was suspended, whence the expression, which soon resounded in many a popular refrain, of "mettre les aristocrats à la lanterne"—especially in the famous "carillon national:"[1]

'Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Les aristocrate' à la lanterne!
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Les aristocrate', on les pendra."

"The ex-minister Foulon was conducted to the Hôtel de Ville. He was detested by the people; he was accused of peculation during the Seven Years' War, of great harshness, and of the improbable remark that 'the people would be too happy if they had grass to eat.' . . . The report of the electors shows what efforts La Fayette made to rescue the unhappy man from the inexpressible rage of the people, and it is impossible to say what would have been the result when terrible cries came from the square of the Hôtel de Ville. Several voices, at the end of the hall, exclaimed that the Palais Royal and the Faubourg St. Antoine were coming to take away the prisoner. The stairs and passages of the Hôtel de Ville resounded with appalling cries. A new crowd pressed on the crowd that filled already the large hall; all were in confusion at once, and all borne on with violence towards the desk and the table where M. Foulon was seated. The chair was upset, and then M. de la Fayette pronounced in a loud voice the words, 'Take him to prison!'

"To this account, which is exact, it must be added that M. de la Fayette, after again attempting to appease the multitude, was loudly applauded, when Foulon took the unfortunate notion of applauding also. A voice exclaimed, 'See, there is an understanding between them!' At these words, Foulon, torn from the hands of the electors, who surrounded and endeavored to protect him, was dragged out and massacred at the Grève, while

[1] Sung at 'la première Fédération, July 14, 1790.

there was not the physical possibility for La Fayette, I do not say to protect him, but even to make himself heard."—*La Fayette*, "*Mémoires.*"

Louvel, the murderer of the Duc de Berry, was the last person executed at the Place de Grève, his last request having been granted, that he might go into mourning for himself!

It was here that a pig ran between the legs of the horse which the young king Philippe (son of Louis le Gros) was riding, and caused the fall of which he died the next day (October, 1131), in consequence of which it was forbidden to any one to let his pigs wander in the streets, those of the abbey of St. Antoine only being excepted, out of respect to their patron saint.[1]

The Pont de la Grève is now the Pont d'Arcole.

"On the 28th July, 1830, during the attack on the Hôtel de Ville by the Parisians, a young man, one of the group of combatants who where firing from the Cité on the Place de Grève, darted on the bridge, and almost at once fell mortally wounded, crying, '*Souvenez-vous que je m'appelle d'Arcole!*' Truth or fable devised by popular imagination, this gave the bridge the name it still bears."—*Frédéric Lock.*

Now the magnificent *Tour de St. Jacques* rises before us. It is the only remnant of a great church—St. Jacques de la Boucherie, which formerly gave sanctuary to murderers. The church dated from the XI. c. to the XV. c., but was sold and pulled down during the Revolution. The tower, which dates from the reign of Louis XII., 1508–22, is the finest in Paris. It looked far better, however, when rising from a group of houses, than on the meaningless platform which now surrounds it, and, unfortunately, instead of restoring the old chapel of St. Quentin, which formerly existed beneath it, the tower has been used as a canopy

[1] Saint-Foix, *Essais hist. sur Paris.*

for a feeble *Statue of Pascal* by Cavelier, placed here because from hence he continued his experiments on the weight of the air, begun in the Puy-de-Dôme. There is a fine view from the summit of the tower, where the north-west pinnacle is surmounted by a statue of St. James the Great by Rault, the others by the mystic animals of the Evangelists; a spire thirty feet high once crowned the whole. Different confraternities had their chapels in the church. In that of the spur-makers, both on the windows and cornice, were representations of the XV. c. philanthropist Nicolas Flamel, who was buried here (1417) with his wife Pérenelle (1397); his curious gravestone is now in the Hôtel de Cluny with an epitaph ending in the lines—

"De terre je suis venu et en terre retorne,
L'âme rends à toi J.H.S. qui les péchiés pardonne."[1]

The Boulevard de Sébastopol now leads past the tower to the *Place du Châtelet*, where the ugly *Fontaine de la Victoire*, designed by Bralle, marks the site of the picturesque and curious old fortress of Le Grande Châtelet, through which a vaulted passage formed the approach to the Rue St. Denis from the Pont du Change, formerly lined with houses. The fortress, which had a massive tower at the north-east angle, was of considerable size, and enclosed several courtyards, surrounded by prisons, known by familiar and often very terrible names. The horrors of the prisons and of the torture chamber of the Châtelet were portrayed in the verses of Clément Marot and in

[1] It was long believed in Paris that Nicolas and Pérenelle were not really dead. It was said that they had feigned sickness, caused two logs of wood to be buried in their place, and escaped to Switzerland, thence to Asia Minor, where Paul Lucas, a traveller of the end of the XVII. c., affirms that he met a dervish who had recently seen them and knew them intimately. See *Voyage de Paul Lucas dans l'Asie-Mineurè*, vol. ii. ch. 12.

endless engravings and ballads, through a long course of years. In the crypt, under "le père des lettres," François I., "on donnait aux imprimeurs relaps la question à seize crans." On September 2, 1792, 214 prisoners were massacred in the Châtelet. Within the valuted passage, on entering from the river, was a morgue, predecessor of that now existing on the island.

Between the Châtelet and the bridge, on the east side, were, first, a "Parloir aux Bourgeois," in which municipal meetings were held, and then the church of St. Leuffroi, which dated from 1113. The monks of the abbey of St. Croix de Leuffroi in the diocese of Evreux, had brought hither the bodies of Sts. Leuffroi and Thuriaf to preserve them from the Normans. When the danger was over they reclaimed their relics, but could only obtain an arm of St. Thuriaf. The church was rebuilt in the XIV. c., but was pulled down in 1684 to enlarge the prisons of the Châtelet. In the last century a narrow street called Rue Trop-va-qui-dure (an inexplicable name) ran between the front of the Châtelet with its great round towers, and a block of buildings called the Pointe du Pont au Change, on the front of which, facing down the bridge, was a curious monument to Louis XIII., on which he was represented with Anne of Austria and Louis XIV. as an infant.

The money-changers took possession of the Grand Pont in the middle of the XII. c., after which it received the name of the *Pont au Change*. Here, in accordance with an old custom, when a sovereign made his first public entry into Paris, the bird-sellers were bound to give liberty to 2,400 birds, "so that the air was darkened by the beating of their wings." The bridge was rebuilt in 1639, and is the widest of the Parisian bridges.

The *Avenue Victoria*, which runs behind the site of the

Châtelet, crosses (a little to the north-west) the site of the Hôtel du Chevalier du Guet, a curious gothic building, dating from the time of St. Louis, and used as a mairie, till its most deplorable destruction in 1864. A little further, in the Rue des Orfèvres, a narrow street between this and St. Germain l'Auxerrois, stood the Chapelle St. Eloy, dating from 1403, but rebuilt by Philibert Delorme, with ornaments by Germain Pilon. It was sold in the Revolution.

A house behind the Quai de la Mégisserie, at the corner of Rue Bertin-Poirée and Rue St. Germain l'Auxerrois, stands on the substructions of For l'Evêque (Forum Episcopi),[1] the seat of the temporal jurisdiction of the bishops of Paris. Here the bishop's provost inflicted his sentences. If people were to be burned alive it must be outside the banlieue of Paris, but if only their ears were to be cut off it would be executed at the Place du Trahoir. Du Chastel, who tried to murder Henri IV. at the Hôtel du Bouchage, was imprisoned here. For l'Evêque was suppressed under Louis XVI. by the advice of Necker.

The *Place du Châtelet* is the point where curious visitors usually enter *Subterranean Paris*, with its vast system of sewers (*égouts*). They are generally shown once every week in summer. Visitors must make a written application to the Préfet de la Seine, who will send a card of admittance announcing the time and starting-point. The ramifications of the vast system by which the drainage of Paris is conducted are a very curious sight, and evil odors are not much to be dreaded.

"Digging the sewerage of Paris was no small task. The last ten centuries have toiled at it without being able to finish, no

[1] Adrien de Valois says that the name came from the Four l'Evêque, because there was an oven here whither the bishop's vassals came to bake their bread.

more than they could finish Paris. The sewer, in fact, receives all the counterstrokes of the growth of Paris. It is in the ground a species of dark polype with a thousand antennæ, which grows below, equally with the city above. Each time that the city forms a street, the sewer stretches out an arm. The old monarchy only constructed twenty-three thousand three hundred metres of drain, and Paris had reached that point on January 1st, 1806. From this period, to which we shall presently revert, the work has been usefully and energetically taken up and continued. Napoleon built—and the figures are curious—four thousand eight hundred and four metres; Charles X., ten thousand eight hundred and thirty-six; Louis Philippe, eighty-nine thousand and twenty; the Republic of 1848, twenty-three thousand three hundred and eighty-one; the present government seventy thousand five hundred; altogether two hundred and twenty-six thousand six hundred metres, or sixty leagues of sewer—the enormous entrails of Paris—an obscure ramification constantly at work, an unknown and immense construction.

"At the present day the sewer is clean, cold, straight and correct, and almost realizes the ideal of what is understood in England by the word 'respectable.' It is neat and gray; built with the plumb-line, we might almost say coquettishly. It resembles a contractor who has become a councillor of state. You almost see clearly in it, and the mud behaves itself decently. At the first glance you might be inclined to take it for one of those subterranean passages so common formerly, and so useful for the flights of monarchs and princes in the good old times 'when the people loved its kings.' The present sewer is a handsome sewer, the pure style prevails there; the classic rectilinear Alexandrine, which, expelled from poetry, appears to have taken refuge in architecture, seems blended with all the stones of this long, dark, and white vault; each vomitory is an arcade, and the Rue de Rivoli sets the fashion even in the cloaca. However, if the geometric line be anywhere in its place, it is assuredly so in the stercoreous trench of a great city, where everything must be subordinated to the shortest road. The sewer has at the present day assumed a certain official aspect, and the police reports of which it is sometimes the object, are no longer deficient in respect to it. The words which characterize it in the administrative language are lofty and dignified; what used to be called a gut is now called a gallery, and what used to be a hole is now a 'look.' This net-work of cellars still has its population of rodents, pul-

lulating more than ever; from time to time a rat, an old mustache, ventures his head at the window of the drain and examines the Parisians; but even these vermin are growing tame, as they are satisfied with their subterranean palace. The cloaca no longer retains its primitive ferocity, and the rain which sullied the drain of olden times, washes that of the present day. Still, do not trust to it too entirely, for miasmas still inhabit it, and it is rather hypocritical than irreproachable. In spite of all the prefecture of police and the board of health have done, it exhales a vague suspicious odor, like Tartuffe after confession." —*Victor Hugo*, "*Les Misérables*."

Zola describes the marvellous effects of sunset which so many will have admired from the quays on this side of the Seine.

"On days when the sky was clear, as they debouched from the Pont Louis Philippe, the whole valley of the quays—immense, infinite—unfolded before them. From one end to the other, the sloping sun warmed with golden notes the houses on the right bank, while the left bank, the islands and the buildings, stood out a clear cut black line against the flaming glory of the sunset. Between this brilliant margin and this sombre margin, the Seine gleamed, all spangled, cut by the thin bars of its bridges, the five arches of the Pont Notre Dame beneath the single arch of the Pont d'Arcole, then the Pont au Change, then the Pont Neuf, finer and ever finer, displayed, each beyond its shadow, a bright streak of light and a water of blue satin, pale as if reflected in a mirror; and while the twilight outlines on the left were terminated by the silhouette of the pointed towers of the Palais de Justice, drawn in charcoal on the void, a soft curve swept round to the right in clear radiance, so long drawn out, so lost in distance, that the pavilion of Flora, far away, standing forth like a citadel at the extreme point, seemed a castle of dreamland, blue, light and quivering in the midst of the rosy vapors of the horizon. But they, bathed in sunlight beneath the leafless planetrees, turned their eyes away from this dazzling splendor, to rest them on certain nooks always the same, a block of very old houses above the Mail, little shops of old metal trumpery and fishing tackle in one story, surmounted by terraces, green with laurels and virgin vines; then, behind, higher houses, dilapidated, with clothes at the windows, a whole pile of quaint

constructions, an interlacing of wood-work and masonry, of crumbling walls and hanging gardens, where balls of glass shone like stars. They walked on, and soon left the great buildings that follow, the Barracks, the Hôtel de Ville, to centre their attention on the other bank of the stream, on the Cité, packed in its straight smooth walls, without a beach. Above the shadowy houses, the towers of Notre Dame looked, in their resplendence, newly gilt. Old book-stalls began to invade the parapets, a lighter laden with charcoal was struggling against the terrible current, beneath an arch of the Pont Notre Dame. And there, on the market days for flowers, in spite of the severity of the season, they paused to breathe the first violets and the early gilliflowers. On the left, nevertheless, the bank still stretched, lengthening out; beyond the pepper-castor turrets of the Palais de Justice, appeared the little faded houses of the Quai de l'Horloge down to the clumps of trees beyond the embankment; then, as they still advanced, other quays leaped out of the mist; far off, the Quai de Voltaire, the Quai Malaquais, the cupola of the Institute, the square building of the Mint, a long gray line of façades where even the windows were indistinguishable, a promontory of roofs, which the chimney-pots made resemble a rocky cliff, were plunged in the midst of a phosphorescent sea. In front, on the contrary, the Pavillon de Flore came out of dreamland and grew solid in the last flashes of the orb. And then, to right, to left, on each bank of the water, were distant perspectives of the Boulevard Sébastopol, and the Boulevard du Palais; the new buildings of the Quai de la Mégisserie, and the new Prefecture of Police in front, the old Pont Neuf with the ink-stain on its statue, the Louvre, the Tuileries, then, beyond Grenelle, distances without limit, the slopes of Sèvres and the country bathed in a flood of rays."—*Zola*, "*L'Œuvre*."

CHAPTER IV.

THE FAUBOURG ST. ANTOINE AND PÈRE-LA-CHAISE.

THE Faubourg St. Antoine has always borne an active part in the different revolutions. It was at the entrance of the street bearing the name, on the left of the Place de la Bastille, that the great barricade of June, 1848, was erected.

"The St. Antoine barricade was monstrous, it was three stories high and seven hundred feet in width. It barred from one corner to the other the vast mouth of the Faubourg, that is to say, three streets; ravined, slashed, serrated, surmounted by an immense jagged line, supported by piles which were themselves bastions, pushing out capes here and there, and powerfully reinforced by the two great promontories of the houses of the Faubourg, it rose like a Cyclopean wall at the back of the formidable square which had seen July 14. There were nineteen barricades erected in the streets behind the mother barricade, only on seeing it you felt in the Faubourg the immense agonizing suffering which had reached that extreme stage in which misery desires a catastrophe. Of what was this barricade made? of three six-storied houses demolished expressly some say, of the prodigy of all anger others say. It possessed the lamentable aspect of all the buildings of hatred, ruin. You might ask who built this? and you might also ask who destroyed this? It was the improvisation of the ebullition. Here with that door, that grating, that awning, that chimney, that broken stove, that cracked stew-pan. Give us anything, throw everything in! push, roll, pick, dismantle, overthrow, and pull down everything! it was a collaboration of the pavement-stones, beams, iron bars, planks,

broken windows, unseated chairs, cabbage-stalks, rags, tatters, and curses. It was great and it was little, it was the abyss parodied on the square by the tohubohu. It was the mass side by side with the atom, a pulled-down wall and a broken pipkin, a menacing fraternization of all fragments, into which Sysiphus had cast his rock and Job his potsherds. Altogether it was terrible, it was the acropolis of the barefooted. Overturned carts studded the slope, an immense wain spread out across it, with its wheels to the sky, and looked like a scar on this tumultuous façade, an omnibus gayly hoisted by strength of arm to the very top of the pile, as if the architects of this savage edifice had wished to add mockery to the horror, offered its bare pole to the horses of the air. This gigantic mound, the alluvium of the riot, represented to the mind an Ossa upon Pelion of all revolutions, '93 upon '89, the 9th Thermidor upon the 10th August, the 18th Brumaire upon January 21st, Vendemiaire upon Prairial, 1848 upon 1830. The square was worth the trouble, and this barricade was worthy of appearing upon the very spot whence the Bastille had disappeared. If the ocean made dykes it would build them in this way, and the fury of the tide was stamped on this shapeless encumbrance. What tide? the people. You fancied that you saw a petrified riot, and heard the enormous dark bees of violent progress humming about this barricade as if they had their hive there. Was it a thicket? was it a Bacchanalian feast? was it a fortress? Vertigo seemed to have built it with the flapping of its wings. There was a sewer in this redoubt, and something Olympian in this mass. You saw there in a pell-mell full of desperation, gables of roofs, pieces of garrets with their painted paper, window-frames with all their panes planted in the confusion and awaiting the cannon, pulled down mantel-pieces, chests of drawers, tables, benches, a howling overthrow, and those thousand wretched things cast away even by a beggar which contain at once fury and nothingness. It may be said that it was the rags of a people, rags of wood, of iron, of bronze, of stone, and that the Faubourg St. Antoine had swept them to their door with a gigantic broom, and made a barricade of their misery. Logs resembling executioners' blocks, anvil frames of the shape of gallows, broken chains, horizontal wheels emerging from the heap, produced on this edifice of anarchy the representation of the old punishment suffered by the people. The St. Antoine barricade made a weapon of everything. All that civil war can throw at the head of society came from it; it was not a

fight, but a paroxysm: the muskets which defended this redoubt, among which were several blunderbusses, discharged stones, bones, coat-buttons, and even the castors of night-commodes, very dangerous, owing to the copper. This barricade was furious, it hurled an indescribable clamor into the clouds; at certain moments when challenging the army it was covered with a crowd and a tempest, it had a prickly crest of guns, sabres, sticks, axes, pikes, and bayonets, a mighty red flag fluttered upon it in the breeze, and the cries of command, the songs of attack, the rolling of the drum, the sobs of women, and the sardonic laughter of men dying of starvation, could be heard there. It was immeasurable and living, and a flash of lightning issued from it as from the back of an electric animal. The spirit of revolution covered with its cloud this summit, where that voice of the people which resembles the voice of God was growling, and a strange majesty was disengaged from this Titanic mass of stones. It was a dung-heap, and it was Sinai."—*Victor Hugo*, "*Les Misérables.*"

On the third day of the contest at the barricade, Archbishop Affre, whilst exhorting the people to peace, was killed on this spot by a ball from one of the insurgents. He was carried to the hospital of the Quinze-Vingts, escorted by some of the Gardes Mobiles. To one of these, whom he recognized as having fought with especial bravery —one François Delavriguière—the dying prelate gave a little crucifix which he wore, saying, "Never part with this cross; lay it on your heart; it will make you happy." [1]

This same spot was one of the last strongholds of the Communists, and was only taken by the Versailles troops after a desperate conflict, May 25, 1871.

"This old faubourg, peopled like an ant-heap, laborious, courageous, and passionate as a hive of bees, receives the counter-stroke of commercial crises, bankruptcies, stoppages, and cessation of work, which are inherent in all political convulsions. In revolutionary times misery is at once the cause and the effect, and the blow which it deals falls upon itself again. This population, full of haughty virtue, capable of the highest amount of

[1] *Constitutionnel.*

latent caloric, ever ready to take up arms, prompt to explode, irritated, profound, and undermined, seemed to be only waiting for the fall of a spark. Whenever certain sparks float about the horizon, driven by the wind of events, we cannot help thinking of the Faubourg St. Antoine and the formidable chance which has placed at the gates of Paris this powder-magazine of sufferings and ideas.

"The wine-shops of the *Faubourg Antoine*, which have been more than once referred to in this sketch, possess an historic notoriety. In times of trouble people grow intoxicated in them more on words than wine; and a species of prophetic spirit and an effluvium of the future circulates there, swelling hearts and ennobling minds. The Faubourg St. Antoine is a reservoir of the people in which the revolutionary earthquake makes fissures, through which the sovereignty of the people flows. This sovereignty can act badly, it deceives itself like other things, but even when led astray it remains grand. We may say of it, as of the blind Cyclops, *Ingens*."—*Victor Hugo*, "*Les Misérables*."

From the Place de la Bastille, the Rue de la Roquette leads to the Cemetery of Père Lachaise, just before reaching which we pass on the right the *Prison of La Roquette*, or *Nouveau Bicêtre*, also called the "Dépôt des Condamnés." Executions take place on the space between the prison and the Rue de la Roquette. There are usually about 400 prisoners here, who are generally obliged to work at a trade—joinery, tool-making, shoe-making, tailoring—and one half of what they have earned is paid to them when they are discharged. A marble slab in the prison records the brutal murder here of Archbishop Darboy; Duguerry, Curé de la Madeleine; the president Bonjean, and other hostages, by the Communists, May 24, 1871, at the moment when the troops of the Government were entering Paris. The cell of the archbishop is preserved as he left it for his execution.

"The archbishop went first, rapidly descended the five steps and turned round. When his companions in martyrdom were all on the steps he raised his right hand, the first three fingers

extended, and pronounced the formula of absolution: *Ego vos absolvo ab omnibus censuris et peccatis!* Then, approaching M. Bonjean, who walked with difficulty, he offered him his arm. Still preceded by the sergeant Ramain, and surrounded behind and on each flank, by the *fédérés*, the procession turned to the right, and entered the long first passage, which ended near the first court of the prison. In front, a little ahead of the others, the Abbé Allard walked, shaking his hands above his brow. A witness, speaking of him, used an expression of atrocious simplicity: 'He walked fast, gesticulating and humming something.' The something was the prayer for the dying, which the unhappy man repeated half aloud. All the others were silent.

"They came to the railing called the 'railing of the dead,' which closes the first circular passage; it was closed. Ramain, who was very much troubled in spite of his efforts at self-control, looked in vain for the key in the bunch he carried. At this time, M. Darboy, less perhaps to save his life from his murderers than to spare them a crime, tried to argue with them: 'I have always loved the people, and always loved liberty.' A *fédéré* replied: 'Thy liberty is not ours—you tire us!' The archbishop was silent and waited patiently till Ramain opened the railing. The Abbé Allard turned round, looked to the window of the fourth section, and saw some terrified prisoners who were watching them in tears. They turned to the left, then again to the left, and entered the second circular passage, the high wall of which seemed in mourning. At the end rose the wall which separates the prison from the grounds adjacent to the Rue de la Folie-Regnault.

"The spot was well chosen and hidden from all view; it was a kind of sunk ditch, the very spot for ambushes and murders. Ramain went away. The victims and the executioners remained face to face, without a witness who could hereafter appeal to justice. The place where the bodies were found indicates that the hostages were arranged in the hierarchical order which dictated their classification in their cells. They were ranged against the wall, on the right, opposite the firing party. Mgr Darboy first, then President Bonjean, the Abbé Deguerry, Father Ducoudray, Father Clerc, both belonging to the Society of Jesus, and then Abbé Allard, the chaplain of the ambulances which, during the siege and the first fights of the Commune, had rendered such services to the wounded. The firing party halted at thirty paces from the six men, who remained erect and resigned. Two vol-

leys were fired and some scattering shots. It was then a quarter to eight in the evening."—*Maxime du Camp*, "*Les convulsions de Paris.*"

On the left of the road is the *Maison Centrale d'Education Correctionnelle* or *Prison des Jeunes Détenus*, intended for male offenders under the age of sixteen. They are taught twelve trades, to work at in their cells, which they never leave except to hear mass, to see their friends by permission in the parloir, or for an hour's walk in one of the courts; but the prisoners never meet, and they are only known—even to the overseer—by a number over the door of their cell.

Père Lachaise is the largest and richest of the Parisian cemeteries. It occupies land formerly called Champ de 'Evêque, because it belonged to the Archbishop of Paris. In the time of Louis XIV., under the name of Mont Louis, it became the head-quarters of the Jesuits, and was much embellished by their superior, the celebrated Père Lachaise, confessor of Louis XIV.—"l'ennemi le plus acharné des réformés," as "Madame," the Duchesse d'Orléans, calls him. After the expulsion of the Order, the land, sold to pay their debts, continued to bear his name, and was converted into a public cemetery in 1804. Brongniart, who was employed to lay out the ground for its new destination, spared the avenues of limes which led to the terrace of the old gardens, and the avenue of chestnuts at the top of the hill. The chapel occupies the site of the old château, and its orangery still exists, used as a dwelling for the guardians.

Conducteurs are to be found in the small building at the entrance, and will be useful to those who wish to find any especial graves in this vast labyrinth.

On entering the cemetery, the pagan character of the

monuments will strike every one. It is exceedingly difficult to find any particular tomb, and, except in cases of personal interest, no visitor need waste his time in trying. All the tombs are hideous, all have exactly the same characteristics, and the chief of these is weight. It is as if every family tried to pile as much stone, granite, or marble as possible upon their lost relatives. A few of the monuments are pyramids and columns ; but the favorite design is a heavy little chapel with a gabled front, usually surmounted by a cross. Each bears the name of its owners, "Famille Henri," "Famille Cuchelet," &c. Through the grating, or a glazed cross in the door, you may see inside a little altar with a crucifix and vases of artificial, or occasionally fresh, flowers, and sometimes a stained window at the back. There is often room for a prie-dieu or two chairs for the relations in the tiny space, and the steps of the altar are piled with wreaths, sometimes real, but generally of flowers made of black, white and grey beads. Often, too, these wreaths are exhibited outside the tombs, or sometimes an immense Pensée in a round glass. If real flowers are planted on a humbler grave, it is a pleasant variety.

"Père Lachaise—well and good! To be buried at Père Lachaise is like having mahogany furniture—a mark of respectability!"—*Victor Hugo.*

The poor, who are buried gratuitously, are laid in *Fosses Communes*, containing forty or fifty coffins each ; but these now only exist in the cemeteries outside the city, at St. Ouen and Ivry. 150 fr. are paid for a *concession temporaire*, that the grave shall be undisturbed for ten years ; 500 fr. for a *concession à perpétuité*. The spaces allowed for this sum are only $22\frac{1}{2}$ square feet.

Following the main avenue till it is divided by flower-

beds, the path on the right passes the tomb of the astronomer Arago, member of the provisional government, 1848; on the left are those of Visconti, architect of the new Louvre, Rossini the mathematician, Louis Poinsot, and Alfred de Musset, engraved with a verse from one of his poems. Further on lies Roederer, one of the chiefs of the July Revolution, and opposite, on the other side of an avenue of limes, Maréchal Grouchy. Ascending to the chapel by the left staircase, we pass the tombs of General Nègre and the painter David.

Returning towards the entrance by a lime avenue which leaves the great avenue to the right, we see the monuments of Auber, Potier, Beauvisage, &c. Turning to the left beyond the guardian's house, we reach the gate of the Jewish Cemetery (closed on Saturdays), containing the tombs of Mme Rachel, the families of Rothschild and Fould, and the curious monument of one Jacob Roblès.

To the left of the Avenue Casimir-Périer, which makes a great curve before reaching the "Rond Point," are tombs of Bichat, Mlle Mars, Lesurques, Pigault-Lebrun, J. Chénier, Robertson the aeronaut, &c.

To the right is the canopied gothic monument which covers the remains of Abélard, the poet-philosopher, who founded a doctrine in his twenty-third year, and Héloïse, abbess of the Paraclete, heroine of the most famous love-story in the world.

"By itself, the name of Abélard would have been known to-day only to scholars; united with that of Héloïse, it is graven on every memory. Paris above all, 'the city of glory, but also the city of forgetfulness,' has preserved an exceptional and unalterable fidelity to the memory of the immortal daughter of the Cité. The eighteenth century and the Revolution, so merciless to the middle ages, kept alive this tradition with the same passion which drove them to efface so many memories. The children of

Rousseau's disciples still come as pilgrims to the monument of the great saint of Love, and every spring sees pious hands renew the crowns of flowers on the tomb, in which the Revolution re-united the two lovers.

"Abélard died at the priory of St. Marcel of Châlons, 21st of April, 1142. His last wish was to be laid at the Paraclete. He thought, at least when dying, of her who had never had a thought but for him. The Church herself respected the mystic bond between the philosopher and the great abbess. Peter the Venerable, who wrote an epitaph for Abélard, in which he called him the Socrates of Gaul, the Plato and Aristotle of the West, sent his mortal remains to Héloïse. 'The Lord,' he wrote to the Abbess of the Paraclete, with a vision of another heaven than that of the ascetics, 'the Lord preserve him for you to restore him to you by his grace.' Héloïse survived, in silence, till the 16th of May, 1164. Only at the end of twenty-two years was she buried near her spouse."—*Martin*, "*Hist. de France.*"

Part of the monument which we see was erected in 1779 at the Abbey of the Paraclete, and was removed for safety to the Musée des Petits-Augustins during the Revolution. It was transported to Père Lachaise in 1817. The canopy is made to include a few ancient fragments from the Abbey of Nogent-sur-Seine, but, in itself, is quite modern. It encloses the tomb erected by Peter the Venerable at the Priory of St. Marcel. But the figure of Héloïse is really that of a lady of the Dormans family, plundered from their interesting chapel in the old Collège de Beauvais. However, all the world looks upon her as the beloved of Abélard, long severed in reality, united to him in the tomb. Perhaps when Dante wrote of Francesca di Rimini he had in his mind the words of Abélard in a letter to his friend: "Nous ouvrions nos livres, mais nous avions plus de paroles d'amour que de lecture, plus de baisers que de phrases."

The centre of the Rond Point is occupied by a statue of Casimir-Périer, Prime Minister under Louis Philippe,

1832. On the left are a number of tombs of musicians, including Bellini, Cherubini, and Chopin; then, behind these, Brongniart the mineralogist, Laharpe, Delille, Bernardin de St. Pierre, Denon of Egyptian reputation, and, nearer the chapel, Talma and Géricault. In the south part of the cemetery, between the Rond Point and the enclosing wall, are the chapel of General Maison; the tomb of Lebrun, Duc of Piacenza; the monument erected by the town of Paris to soldiers killed in the insurrection of June, 1832; that of Colonel Labédoyère, shot at the Restoration for having proclaimed Napoleon on his return from Elba; and many others. Amongst the tombs on the hill behind the monument of Casimir-Périer, is that of the families Thiers and Dosne. On the right is the tomb of General Macdonald and that of Count Lavalette, with a relief representing his rescue from prison by the devotion of his wife.

On the other side of the avenue are the tombs of General Gobert, with reliefs by David d'Angers, and a group of Ney, Massena, Suchet, and other soldiers of the empire.

"The cluster of glory formed by the union of all the great dignitaries of the imperial crown on the same eminence, eclipses all other splendors; the magnificence of their mausoleums attests the truth of the remark of Napoleon, which the people and the army confirmed: 'I have made my marshals too rich.'"—*Eugène Roch.*

Here, near Massena, in "le quartier des maréchaux," rests Lefebvre, who said—

"Remember that if I die in Paris, I wish to be buried near Masséna. We lived together in camps and combats; our ashes ought to have the same asylum."

On reaching the summit of the hill, the tomb of Eugène

Scribe is amongst those on the left. Returning to the Rond Point by the north paths, we pass the tombs of Beaumarchais the dramatist, David d'Angers the sculptor, De Béranger, Benjamin Constant, General Foy (by David), Garnier-Pagès, the two Geoffroy-Saint-Hilaire, Racine, the Princess Demidoff, Pradier, of Molière and Lafontaine—the first to be laid in Père Lachaise—of Laplace the astronomer, Lussac the great chemist, St. Simon, Mme de Genlis, Junot (Duc d'Abrantès), and Ingres.

"There is a testimony to the Saint-Simonian faith on a tomb in Père Lachaise; a woman, Marie Simon, died in that faith, happy if this sentence of their creed could unveil for her a future life and console her for her death: '*God is all that is.* . . . All is in him, all is by him, nothing is without him.' Her coreligionists, in leaving her, uttered as their last words, 'Hope!' and have engraved it on her tomb."—*Eugène Roch.*

Where the Mahommedan cemetery opens, are tombs of Condore and Amédee Achard. Returning towards the chapel, amongst a crowd of minor celebrities we find Nodier, Casimir Delavigne the poet, Emile Souvestre, De Sèze (the heroic advocate who defended Louis XVI.), and the illustrious Balzac. Frédéric Soulié and Michelet are buried in this part of the cemetery.

If the Cemetery of Picpus be visited on leaving Père Lachaise, take the tramways, turning left from the gate, to the Place de la Nation.

North of Père Lachaise is *Ménilmontant*, once looked upon as a tempting place of residence.

"The Duke de Chaulnes always hoped to possess Ménilmontant, and the Duchess always opposed him. She is not very reasonable, sometimes, your fair friend; as for me, I sing out loud with the liberty that God has given me, in despite of her black looks. It is the duke I am addressing.

"Achetez le Ménil-montant,
C'est le repos de votre vie;

Avez-vous de l'argent comptant,
Achetez le Ménil-montant.
Madame n'en dit pas autant ;
Mais satisfaites votre envie ;
Achetez le Ménil-montant,
C'est le repos de votre vie."
M. de Coulanges à Mme de Sévigné, 1695.

Turning to the left on leaving the Père Lachaise by the Avenue de Philippe-Auguste, and then turning to the left down the Rue Charonne, we reach the *Church of St. Marguerite*, of the XVII. c. and XVIII. c. The Chapelle des Ames du Purgatoire was designed by Louis, 1765. Some pictures of the life of St. Vincent de Paul brought from the Lazaristes, are interesting from the portraits they contain. A Descent from the Cross was sculptured for the destroyed Church of St. Landry, in La Cité, by Le Lorrain and Nourrisson, pupils of Girardon. The tomb of Antoine Fayet, Curé de St. Paul, was (*c.* 1737) formerly buried under the choir, on account of the nudity of the figures!

"The 11th of May, 1792, the city saw the first example of a Catholic priest being married, and solemnly avowing the act in conformity with the laws of the primitive church. The vicar of St. Marguerite presented himself on that day at the bar of the legislative assembly with his wife and father, and was received with applause. He had many imitators."—*Dulaure*, "*Hist. de Paris.*"

The *Cimetière de St. Marguerite* is interesting because Louis XVII., who died in the prison of the Temple, June 8, 1795, aged ten years and two months, was buried there, though in 1815 his uncle, Louis XVIII., vainly searched there for his remains.

"The Convention, which had assured Louis XVI., just before his death, that the French people, always magnanimous, would provide for his family, ordered, as the first proof of its solicitude, that Louis should be separated from his mother. With this the

martyrdom of the royal child began. The Convention placed him in the hands of the cobbler Simon and his wife, whom it described by the titles of *tutor* and *governess*. This was one of the pleasantries of the Revolution. This execrable couple proved worthy of the confidence of the nation as represented by the conventional committees, and set to work to degrade the moral and physical faculties of the son of Louis XVI. The reader shudders at the official account of the barbarous and infamous treatment to which he was subject. Not content with making him endure hunger, cold, and humiliation, with heaping blows on him, depriving him of air, amusement, and exercise, and leaving him in the most painful destitution, Simon took pleasure in making him drink spirits, and in teaching him obscene songs and stories. But his barbarity was an antidote to his immorality. The young prince gave many proofs of an elevation of feeling and ideas, astonishing for his age, of which the perversity of his keeper had not been able to destroy the germ. Simon having asked him what he would do if the Vendeans delivvered him, he replied:

"'I would pardon you!'

"Marasmus was the natural result of the filth and continual suffering in which the prince lived. For more than a year he was deprived of linen, and without the most indispensable attentions. The length of time he resisted proves how strong his constitution was. . . . The Convention, which could cut off the heads of kings, did not know how their children are brought up, and therefore inflicted on these children an agony of years. We do not fear to say that the slow and obscure death of the young Louis XVII. is a more horrible stain on France than the bloody, open death of the virtuous Louis XVI."—*Balzac*, "*Six rois de France*."

From the Place de la Bastille, the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine leads east to the *Place du Trône*, commemorating in its name the throne placed here, upon which Louis XIV. was seated when he received the homage of all the different officials of Paris, upon his triumphant entry with Marie Thérèse. On this spot 1,300 victims of the Reign of Terror died by the guillotine.

"More than eight thousand 'suspects' filled the prisons of

Paris. In one single night there was flung into them three hundred families of the Faubourg St. Germain, all the great names of France in history, in arms, in parliament, and in the episcopacy. There was no embarrassment about inventing a crime; their names were sufficient, their wealth denounced them, their rank surrended them. The quarter they lived in, their rank, fortune, parentage, family, religion, opinions, or their presumed sentiments made them guilty, or rather there was no longer innocent and guilty, but proscribers and proscribed. Neither age, nor sex, nor advanced years, nor infancy, nor infirmity, which rendered all criminality physically impossible, could save from accusation and condemnation. Paralytic old men followed their sons, children followed their fathers, wives their husbands, and daughters their mothers. One died for his name, another for his fortune, this one for having uttered an opinion, that one for silence; this one for having served royalty, that one for having ostentatiously embraced the republic; one for not having adored Marat, another for having regretted the Girondins; one for having applauded the excesses of Hébert, another for smiling at the clemency of Danton; one for having emigrated, one for having stayed at home; one for having starved the people by not spending his income, and another for having adopted a luxury insulting to the public misery. Reasons, suspicions, contradictory pretexts, all were good. It was enough to find informers in the section, and the law encouraged them by giving them a share in the confiscations.

"The funeral cars often gathered together husband and wife, father and son, mother and daughters. These tearful faces that gazed on each other with the supreme tenderness of a last look, these heads of young girls resting on the knees of their mothers; these brows of wives, falling as if to find strength there, on the shoulders of their husbands; these hearts pressed to other hearts about to stop beating; these white hairs, these fair hairs, cut by the same scissors; these venerable heads, these charming heads, mowed down by the same blade, the slow march of the procession, the monotonous noise of the wheels, the sabres of the gendarmes forming a hedge of steel around the cars, the suppressed sobs, the howls of the populace, this cold, periodic vengeance, which was kindled and extinguished at a fixed hour in the streets through which the procession passed, gave to these immolations something worse than mere murder, for it was murder presented as a spectacle and a pleasure to a whole people.

"So perished, decimated in their flower, all classes of the population, the nobility, the church, the citizens, the magistracy, the commercial classes, even the people themselves; so perished all the great and obscure citizens who represented in France the ranks, professions, light, offices, wealth, industries, opinions, or sentiments proscribed by the sanguinary regeneration of the Terror. Thus fell, one by one, four thousand heads in a few months, among them bearers of the names of Montmorency, Noailles, La Rochefoucauld, Mailly, Mouchy, Lavoisier, Nicolai, Sombreuil, Brancas, Broglie, Boisgelin, Beauvilliers, Maillé, Montalembert, Roquelaure, Roucher, Chénier, Grammont, Duchâtelet, Clermont-Tonnerre, Thiard, Moncrif, Molé-Champlatreux. Democracy made room for herself by the sword, but in so doing did horror to humanity."—*Lamartine*, "*Hist. des Girondins.*"

The first side street on the left of the Faubourg St. Antoine returning citywards from the Place du Trône, is the *Rue de Picpus*, where the Bernardin-Bénédictin Convent was situated, of which Victor Hugo has so much to tell us.

"The part of Paris where Jean Valjean now was, situated between the Faubourg St. Antoine and la Rapée, was one of those which have been utterly transformed by those recent works, which some call disfigurements, others beautifying. The fields, the timber-yards, and old buildings have been removed, and there are now bran-new wide streets, arenas, circuses, hippodromes, railway stations, and a prison, Mazas—progress as we see with its corrective. Half a century back, in that popular language all made up of traditions which insists on calling the Institute 'les Quatre Nations,' and the Opera Comique 'Feydeau,' the precise spot where Jean Valjean now stood was called 'le Petit Picpus.' The Porte St. Jacques, the Porte Paris, the Barrière des Sergents, the Porcherons, the Galiote, the Célestins, the Capucins, the Mail, the Bourbe, the tree of Cracow, little Poland, and little Picpus, are names of old Paris, swimming on the surface of the new. The memory of the people floats on the flotsam of the past.

"The convent of the Petit Picpus St. Antoine filled almost entirely the vast trapeze formed by the intersections of the Rue Polonceau, the Rue Droit-Mur, the Little Rue Picpus, and the lane, named in old plans, Rue Aumarais. These four streets

surrounded the trapeze as a moat would have done. This holy house was built on the very site of a tennis court of the fourteenth or sixteenth century, called *le tripot des onze mille diables*. All these streets, moreover, were among the oldest in Paris. The names Droit-Mur and Aumarais are very old, the streets so called still older. The lane Aumarais was called the lane Maugout, and the Rue Droit-Mur the Rue des Eglantiers, for God opened the flowers before man cut stone."—"*Les Misérables*."

At No. 35 Rue de Picpus is a Convent of the Sacré Cœur. Visitors are admitted by the porter and taken through the long convent garden to visit the closed but most interesting *Cimetière de Picpus*. Here only the representatives of those noble families whose ancestors perished on the guillotine have been laid; and there are long lines of tombs of the De Larochefoucauld, De Noailles, De Clermont-Tonnerre, De Rochefort, De la Mothe, De Boiselin, De Montboissier, De Talleyrand, &c. At the end are the tombs of General Lafayette and his wife. Here, through a grated door, you look upon the green enclosure of a little second cemetery, planted with cypresses, belonging to the German Prince of Salm Kyrbourg, whose ancestor was the last victim of the guillotine. Around his tomb lie no less than 1,306 of his fellow-sufferers—"les victimes"—the flower of the French aristocracy. Close to the entrance of the outer enclosure, near the tomb of a bishop who was founder of the "Sainte Enfance," and of the foundress of the adjoining convent, is the tomb of Charles, Comte de Montalembert, 1870.

"He was buried, by his own desire, not among the gaudy flowers and wreaths of an ordinary Parisian cemetery, but in the hallowed ground at the Picpus convent, where lie the victims of the Revolution, and where only those who are descended from those victims, or connected with them, can lie. Count de Montalembert had this privilege by right of his wife, and of the noble and saintly ladies guillotined under the Terror, from whom

she was descended. He chose his last rest there by the side of the unfortunate, by those who had perished either for the sake of religion, or for their honorable adherence to a fallen cause ; as became one who never loved victorious causes, and who fought most of his life on the losing side, after the fashion of the earth's best and purest heroes."—*Mrs. Oliphant.*

On the left of the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine (No. 184) is the *Hôpital St. Antoine*, occupying the buildings of the famous Abbaye de St. Antoine, founded in 1198 by Foulques, Curé de Neuilly, the preacher of the fourth crusade. The buildings were reconstructed by Lenoir in 1770, except the glorious gothic church (built by Blanche of Castille as a thank-offering for the birth of St. Louis, and containing the tombs of Jéanne and Bonne de France, daughters of Charles V.), which was utterly destroyed at the Revolution.

In the Rue de Charenton, the next parallel street south, the old *Hôtel des Mousquetaires Noirs* is now occupied by the *Hospice des Quinze Vingts*, founded by St. Louis in 1260, and removed hither by Cardinal de Rohan from the Rue St. Honoré. The *Rue de Charenton*, under its former name of Rue de la Planchette, was notorious for the unpunished massacre (Sept. 28, 1621) of several hundred protestants, coming out of a church which they had built in the street. No. 1 Faubourg St. Antoine, at the corner of the Place de la Bastille, was inhabited by Pépin, executed as an accomplice of Fieschi against the life of Louis Philippe, 1835.

On the Boulevard Mazas is the *Prison of Mazas*, where prisoners are placed in solitary confinement immediately upon their arrest, when the cases are not likely to be of long detention.

CHAPTER V.

THE ISLANDS IN THE SEINE.

THE principal island in the Seine, which in early times bore the name of Lutèce, was the cradle of Paris. Caesar, who is the first to speak of it, calls it Lutecia. Strabo wrote Lucotocia ; Ptolemy, Lucotecia ; the Emperor Julian, who resided long in the ancient city, wrote of it as Louchetia, the different denominations probably all originating in the whiteness of the plaster used in its buildings.

Paris began to spread beyond the boundaries of Lutèce from Roman times onwards. The rays emerging from this centre have absorbed all the villages in the neighborhood, and for many miles in every direction all is now one vast and crowded city. But the island, where the first palaces were grouped around the fishermen's huts, has ever been as it were the axis of the kingdom, the point whence the laws were disseminated, and where the metropolitan cathedral has existed for fifteen centuries. In early times two islets broke the force of the river beyond the point of the Ile de la Cité. These were the Ile de la Gourdaine, or du Passeur aux Vaches, and the Ile aux Javiaux, or Ile aux Treilles. Upon the latter, which was then opposite the end of the royal gardens (March 11, 1314), Jacques de Molay, grand master of the Templars, and Guy, Dauphin

d'Auvergne, prieure de Normandie, were burnt alive *après salut et complies*, *i.e.*, at 5 P.M. The Templars had been arrested all over France, Oct. 13, 1307, but it was only on May 12, 1310, after three years' imprisonment, that fifty-four were burnt at the Porte St. Antoine, and four years more elapsed before their chiefs suffered, after protesting before Notre Dame the innocence of their order and the falsehood of the accusations which had been made against it. Even to present times Templars dressed in mourning may be seen making a pilgrimage, on March 11, to the scene of their chieftain's martyrdom.

The two islets were artificially united to the Ile de la Cité, when Androuet du Cerceau was employed to build the Pont-Neuf in the reign of Henri III. The king laid the first stone on the very day on which his favorite Quélus died of the wounds he received in the famous Combat des Mignons, for which Henri was in such grief during the ceremony that it was said that the new bridge ought to be called *le Pont des Pleurs*. Owing to the emptiness of the treasury, a very long time elapsed before the side of the bridge nearest the right bank was completed, and great was the lamentation over this delay amongst those who were proud of the beauties of the capital. "La fortune," says Montaigne, "m'a fait grand desplaisir d'interrompre la belle structure du Pont-Neuf de nostre grande ville, et m'oster l'espoir avant mourir d'en veoir en train de service." In 1604 the Pont-Neuf was finished by Guillaume Marchaud for Henri IV.: but up to his time the piles for the wider branch of the bridge only reached to the level of the water. Of late years, the noble and beautiful proportions of the bridge have been considerably injured by the lowering of the platform, and new arches being constructed at a lower level than the old ones. Still the bridge, with its twelve

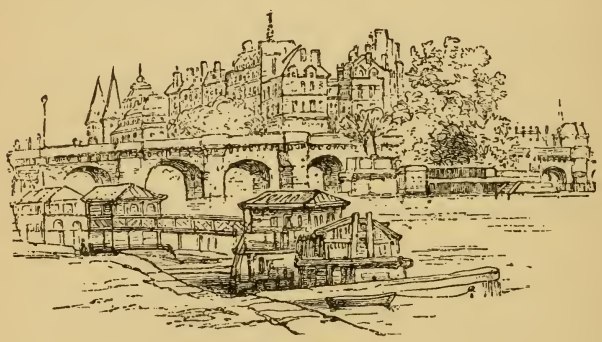
round-headed arches and massive cornice, is most picturesque, and with the varied outline of tall houses and the grey cathedral behir d it, and the feathery green of its island trees glittering against the purple shadows in the more distant windings of the river, it still forms the most beautiful scene in the capital. So central an artery is the Pont-Neuf, that it used to be a saying with the Parisian police, that if, after watching three days, they did not see a man cross the bridge, he must have left Paris. In the XVI. c. the Pont-Neuf was so much the resort of news-venders and jugglers, that any popular witticism was described as "a Pont-Neuf." On the piers were shops for children's toys, and on Jan. 15 "la foire aux jouets" was held on the Pont-Neuf.

"In truth, this bridge, so celebrated in song and romance, which the vaudevilles have so much abused, and which boatmen, dog-sellers, and poets have haunted, which L'Etoile calls marvellous, which Ronsard sang and Germain Pilon decorated, it is said, with his charming sculpture, is worthy of all our attention and all our respect."—*Adolphe Joanne.*

Henri was not satisfied with completing the bridge itself; as soon as it was finished, he began to build the Place Dauphine where the bridge crossed the end of the island, and employed the Flemish Lintlaër to construct a pump on one of the piers of the bridge, with machinery to supply the Tuileries and Louvre with the water in which they had been hitherto deficient. "L'eau de la pompe du Pont-Neuf est aux Tuileries," Malherbe wrote in triumph on Oct. 3, 1608. The little Château d'Eau, in which the machine was contained, was quite a feature in the river views, and on its façade toward the bridge it bore a sculptured group called *la Samaritaine* (of Jesus receiving water from the woman of Samaria at Jacob's well), with a chiming clock which had great popularity—"a very rare dyall

of several motions," as John Evelyn calls it. The Samaritaine was remade in 1715, the figure of Christ being by Philippe Bertrand, that of the woman by René Frémin. They were spoilt by being gilt in 1776, when little pavilions were erected upon all the piers of the bridge. The group perished in July, 1792, when the statues of the kings were destroyed—"il rappelait trop l'Evangile!"

After the bridge was finished, when Henri IV. was at the height of his popularity, it was decided to erect his statue on the central platform which was formed by the islets recently united to the mainland. Franqueville, first



LE PONT-NEUF.

sculptor to the king, was employed to make a model to be sent to Florence for casting by John of Bologna; but when the great sculptor received the model he began by the horse, and died in 1608 before he had proceeded farther. Pietro Tacca, his favorite pupil, took up his work, but had finished nothing when Henri IV. was assassinated two years later, and though pressed hard by the Grand Duke (cousin of Marie de Medicis), who gave 30,000 crowns "de ses deniers propres" for the work, man and horse were

only completed in 1613. Then *le colosse du grand roy Henri*, as it was called at the time, was brought by sea from Leghorn to Havre, and thence by the Seine to Paris, where it was raised to a temporary pedestal on August 23. The widowed queen was enchanted with the resemblance, "degna veramente di quello che rappresenta," as she gratefully wrote to Tacca, and the late king's subjects were of the same opinion. "La figure est une des plus ressemblantes que nous ayons d'Henri IV.," records Sauval, who had conversed with the king's contemporaries. The horse, however, was less admired, being thought too heavy for its rider and its legs too short. It was not till 1635 that the whole was placed on a magnificent pedestal guarded at the corners by four chained slaves, designed by the Florentine Luigi Civoli, and finished by his son-in-law, Bordoni. The blame of the long delay in completing the work was laid upon the Italian minister Concino Concini, with the result that after his murder, when the people exhumed his body after his hasty burial at St. Germain l'Auxerrois, they dragged it through the mud to the Pont-Neuf, and hacked it to pieces at the foot of the statue which he had neglected. Here a cannibal roasted the heart of Concini and ate it up, the rest of the body being distributed to the people in morsels.

The feeling about Henri IV. was such that, from the death of the Grand Dauphin, the people used to carry their petitions of complaint to the foot of the king's statue, and leave them there. In 1789 the people forced those who passed in carriages to descend and kneel before Henri IV.: this genuflection was inflicted on the Duke of Orleans.

"The statue of the good King Henry IV., although isolated, is much more interesting than all the other royal statues. The

figure has an honest, winning face, and this it is which is regarded with tenderness and veneration."—*Tableau de Paris.*

"The statue is inclos'd with a strong and beautifull grate of yron, about which there are allways mountebancs shewing their feates to idle passengers."—*John Evelyn.*

At the foot of the statue, Cardinal de Retz, in his pontifical robes, met the people in the revolution of 1648 ("la journée des barricades") and persuaded them to retire peaceably. But the great Revolution of 1792 melted down horse and rider alike, to make cannon. The existing statue, by Lemot, only dates from the Restoration in 1818, and is made from the bronze of the destroyed statues of Napoleon in the Place Vendôme and at Boulogne-sur-mer, together with that of General Desaix, which stood in the Place des Victoires. One of the inscriptions on the pedestal is a copy of that belonging to the original statue. The reliefs represent Henri IV. entering Paris, and his passing bread over the walls to the besieged citizens.

"N'en doutez pas; l'aspect de cette image auguste
Rendra nos maux moins grands, notre bonheur plus doux,
O Français! louez Dieu; vous voyez un roi juste,
Un Français de plus parmi vous."—*Victor Hugo.*

The Corps de Garde near the statue is that where the poet Gilbert, "dying of genius and hunger," used to seek a refuge and share the food of the soldiers. The proverb "Solide comme le Pont-Neuf" was set at nought in December, 1885, by the sudden subsidence of the smaller end of the bridge, connecting the island with the south bank of the Seine.

Very striking is the view from the bridge near the statue:

"On the west the horizon is bounded by the green hills of Saint Cloud and Meudon, and in this direction the Tuileries and the Louvre display their majestic mass. The Pont des Arts, a

light and graceful construction, divides admirably the foreground of the picture, while the river, filled with vessels of all forms, gives to it the activity of life. . . . . Behind you is Paris in its youth and its virility, the great city, the queen of the Isle of France, adorned with all the ornaments of her royalty, but to the east, before you, is the old Paris of Hugues Capet and of Marcel, the Provost of the Merchants; there all the recollections of the nation's history are unfolded in monuments of another age blackened by time. The Isle of St. Louis, which, in the background of the view, occupies almost the centre of the stream, is peopled with tall edifices, the effect of which is extraordinary, especially at this hour when the pale and distant gleam of the lamps throws on it a doubtful light. Still on the same line, but inclining more towards the left bank of the stream, we discover the gothic towers of Notre Dame, whose summit, surrounded with the gaseous vapors that rise from Paris, seems to lose itself in the bosom of the clouds. The island, where this monument is placed, is the beloved Lutecia of Julian, and it is allowed to retain the name of Cité which recalls its right of seniority. There is not one of these streets, so dark and tortuous, that does not recall events told in our old chronicles. Then, in the nearer distance, you see what remains of the old Palace bequeathed by the kings of France to Justice."—*A. Bariquet.*

"The Conciergerie, the Palace, the Cité, form the old centre of Lutecia, the heart of Paris. Hence started all these houses which have enlarged the city and propagated it into the distance; here were the loves of Julian; from this centre the rays diverged which have swallowed up whole villages in their progress. And in this old prison, what tears have been shed since the day when some boatmen occupied the island, around which so many palaces are now grouped. In this dungeon, with which the whole life of the queen city is connected, what human sorrows have not centred! As soon as the city is planned, the jail opens; the first germ and the pivot of a great city is a prison."—*Paris, ou le livre des cent-et-un.*

The point of the island, of the original Ile de Treilles, behind the statue of Henri IV., is one of those bright spots of green which leave an unrecognized impression upon the summer visitor to Paris.

"The western point of the island, that ship's prow continu-

ally at anchor, which, in the flow of two currents, looks at Paris, without ever reaching it. . . . . A lonely strand, planted with great trees, a delicious retreat; an asylum in the midst of the crowd."—*Zola*, "*L'Œuvre.*"

The *Place Dauphine*, which Henri IV. surrounded by the brick and stone houses characteristic of his time, occupies, with the *Rue de Harlay*, the site of the royal garden where St. Louis administered justice.

"Je le vis aucune fois en été, que pour délivrer [expédier] sa gent [son peuple] il venoit ou jardin de Paris, une cote de camelot vestue, un surcot de tyreteinne sans manche, un mantel de ceudal noir entour son col, moult bien pigné, et sans coife, et un chapel de paon blanc sur la teste, et faisoit estendre tapis pour nous seoir entour li, et tout le peuple qui avoit à faire par devant li, estoit entour, et lors il les faisoit délivrer en la manière, que je vous ai dit devant, du bois de Vincennes."—*Joinville.*

Very few of the old houses now remain, and though those at the entrance retain their high roofs and overhanging cornices, their brick fronts are painted white.

Till late years, a monument to General Desaix in the Place Dauphine bore his last words—"Allez dire au premier consul que je meurs avec le regret de n'avoir pas assez fait pour la France et la postérité."

It was here, in the last days of the garden, that Jean Robin, *arboriste et simpliciste du roy*, cultivated the first acacia, or *robinier*, a tree which has since spread over the length and breadth of France.

Let us now explore the island.

"What Parisian, foreigner or provincial, who, although he has remained only two or three days in Paris, has not remarked the black walls flanked by three large towers with pepper-box roofs, two of which are almost coupled, that form the sombre and mysterious ornament of the Quai des Lunettes? This quay begins at the bottom of the Pont du Change, and extends to the Pont Neuf. A square tower, called *la tour de l'Horloge*, from

which the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew was given, a tower as high as that of St. Jacques la Boucherie, indicates the palace and forms the corner of the quay. These four towers and these walls are clothed with that blackish shroud which all fronts facing the north assume at Paris. Toward the middle of the quay, at a deserted arcade, begin the private constructions which were made in the reign of Henri IV. on account of the opening of the Pont Neuf. The Place Royale was a replica of the Place Dauphine; and displays the same system of architecture of brick framed with cut stone. This arcade and the Rue de Harlay mark the limits of the Palace to the west. Formerly the Prefecture of Police and the hotel of the first presidents of the Parliament, were dependencies of the Palace. The *Cour des Comptes* and the *Cour des Aides* completed the supreme court of justice, that of the sovereign.

"This square, this island of houses and monuments, which comprises the *Sainte Chapelle*, the most magnificent jewel of the shrine of St. Louis, this space is the sanctuary of Paris, the sacred spot, the holy ark. At first this space was the whole primitive city, for the site of the Place Dauphine was a field dependent on the royal domain in which was a mill to coin money. Hence, the name of the Rue de la Monnaie, given to the street leading to the Pont Neuf. Hence also the name of one of the three round towers, the second one, which is called the *Tour d'Argent*, which would seem to prove that money was originally coined there. The famous mill, which is seen in the old plans of Paris, was probably later than the time when money was coined in the palace itself, and was due doubtless to an improvement in the art of coining. The first tower, almost united to the *Tour d'Argent*, is called the Montgommery tower. The third and smallest, but the best preserved, for it retains its crenellations, is named the Tower Bonbec. The *Sainte Chapelle* and its four towers, including the *Tour de l'Horloge*, defines perfectly the boundary, the perimeter, as a topographer would say, of the Palace, from the times of the Merovingians to those of the first House of Valois. For us, however, in consequence of its transformations, the palace represents, most specially, the epoch of Saint Louis.

"Charles V. was the first to abandon the Palace to the Parliament, a newly-created institution, and to inhabit, under the shadow of the Bastille, the famous Hôtel de St. Pol, to which afterwards the palace of the Tournelles was added. Then, under the last Valois kings, royalty returned to the Louvre, which

had been its first bastille. The original abode of the kings of France, the palace of St. Louis, which has preserved the name of the Palace without addition, to signify the Palace *par excellence*, is entirely buried under the Palace of Justice, and forms the cellars; for it was, like the cathedral, built in the Seine, and built so carefully that the highest floods of the river scarcely covered the first steps. The *Quai de l'Horloge* covers about twenty feet of these thousand-year-old buildings. Carriages pass on a level with the capitals of the strong columns of these three towers, the elevation of which, in olden times, must have been in harmony with the elegance of the palace, and had a picturesque effect on the water, since, even now, these towers vie in height with the most elevated monuments of Paris. As we view the immense capital from the top of the lantern of the Pantheon, the Palace, with the *Sainte Chapelle*, still appears the most monumental of all the monuments. This royal palace, over which you walk as you traverse the immense hall *des Pas Perdus*, was a marvel of architecture, and is so still to the eyes of the poet who comes to study it while examining the Conciergerie. Alas! the Conciergerie has invaded the palace of the kings. The heart bleeds to see how jails, cells, corridors, dwelling-rooms, and halls without light or air have been cut into this magnificent composition in which Byzantine, Roman, and Gothic, the three faces of ancient art, have been harmonized by the architecture of the XII. c. This palace is to the monumental history of France of the first period what the Castle of Blois is to the monumental history of the second period. Just as at Blois you can admire, in the same court, the castle of the Counts of Blois, of Louis XII., of Francis I., and of Gaston, so at the Conciergerie you will discover, in the same circuit, the characteristics of the early race, and in the *Sainte Chapelle*, the architecture of St. Louis."—*Balzac*, "*Scènes de la vie parisienne.*"

We are now facing the back of the pile of buildings occupying the site of the palace inhabited by many of the early sovereigns of France. Even in Roman times there was a palace here, for it is evident from the allusions in his *Misopogon* that Julian the Apostate lived, not, as has been often stated, at the Palais des Thermes, but upon the Island in the Seine. Thence he must have seen the lumps

of ice floating down the river, which he compared to huge blocks of Phrygian stone; there he tried to subdue the cold of his chamber by a stove and was nearly suffocated by its charcoal; and there the troops, revolting against Constantius II., surrounded, at midnight, the palace where Julian was living with his wife Helena, and proclaimed him emperor. Relics of the strong wall which surrounded the Roman palace—the *basileia* as Ammianus and Zosimus call it—existed till recent times at the corner of the Rue de Jérusalem, and remains of columns belonging to an Ionic portico facing the river were exposed when the new police courts were built. Amongst the many other Roman memorials unearthed here, we may notice a cippus adorned with figures of Mercury, his mother Maia, Apollo, and another god, which was discovered at the western end of the island.

It is certain that several of the early kings of Paris, from the time of Dagobert, lived upon the island of La Cité. There Childebert and Clotaire murdered their nephews, the grandsons of Clotilde. There the priest Heraclius visited Clotaire, and there his queen Ingoberge reproached him for his infidelities with the sisters Marcovèse and Méroflède, contemptuously pointing out to him their father, a common workman, who was busied in washing the palace linen in the Seine, at the bottom of the garden. It was in the island palace that Frédégonde shut herself up after the murder of Chilpéric, flying thence after a time, for greater security, to the church of Notre Dame. The Roman building appears to have lasted till the time of Comte Eudes, who defended Paris from the Normans, and he rebuilt the palace as a square fortress, defended by lofty towers, and having a façade with four great round-headed arches flanked by two-story bastions,

of which the remains were discovered when the Cour de Harlay was pulled down: this palace of Count Eudes was called the Palais-Nouveau. The tower to the right was supposed to have been that inhabited by Queen Blanche, mother of St. Louis.

Louis le Gros and Louis le Jeune, who endowed respectively chapels of St. Nicholas and of Notre Dame de l'Etoile in the palace, both died within its walls. Philippe Auguste was married here to a Danish princess. Raoul Glaber describes how (1186) the king loved to lean from the window of the great hall and watch the Seine. In the palace vestibule, or in its garden under an oak, St. Louis administered justice in the *plaids de la porte*.

But the mention of St. Louis urges us to hasten on to the buildings of his time. The façade towards the Place Dauphine only dates from 1869, when it was designed by M. Duc. To gain the main entrance of the palace we can either turn to the right by the *Quai des Orfèvres*,[1] which recalls St. Eloy,[2] goldsmith, prime minister, finally bishop, who settled here in the primitive time of Dagobert, and which was afterwards entirely lined by jewellers' shops; or, we may turn to the left by the *Quai de l'Horloge*, named from what is still the chief external feature of the palace, the *Tour de l'Horloge*, which has been restored on its old lines, and is partially old. Its great clock, with decorations by Germain Pilon, commemorates the oldest clock in Paris, constructed by the German Henri Vic, and erected by Charles V.

It was the bell of this tower which gave the signal for

[1] It was on the Quai des Orfèvres that the *Ménippée*, the famous satire of the XVI. c., was composed, in the house of Jacques Gillot, by the owner and his friends, and in the same house that his great nephew, Nicolas Boileau Despreaux, was born.

[2] St. Eligius.

the Massacre of St. Bartholomew on the left bank of the Seine, which the bell of St. Germain l'Auxerrois had already given on the right.

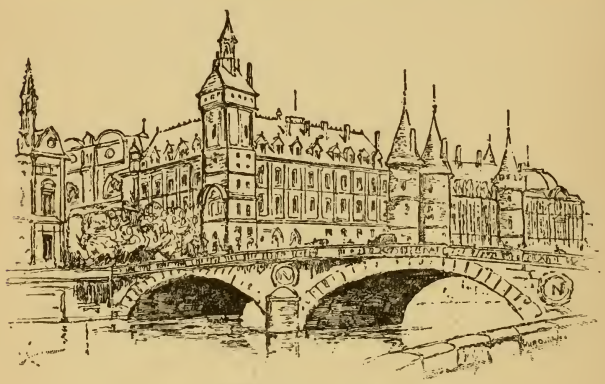
"The bell of the *Horloge* of the Palace gave the second signal of massacre. . . . This old tower still exists, from which that frightful tocsin sounded; in the evening, as he returns home, the inhabitant of Paris looks at the gloomy edifice with indignation, and hurries away with a shudder. . . . From that moment blood flows in streams on both banks of the Seine; in all quarters doors are forced, citizens murdered, and their bodies flung from the windows. The fleeing citizen hears the distant echo of cries of rage and despair, the blasphemies of those who murder, the supplications of those who beg for life, the sound of the arquebusses that kill, the clash of swords that attack and defend, the groans of victims that expire; then a sinister sound of broken glass, of doors burst open, of furniture dragged over the pavement to be burned, and whirlwinds of flame and smoke crown this Paris, abandoned to the furies and demons, who massacre, rob, violate, and burn."—*Touchard-Lafosse*, "*Hist. de Paris.*"

Only part of the buildings adjoining the Tour de l'Horloge is ancient. Two round towers—*de Cesar* and *de Montgommery*—retain little that is really old, though they have been reconstructed in the style of the XIV. c. The latter commemorates the tower, pulled down in 1776, where the Earl of Montgomery was imprisoned after fatally wounding Henri II. at a tournament, and where Ravaillac murderer of Henri IV., and Damiens, who attempted to murder Louis XV., spent their last days. A third tower, called *Tour d'Argent*, encloses the bell called Tocsin du Palais, which repeated the signal for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, given by St. Germain l'Auxerrois.

"The residence of the kings of France in the Island of the Cité was designated as the Palace *par excellence*, while the expression was always the Château of the Louvre, or the Château of Vincennes. This palace, in which the sovereigns held their court from the days of the Capetians to Charles V., presented at the commencement of the fourteenth century a mass of buildings,

the oldest of which went back to the epoch of St. Louis, and the latest dated from the reign of Philippe le Bel. Excavations recently made within the palace have brought to light some remains of Gallo-Roman constructions, especially on the side of the Rue de la Barillerie, but in the general appearance of the buildings nothing remains anterior to the reign of Louis IX."—*Viollet-le-Duc.*

Very little of the ancient palace remains. The beautiful gothic buildings of the XVI. c., erected by Louis XII., which surrounded the Cour du Mai, after having long been



PALAIS DE LA CITÉ.

much mutilated, totally perished in the three fires of 1618, 1737, and 1776. These fires also destroyed the halls of St. Louis; the Hôtel Isabeau, once occupied by the faithless wife of Charles VI.; the rooms in which the Burgundians (June 10, 1467) seized the Comte d'Armagnac, Constable of France, the Chancellor Henri de Masle, and others, and dragged them forth to murder them "bien inhumainement;" the "Grand Salle," which beheld the coronation banquet of Henry VI. of England as King of France; and the room in which St. Louis passed the first night after his marriage, and in which all kings of France were ex-

pected to sleep the night after their arrival in Paris. Most of the buildings erected after the fire of 1776, perished during the savage and ignorant furies of the Commune in 1871. The existing buildings—a central body, with two wings—only date from 1874. The only important remnant of antiquity now remaining is a vaulted hall of the time of St. Louis, with four large chimneys at its angles, which goes by the name of *les cuisines de St. Louis.*

"A hall vaulted on a series of rows of columns with four large chimneys at the angles can still be seen. This hall, looking on the quay to the north, alongside the *Tour de l'Horloge*, is known as 'St. Louis' kitchen.' The building, however, belongs to the end of the XIII. c. or the beginning of the XIV. c., and is contemporaneous with the work built under Philippe le Bel. The mantles of the four chimneys form, horizontally projecting, an obtuse angle, and the key stones are supported by a kind of stone buttress. An examination of the spot leads us to suppose that this kitchen had two stories. The lower one, which still exists, was probably reserved for the household, and the kitchen on the upper story devoted to serve the king's table."—*Viollet-le-Duc.*

The main portal of the palace is approached from the *Cour d'Honneur* by a great staircase and perron—sign of power and jurisdiction, replacing the famous perron erected by Enguerrand de Marigny in the time of Philippe le Bel, and where, under Louis le Hutin, when the architect was condemned to be hanged, his effigy was "jettée du haut en bas des grands degrez du palais."[1] A little to the left, in front of this staircase, was planted the May. At its foot, stood the *Montoir*, used by the judges when they mounted their mules after their day's work. Public exposures formerly took place here upon a platform opposite the grille, originally provided with the purchase-money for

[1] Corrozet, *Antiquités de Paris.*

the site of the house of Jean Chastel, razed to the ground by order of Parliament.

The interior of the palace can be visited daily from 10 to 4, except on Sundays and holidays. A passage on the left leads to the advocates' library, and on the right to the lower story of the *Salle des Pas Perdus*, rebuilt, after its destruction under the Commune, on the lines of the reconstruction (1622) of the famous hall called Grande Salle du Palais, erected in the time of Philippe le Bel, by Enguerrand de Marigny, Comte de Longueville, where all the great solemnities of the monarchy were carried out, and to which the people were always admitted. Its vaulted roof is supported by three ranges of pillars, the central the strongest. At the end of the ancient hall stood the royal dining-table, of a single block of marble, so large "que jamais on vit pareille tranche de marbre au monde." This table was sometimes used as a pillory, and often as a stage for the theatrical representations of the clerks of the palace, in which they were allowed to burlesque their superiors. At the other end of the hall, a beautiful gothic chapel was added by Louis XI. The old hall is thus decribed by Victor Hugo :

"Over our head is a double vault of gothic groining, lined with carved wainscoting, painted azure, and sprinkled with golden fleurs-de-lis. Under our feet, a pavement of black and white marble in alternate squares. A few paces from us, an enormous pillar—then another—then another, making, in all, seven pillars in the length of the hall, supporting, in a central line, the internal extremities of the double vaulting. Around the four first pillars are little shops or stalls, all glittering with glass and trinkets ; and around the three last are oaken benches, worn and polished by the breeches of the pleaders and the gowns of the procureurs. Around the hall, along the lofty walls, between the doors, between the windows, between the pillars, we behold the interminable range of the statues of all the French

kings, from Pharamond downward. Then, in the long pointed windows, glows painted glass of a thousand colors; at the large entrances of the hall are rich doors finely carved; and the whole —vaults, pillars, walls, cornices, and door-cases, wainscoting, doors, and statues—are splendidly illuminated from top to bottom with blue and gold."—"*Notre Dame de Paris.*"

On one side of the existing hall is a monument by *Dumont* to Malesherbes, the defender of Louis XVI., with a statue, and the inscription "Strenue, semper fidelis regi suo, in solio veritatem, praesidium in carcere attulit." Another monument, with a statue by *Chapu*, commemorates Berryer.

Leaving the hall by the gallery which runs parallel to the Cour d'Honneur, and turning at once to the right by the *Galerie Marchande* or *des Merciers*—named from the tradesmen who once had stalls there—we reach a new *Salle des Pas Perdus*, the work of Duc, decorated at one end with statues of St. Louis and Philippe Auguste, at the other with those of Charlemagne and Napoleon I. Grouped around this hall are the different law courts. The *Galerie St. Louis* (on the right of the Galerie des Marchands) reproduces the style of the time of Louis IX. Near the prison of Marie Antoinette are shown the stone tables "des charités de St. Louis."

From the time of St. Louis, Parliament shared the palace with the king, and after the accession of Henri II., who lived entirely at the Hôtel des Tournelles, it was left in sole possession. But the Parliament perished with the Revolution, which it had contributed to bring about. Suspended by a law of November 3, 1789, it was suppressed on August 29 following. Then the massacres in the prisons were organzied in the former hotel of its President, and the tribunal of executioners sat in the Cour de Mai, at the foot of the grand staircase, opposite what was then the

principal entrance to the Conciergerie. M. de Montmorin, the former governor of Fontainebleau; Bachmann, the major of the Swiss guard, and seven of his officers, were the first victims, sentenced and executed here on the spot. Then, for twenty-four hours the palace was given up to massacre, in the corridors, in the courts, in the cells. Most of the prisoners were killed without any examination. If thirty-six were allowed to escape, it was because they were known to be thieves, or assassins of the worst description. The women were spared, only one out of seventy being executed with the most refined tortures.

"A young girl of wonderful beauty, known as *la Belle Bouquetière*, accused of having wounded, in a fit of jealousy, a sub-officer of the Gardes Françaises, her lover, was to be tried in a few days. The murderers, among whom were some avengers of the crime and some instigators animated by her rival, anticipated the executioner's duty. Théroigne de Méricourt lent her genius to the torture. The victim was tied to a post with her legs apart, her feet nailed to the ground, and her body burned with lighted wisps of straw. Her breasts were cut off with a sword, and red hot pikes were thrust into her flesh. At last, she was impaled on these red hot irons, and her screams were heard across the Seine, and struck with horror the inhabitants of the other bank. Fifty women whom the murderers had released from the Conciergerie lent a hand to these tortures and surpassed the men in ferocity."—*Lamartine.*

From March, 1791, the revolutionary tribunal met in the Grand Chamber, which—much altered otherwise—still retained the vaulted roof of Louis XII. The president sat beneath a bust of Socrates, to which busts of Le Pelletier and Marat were added after their death. It was here that Charlotte Corday, Marie Antoinette, the Girondins, Mme Roland, and hundreds of others, were tried in turn, in sittings by day and night, whence Fouquier emerged so fatigued with his horrible task, that he could scarcely drag

himself to his own rooms near the Conciergerie, which the secretaries of the *procureur général* occupy now. So dazed was he with the blood he poured out, that one day, passing the Pont-Neuf with Séran, he declared that instead of water he saw the Seine rolling blood.

Two parasite buildings, the Conciergerie, and the Prefecture of Police, are now annexed to the Palais de Justice. The *Conciergerie* takes its name from the house of the concierge in the time of the royal residence here, who had a right to two "poules" a day and to the cinders and ashes of the king's chimney. It has always been a prison, and it was here that the Comte d'Armagnac was murdered, June 12, 1418. Here was made, below the level of the Seine, the prison called La Souricière, from the rats which had the reputation of eating the prisoners alive. The present Conciergerie occupies the lower story of the right wing of the existing Palais de Justice, and extends along the Quai de l'Horloge, as far as the towers of Montgommery and César. It has an entrance on the quay, before which the guillotine-carts received the victims of the Reign of Terror, and another to the right of the great staircase in the Cour d'Honneur.

The Conciergerie can only be visited on Thursdays from 12 to 4, with an order from the Prefecture of Police.

All other associations of the Conciergerie are lost in those which were attached to it by the great Revolution. The cell in which Marie Antoinette suffered her seventy-five days' agony—from August 2 till October 15, when she was condemned—was turned into a *chapelle expiatoire* in 1816. The lamp still exists which lighted the august prisoner and enabled her guards to watch her through the night. The door still exists (though changed in position) which was cut transversely in half and the upper part fixed

that the queen might be forced to bend in going out, because she had said that whatever indignities they might inflict upon her they could never force her to bend the head.

"The pity of Richard the concierge, sustained and encouraged by the mute approbation and secret support of some officers of the municipality, disregarded the orders of Fouquier, and the queen was installed, not in a cell, but in a room with two windows looking on the women's yard. It was a pretty large square room, the old Council Hall, where the magistrates of the supreme courts, before the Revolution, used to come and receive the complaints of the prisoners. On the wall, as if inanimate things had, near the queen, a soul and speech, the old paper displayed the *fleurs-de-lys*, peeling off in strips and fading under the saltpetre. A partition, in the middle of which was a large opening, divided the room lengthwise into two rooms nearly equal, and each lighted by a window on the yard. The inner room was that of the queen; the other, on which the door opened, was the room where two gendarmes remained day and night, separated from the queen only by a screen unfolded before the opening.

"All the furniture in Marie Antoinette's room was a little wooden bed, to the right of the entrance, facing the window, and a straw chair in the bay of the window, in which the queen used to pass nearly the whole day watching the people going to and fro in the yard, or catching, from the conversations held in a loud voice near her window, the news which the women prisoners gave her.

"The queen had not been able to bring her linen, which was under seal at the Temple, and Michouis wrote on the 19th of August to the municipal officers on duty at the Temple: 'Citizen colleagues, Marie Antoinette has charged me to send her four chemises and a pair of slippers not numbered, of which she is in pressing need.' These four hapless chemises asked for by Michouis, soon reduced to three, are not delivered to the queen but at intervals of ten days. The queen had only two gowns, which she put on, one every two days; her poor black gown and her poor white gown—both rotted by the dampness of the room. . . . We must stop here, words fail us.

"Long days, long months! She prayed, read, and kept her courage unbroken."—*De Goncourt*, "*Hist. de Marie Antoinette.*"

After her condemnation, Marie Antoinette was not brought back to this chamber. It was a far more miserable cell which saw her write her last touching farewell to Madame Elizabeth. But this was the room in which the Girondins spent their last night, when, as Riouffe, himself in the prison at the time, says, "toute cette nuit affreuse retentit de leurs chants, et s'ils les interrompaient c'était pour s'entretenir de leur patrie." The adjoining cell, now used as a sacristy, was the prison of Robespierre.

Lighted by narrow windows from the same inner court of the prison are cells occupied in turn by Bailly, Malesherbes, Madame Elizabeth, Mme Roland, Camille Desmoulins, Danton, and Fabre d'Eglantine. In 1792, 288 prisoners were massacred in the prison. Afterwards Georges Cadoudal was imprisoned here. The Comte de Lavalette was rescued from hence by the courage of his wife. In later days Louvel, the assassin of the Duc de Berri, Teste, Béranger, and Proudhon, have been amongst the prisoners of the Conciergerie.

"The great entrance hall, receiving only a doubtful light from two wickets, for the only window looking on the court of arrival is entirely occupied by the clerk's office enclosing it, presents to the eye an atmosphere and a light perfectly in keeping with the images preconceived by the imagination. It is the more appalling that, parallel to the towers d'Argent and Montgommery, you perceive the mysterious crypts, and heavy vaults, without light, which run around the *parloir* and lead to the cells of the queen and Madame Elizabeth and the dungeons called *les secrets*." —*Balzac*, "*Scènes de la vie parisienne.*"

"The rules of the Conciergerie were the same for all; the duke was not distinguished from the thief by the simple fact of being duke, but only because he paid better. Here equality was realized as far as it is possible to conceive such a system, but it was the equality of misery.

"One day, as he saw, wandering round and round, through the huge bars which divided the prison, murderers, philosophers,

dukes, princes, poets, financiers, and thieves, Barnave said to me: 'As you behold these powerful princes, these philosophers, these legislators, these miserable outcasts, all confounded together, does it not seem to you that we are transported to the banks of that infernal river of which fable speaks, and which one must pass without hope of return?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'and we are on the front of the stage.' The unfortunate man was killed a few days afterwards.

"At midnight the concierge visited all the cells and rooms, accompanied by two turnkeys and two enormous dogs. While he talked with us, one of the turnkeys sounded the walls and ceiling with a long pike to make sure that we had made no holes.

"If the river rises a little, the floor of the Conciergerie, which is close to it, is on the same level, then dampness rules everywhere, and the water drips down the walls. A dense smoke choking the breath, the state of misery, the disgusting ailments of the dwellers in these places, affects your sight and makes your gorge rise as soon as you set foot therein; it is the vapor of the infernal regions exhaling from the mouth of Avernus. It seems as if by design the spot where these horrors are all accumulated, was chosen for the abode of the hapless Marie Antoinette.

"Among the countless victims I have seen condemned to lose their lives, I know of only three or four at most who showed any weakness. Of this number was the famous Mme Dubarry; I saw her faint in the Conciergerie after her condemnation; she cried out 'Help! help!' as she went to execution. In a similar situation, the Duke du Châtelet, having no means to take away his life, dashed his head against the wall. Having no offensive weapons, he broke a pane of glass and attempted to stab himself in the side with the broken glass; he did not succeed, and only inundated himself with blood. He was taken to the scaffold in this condition. With these exceptions, all the condemned were as tranquil, sometimes as gay, after their condemnation as before."—*Beaulieu*, "*Essais historiques.*"

Let us now turn to the left by one of the three vaulted passages which lead from the Cour d'Honneur to the *Sainte Chapelle* (open to the public daily, except Monday and Friday, from 12 to 4) which, in spite of a restoration almost amounting to renewal, is still one of the most beautiful buildings in France. The earliest chapel of the

palace, which is supposed to have occupied the same site, was dedicated to St. Barthélemy; the second, to St. Nicolas.

It was the reception of the Crown of Thorns from Jean de Brienne, Emperor of Constantinople,[1] and a great portion of the True Cross from his successor Baudouin,[2] which made St. Louis determine to build a shrine worthy to contain them. Pierre de Montereau was employed as an architect, and the Sainte Chapelle, begun in 1242, was finished in 1247. The two stories of the building, forming two chapels, were consecrated April 25, 1248, the upper under the title of St. Couronne and St. Croix, the lower under that of St. Marie.

"From all time, this building, due to Master Pierre de Montereau, was considered with justice as a masterpiece. The king, Saint Louis, spared nothing to make it the most brilliant jewel of his dominions, and if there is one surprising thing about it, it is the short time employed in its construction. Taking the widest dates, we must admit that the *Sainte Chapelle* was founded and completely finished in the space of five years; eight hundred thousand *livres tournois* were expended on its erection, its decoration, and the acquisition of the precious relics it contained. A scrupulous observation of the archæological characteristics of the *Sainte Chapelle* compels an acceptance of the truth of the historic dates. The mode of construction and the ornamentation belong to that brief portion of the thirteenth century. During the reigns of Philip Augustus and of Saint Louis, the progress of architecture is so rapid, that a period of five years introduces perceptible modifications; now, the greatest unity reigns in this building, from base to summit."—*Viollet-de-Duc.*

The great height of the building, without visible aisles or transept, is very striking. The lower part of the north

[1] A similar relic—the duplicate of this—is preserved, under three keys, in the Dominican monastery at Vicenza!

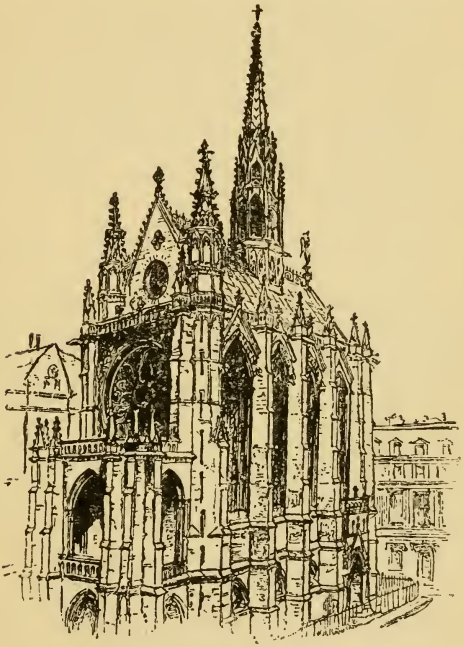
[2] Those believed to be possessed by evil spirits were brought hither on the night of Good Friday to be freed from the devil by the sight of the True Cross.

side and part of the chevet are hidden by modern buildings. The buttresses, which sustain all the weight of the vaults, rise to the full height of the building between the windows, and terminate in rich foliated pinnacles. Between them, gables, richly sculptured, surmount the windows of the upper chapel. Beneath the fourth window is an oratory constructed by Louis XI. that he might hear mass without being seen, and beneath this an oratory formerly dedicated to St. Louis. The steeple is a modern restoration of one erected by Charles VIII. and burnt in 1630. The portal is on the west facing the buildings of the Hôtel du Préfet de Police. Above the platform over the porch is the great flamboyant rose-window which was added by Charles VIII. in 1495, surmounted by a balustrade of fleurs-de-lis and by turrets on either side of the gable, which contains a smaller rose-window. On the balustrade two angels crown the chiffre of King Charles. On the pinnacles hangs the Crown of Thorns.

The sculptures of the lower porch refer to the Virgin, as those of the upper to Christ. The lower portal is divided into two bays, between which an ancient statue of the Virgin has been restored, as well as a relief of her Coronation in the tympanum. In the lozenges of the stylobate of the columns, the lilies of France alternate with the towers of Castille, in honor of Queen Blanche, mother of St. Louis. The chapel is a nave with narrow aisles. Forty pillars sustain the vaulting, of which the keys, in sculptured chestnut-wood, are very remarkable. The windows are curved triangles. The wall-decorations are restorations from traces of ancient work. The floor is paved with thirty-four curious gravestones, chiefly of canons of the Sainte Chapelle. Boileau was buried amongst them. The tomb-stone of his brother Jacques

still remains here, but the remains of the poet were removed, after the Revolution, to St. Germain des Prés.

"He was interred, not at St. Jean-le-Rond or at Notre Dame, as the situation of his last dwelling[1] seemed to require, but in the *Sainte Chapelle*, the parish in which he was born, and the scene



LA SAINTE-CHAPELLE.

where the heroes of his epic combated. He had so ordered in his last will. In complying with this last injunction, by a strange chance, it happened that his tomb was placed just below that 'Lutrin' which he sang in such comic strains."—*Fournier*, "*Paris démoli.*"

No external stair leads to the upper chapel, because it

[1] In the Cloitre Notre Dame.

was the royal oratory opening from the palace. We ascend, by an inner staircase, to the platform of the upper porch, a vast covered balcony, forming the real approach, by which the royal family entered, and communicating on the north with the palace galleries. Hence the upper chapel is entered by a gothic double portal, of which the beautiful wreathed-work at the sides is ancient; the statue of Christ is a restoration. On the lintel is the Last Judgment, and in the tympanum is the Saviour with his hands raised, having the Virgin and St. John at the sides. The bas-relief of the Creation and History of the Old Testament at the base, are also restorations.

The upper church is a mass of gilding, and harmonious in color from the fifteen stained windows, which, as far as possible, are restorations of the old windows mutilated during and after the Revolution. Eleven are filled with scenes from Old Testament history, but three in the apse and one in the nave are devoted to legendary history and that of the translation of the chapel relics. In the great rose of Charles VIII., the subjects are taken from the Apocalypse. Below the windows is an arcade, with sculptures representing martyrdoms. Beautiful statues of the twelve apostles lean against the lower pillars, all bearing a cross of consecration. The fourth, fifth, and sixth statues on the left, and the third, fourth, and fifth on the right, are ancient. These statues and the small figures of angels have shaken off the stillness and stiffness which characterized the earlier style (as at Notre Dame, Amiens, &c.), and are represented in movement, displaying the germ of theatrical mannerism, but as yet simple and full of grace.[1]

"These figures are executed in sandstone, and are of admirable

[1] Lübke.

workmanship, covered with ornaments, painted and gilded in imitation of rich stuffs turned up with borders sewn with precious stones."—*Viollet-le-Duc*, i. 27.

Under the windows of the fourth bay on either side the nave are niches, containing the places of honor reserved for the king and queen. In the fifth bay (right) a grille permitted Louis XI. to assist, unseen, at mass. Left of the altar a door opens to the sacristy. In the second bay left) a little door communicated with an external gallery. The altar, before which many royal marriages had taken place, and several queens (amongst others Isabeau de Bavière) had been crowned, was destroyed during the Revolution, and, with the reliquary above it, is a restoration.

"It is a grand ark of bronze, gilt and ornamented with some figures on the front, and raised on a gothic vault placed behind the high altar, at the apse of the church, and is closed by ten keys with different wards, six of which close the two exterior doors, and the other four an interior trellis work of two leaves."—*Jérôme Morand*, "*Hist. de la Sainte-Chapelle.*"

One of the little tourelles at the sides of the shrine, that on the north, still contains the actual wooden stair which was ascended by St. Louis, when he went to take from its tabernacle the Crown of Thorns, which he, and he alone, was permitted to exhibit to the people below, through a large pane of glass, purposely inserted and always movable, in the end window of the apse.

"A little behind the altar, a pierced arcade crosses the whole breadth of the apse; its location is like that of the old rood-lofts; but it has not the same object. It is composed of seven light pointed arches, supported by delicate columns, lightened up by glass mosaics, and ornamented with angels. The central arch, wider than its companions, is crowned by a platform on which a gothic baldaquin sculptured in wood rises to a great height, and beneath this the casket of holy relics used to be shown. This

casket, glittering with precious stones, dominated the whole chapel from the summit of its platform."—*F. de Guilhermy.*

It is recorded that when St. Louis was in Paris, he would rise to pray three times in the night, always approaching the altar on his knees. As an old chronicler says of the Sainte Chapelle—"c'étoit son arsenal contre toutes les traverses du monde."

Une femme, qui avoit nom Sarrette, et qui plaidoit en la cour du roi, lui dit un jour: 'Fi! fi! devrois-tu être roi de France? moult mieux seroit qu'un autre fût roi que toi; car tu es roi tout seulement des frères Mineurs, des frères Prêcheurs, des prêtres et des clercs. Grand dommage est que tu sois roi de France, et c'est grand'merveille que tu n'es bouté hors du royaume.' Les sergents du benoît roi la vouloient battre et mettre dehors; mais Loys défendit qu'ils la touchassent, et lui répondit en souriant: 'Certes, tu dis vrai, je ne suis digne d'être roi, et, s'il avoit plu à notre Seigneur, mieux eût valu qu'un autre fût roi, qui mieux sût gouverner le royaume.' Et il commanda à l'un de ses chambellans de donner de l'argent à cette femme."—*Geoffroi de Beaulieu.*

The precious relics of the Sainte Chapelle are now in the treasury of Notre Dame. The head of St. Louis had been brought hither from St. Denis.

"The head of St. Louis is in this church. It belonged to the treasury of St. Denis, but King Philippe le Bel obtained license from the pope that the head and one rib of Saint Louis might be transported to the chapel in Paris. Nevertheless, not to distress the Benedictines too much, who were lamenting their loss, the lower jaw of the head was left in their treasury.

"The precentor carries on the end of his staff an ancient head of the Emperor Titus, which, from some slight resemblance, has been transformed into that of St. Louis.

"Thus the Emperor Titus is present every day at the office in the *Sainte Chapelle*, holding in one hand a little cross, and in the other a crown of thorns. Beyond peradventure the emperor never expected it!"—*Tableau de Paris*, 1782.

Every year, at the opening of the law courts, the

Messe rouge or *des révérences* used to be said in the Sainte Chapelle, and was so called because the members of Parliament assisted at it in full dress, and made reverences on either side as they advanced to the altar.

Under the kings, and afterwards, as long as the Palace was the seat of the Parliament, the Sainte Chapelle was served by canons who held their office directly from the pope. The treasurer wore a mitre and officiated pontifically, and is designated in different deeds as "*pape de la Sainte Chapelle.*" The first who enjoyed these prerogatives, celebrated by Boileau in the *Lutrin*, was Hugues Boileau (confessor of Charles V.), a member of the poet's family.

In the court of the palace, opposite the Sainte Chapelle, Boileau came to live, after his father's death, in 1657.

The *Hôtel de la Cour de Comptes*, built (1740) from designs of Gabriel, replaces the beautiful renaissance Hôtel des Comptes, built by Jean Joconde under Louis XII., and destroyed by the fire of 1757.

The Avenue de Constantine will lead us to the Rue de la Cité (formerly Rue de la Lanterne, de la Juiverie, and du Marché-Palu), which crosses the island from the Pont Notre Dame to the Petit Pont. Neither of these bridges is now of the slightest interest, but in the last century the Pont Notre Dame, built in 1500, defended at the ends by tourelles and lined on either side by quaint gabled houses, with open shops beneath, was especially picturesque. One of its bridge-shops belonged to the famous picture-dealer Gersaint, and had a sign painted and given by Watteau. Close to the bridge, and by the spot where the ancient Porte de la Cité stood, was the Prison de Glaucin, where St. Denis, the Apostle of the Gauls, was immured. From very early times this cell was transformed

into an oratory, and as early as 1015 the knight Ansolde and his wife Rotrude founded a convent of secular canons opposite it, in honor of *Monsieur Saint Denis*. The oratory, under various names, St. Catherine, St. Denis de la Chartre, and St. Symphorien, existed till 1704, when the building was given to the Academy of St. Luke. The conventual church contained, till its demolition in 1810, a group by Michel Anguier representing St. Denis in prison receiving the sacrament from the Saviour himself, and over the portal was inscribed, "Icy est la chartre en laquelle saint Denis fut mis prisonnier, où notre Sauveur Jésus le visita et lui bailla son précieux corps et sang. Il y a grand pardon pour toutes personnes qui visiteront ce saint lieu." The site of St. Denis de la Chartre is now covered by the new wing of the Hôtel Dieu.

The street which opened opposite St. Denis first bore the name of Micra Madiana—the little Midian—from its Jewish inhabitants. It was afterwards called Rue de la Pelleterie, from the trade which at one time almost exclusively occupied it. At the end of the street was the church of St. Barthélemy, which served as a chapel to the palace of the Merovingian kings, and which Hugues Capet endowed with the relics of St. Magloire, Bishop of Dol. It became a parish church in 1140; its rebuilding in the style of Louis XVI. was begun in 1775, but it was unfinished at the Revolution, when it was totally destroyed, together with the neighboring church of St. Pierre des Arcis and that of St. Croix, which had become parochial in 1134.

On the right of the broad avenue Constantine, which leads from the Palais de Justice, across the centre of the island, to the Rue de la Cité, on the site now occupied by the great Caserne de la Cité, was the Ceinture St. Eloi. This contained the vast monastery of St. Eloi, which the

sainted goldsmith founded in a house facing the palace that he had received from Dagobert, and placed under the government of St. Aure, who died there of the plague in October, 666, with 160 of her nuns. In the monastic church, Philippe de Villette, abbot of St. Denis, escaped from the terrible massacre by the Burgundians, by clinging to the altar, dressed in his pontifical robes, and with the Host in his hands. The monastery of St. Eloi was bestowed in 1629 upon the Barnabites, for whom its church was rebuilt in 1703. Church and monastery were alike destroyed in 1859 to build the barrack. At the entrance of the precincts of St. Eloi, opposite the palace, at the angle of the Rue de la Vieille Draperie and de la Barillerie, stood, till 1605, a pyramidal monument, marking the site of the paternal home of the nineteen-years-old student, Jean Chastel, razed to the ground by decree of Parliament, after he had been persuaded by the Jesuits to his attack upon Henri IV. (Dec. 27, 1594), whom he only succeeded in wounding in the upper lip. The site was afterwards occupied by the Fontaine du Palais, inscribed—

> "Hic, ubi manabant sacri monumenta furoris,
> Eluit infandum Miroris unda scelus."

The street which ran along the side of the northern walls of St. Eloi was called, from its inhabitants, the Rue de la Draperie. Opposite where it fell into the Rue de la Juiverie, as the second part of the Rue de la Cité was formerly called, stood the church of La Madeleine, into which a Jewish synagogue was converted in the reign of Philippe Auguste, and which consequently observed the custom of reciting the office of Good Friday upon every Friday in Lent to the intention of the conversion of the Jews. From the XIII. c. the curé of La Madeleine bore

the title of arch-priest, which secured him a supremacy over all other curés of the diocese: the little church was also the seat of the oldest of Parisian confraternities—*la grande confrérie de Notre Dame aux seigneurs, prêtres, et bourgeois de Paris*, which had the archbishop for its abbot and the president of Parliament for its dean, and possessed 25,000 livres of rental. La Madeleine was sold and pulled down at the Revolution, but a pretty side door belonging to it, which opened, from 1512, upon the Rue de Licorne, continued in existence here till 1843, when, on the opening of the Rue de Constantine, it was adapted to the presbytery of St Séverin. Opposite la Madeleine was the famous tavern of the Pomme de Pin, the great resort of XVI. c. and XVII. c. wits, which Rabelais counted amongst "les tabernes méritoires où cauponisoient joyeusement les escholiers de Lutèce," and of which Regnier writes—

> "Où maints rubis balais, tous rougissants de vin,
> Montraient un *Hac itur* à la Pomme de Pin."—*Sat.* x.

A little farther down the Rue de la Juiverie on the western side, was the Halle de Beauce, a corn exchange, which existed from immemorial times till the XVI. c. Beyond this the Rue de la Calandre opened westwards, and here, in the "Maison du Paradis," St. Marcel, Bishop of Paris, is said to have been born in the VI. c., in honor of which, on Ascension Day, the chapter of Notre Dame visited it, in solemn procession, annually. In the Rue de la Calandre, at the house called from its sign, *du Grand Coq*, Théophraste Renaudot, in 1630, printed the first Parisian newspaper, *La Gazette de France.*

"Théophrastus Renaudot, a physician of Paris, gathered news from all quarters to amuse his patients; he soon found himself more in the fashion than his brethren, but as a whole city

is not sick, and does not fancy itself so, he reflected, after some years, that he could make a very considerable income by giving every week to the public some fly-sheets containing the news of different countries. He needed a license, and obtained one, *cum privilegio*, in 1632. Such flying sheets had been thought of long before in Venice, and were called *gazettes*, because, *una gazetta*, a small piece of money, was paid for reading them. This is the origin of our gazettes and their name."—*Saint-Foix*, "*Essais hist. sur Paris*," 1776.

Beyond the opening of the Rue de la Calandre, the Rue de la Cité was called Rue du Marché Palu (*palé* or raised). Here, on the right, beyond the Grande Orberie (Herberie, afterwards the Marché Neuf, destroyed 1860), stood the ancient basilica of St. Germain le Vieux, founded by Chilperic after the death of St. Germain, bishop of Paris, in the hope of eventually endowing it with the body of that prelate, provisionally buried in the abbey of St. Vincent, afterwards St. Germain des Prés. The church never obtained so great a relic except as a visitor, when it was brought for refuge here within the walls of the Cité, from the Normans, but when it was taken back in peace to the mainland, an arm was left here in recognition of the hospitality it had received. St. Germain le Vieux was sold and entirely destroyed at the Revolution. The space east of the Rue de la Cité is now occupied by the huge buildings of the Hôtel Dieu, which, from the earliest times, though on a much smaller scale, has been the neighbor of Notre Dame. The ground now occupied by the hospital was covered, till the present century, by a labyrinth of little streets and curious old buildings. Between the Rue de la Lanterne and Rue de la Juiverie (both now swallowed up in the Rue de la Cité) the Rue des Marmousets ran eastwards to the Cloister of Notre Dame, taking its name from a house described as Domus Marmosetorum, from

the little sculptured figures on its front. It had a door decorated with medallion portraits, and an octagonal tower of the XV. c. (destroyed 1838). Another house pointed out in this street, inspired the neighbors with terror. It was said to have been inhabited by a pastry-cook, who made an alliance with his next neighbor, a barber. When any one entered the barber's room to be shaved, as soon as he was seated, a trap-door opened beneath his chair, and he disappeared into a cellar communicating with the house of the pastry-cook, who served up his flesh to his customers in little patties, which long enjoyed an extraordinary popularity in Paris. De Breul, who tells this story, states that the house was razed to the ground, and that it was forbidden ever to build on its site, but Jaillot proves that Pierre Balut, counsellor of Parliament, was permitted to build on the spot by letters patent of François I. in January, 1536. A curious round tourelle, with a well at its foot, belonging to the house which was then erected, stood till the middle of the present century. The first street towards the river, on the left of the Rue des Marmousets, was the Rue de Glatigny, named from a house which belonged to Robert and Guillaume de Glatigny in 1241. Title deeds of 1266 speak of houses *in Glategniaco.* Here was the Val d'Amour, and here, according to Guillot, "Maignent [demeurent] dames au corps gent, folles de leurs corps." The priests were forbidden to marry, but, on payment, were permitted to have concubines, till it was forbidden at the Council of Paris in 1212.[1] Behind the Rue de Glatigny, close to the back of St. Denis de la Chartre, was the little church of St. Luc, where the relics of St. Cloud were secured from the English, from 1428 to 1443. Eastward from the Rue de Glatigny ran the Haute

[1] See Dulaure, ii. 106.

and Basse Rue des Ursins, part of which still exists. In the Rue Haute des Ursins (also called de l'Ymage) stood the old Hôtel des Ursins with encorbelled towers above the river, where Jean Juvénal des Ursins lived (1360–1431), who was counsellor to the Châtelet, advocate to Parliament, provost of the trades, advocate and counsellor of the king, and chancellor of the dauphin. He is represented with his wife and eleven children in a curious picture, formerly in Notre Dame and now in the Louvre, and another portrait in the Louvre represents his son Jean Guillaume, Baron de Traynel, Chancellor of France under Charles VII. and Louis XI. It is said that Racine resided for a time at No. 9. Rue Basse des Ursins, of which a fragment still exists. Close to the end of this street was the interesting church of St. Landry, which, in 1160, was already parochial. It contained a shrine, enriched, in 1418, by Pierre d'Orgemont, with some bones from the shrine of St. Landry at Notre Dame. The Dauvet family restored the church in the XV. c., and it contained the fine tombs of Jehan Dauvet (1471) and Jehan Baudran (1459) his wife, as well as several XVIII. c. monuments to the family of Boucherat, and the epitaph of Pierre de Broussel, surnamed "patriarche de la Fronde" and "le père du peuple," who died in the time of Louis XIV. Here also was the mausoleum of Catherine Duchemin, wife of the famous sculptor François Girardon, bearing a beautiful Pietà inscribed, "Le sieur Girardon, voulant consacrer à Jésus-Christ tout ce qu'il peut avoir acquis d'intelligence et de lumières dans son art, a fait et donné à l'église de Saint-Landry, cet ouvrage au pied duquel il repose dès premier Septembre MDCCXV." St. Landry, sold in the Revolution, was occupied as a carpenter's shop till 1829, when it was pulled down. In the Rue St. Landry

lived the Councillor Pierre Broussel, famous as a frondeur, and there he was arrested by Comminges, August 26, 1648. A very curious account of his seizure is to be found in the *Mémoires de Brienne.* Behind the church of St. Landry, the Rue d'Enfer ran parallel to the river, having the Hôtel de Clavigny on the left. In its early existence it was called Rue Port St. Landry, as it led to the only point of embarkation at the east end of the island, the spot where the coffin of Isabeau de Bavière, who had died in the Hôtel St. Paul, was embarked for St. Denis, accompanied by a few servants only, after a service in Notre Dame. On the right of the Rue d'Enfer was the church of St. Agnan, founded (*c.* 1118) by Archdeacon Etienne de Garlande, formerly Dean of St. Agnan at Orleans. Here the Archdeacon of Notre Dame found St. Bernard despairing at the inefficiency of his preaching in Paris, lamenting through a whole day at the foot of the humble altar, and consoled him with his counsels. The church was sold at the Revolution, but existed, divided into two stories of a warehouse, till late years. Racine lived, *c.* 1670, in a house on the south side of the Rue d'Enfer.

Returning in imagination to the site of St. Landry, the Rue du Chevet led under the east end of the church, to the Rue St. Pierre aux Bœufs, on the eastern side of which was the church of that name, the especial church of the butchers, mentioned in a bull of Innocent II. (1136) as *Capella Sancti. Petri de Bobus.* It was sold at the Revolution, and, after long serving as a wine-cellar, was pulled down in 1837, though its picturesque portal was preserved and applied to the western façade of St. Séverin. It was in this church that the student Hémon de la Fosse, converted to paganism by classical studies, attacked the Host in 1503, and proclaimed the worship of Jupiter, for

which he had his tongue branded with hot iron, his hand cut off, and was finally burnt alive. It is said that as an expiatory procession was passing after this execution, two cows, being led to the butcher, knelt before the sacrament, whence the name of the church. Close behind St. Pierre, the little church of St. Marine stood from the XI. c., with a parish of twenty houses, and a curé who was chaplain to the episcopal prisons. Sold at the Revolution, St. Marine was used first as a popular theatre, then for workshops: it existed till recent times. On the opposite side of the Rue St. Pierre, the Rue Cocatrix ran west, named from the fief of a family which existed here in the XIII. c.

All these sites are now swallowed up. Most of them are covered by the vast modern buildings of the *Hôtel Dieu*, the Maison Dieu of the middle ages. This is said to have originated in a hospital founded by St. Landry, and was probably the same which a charter of 829 mentions under the name of St. Christophe. But the first building which bore the name of Hôtel Dieu, and which stood on the south side of the Place du Parvis Notre Dame, was begun by Philippe Auguste, who gave the title of Salle St. Denis to its first ward. To this, Queen Blanche of Castille added the Salle St. Thomas, and St. Louis continued the work by building the Salle Jaune, with two attendant chapels, along the banks of the river. After being long neglected during the hundred years' war, the Hôtel Dieu found a great benefactor in Louis XI., who built the beautiful gothic portals of the two chapels near the Petit Pont, which, with the noble renaissance gable by their sides belonging to the Salle du Légat, were the great feature of the building till the whole was destroyed by fire on December 30, 1772, when many of the sick perished, the rest being received by the archbishop in Notre Dame. In

its next form the Hôtel Dieu had no interest, except that under the peristyle was a statue of the philanthropist Montyon, who desired that his remains might rest there (1838) in the midst of the poor and sick. It was in this hospital that the poet Gilbert died. The whole of its buildings were pulled down and the present Hôtel Dieu, built by Diet, was inaugurated August 11, 1877.

More open and airy, the island has nowhere lost more in picturesqueness than in the opening out of the Parvis Notre Dame to its present dimensions, and lining it on the left with a straight line of buildings of featureless houses. The ancient Parvis (paradisus, the earthly paradise—whence the great church, the figure of the heavenly Jerusalem, was seen in all its glory), the spot where the scaffold was erected upon which the Templars protested their innocence before their execution, had been gradually made narrower and surrounded by lofty houses of varied outline. On its right was a fountain (destroyed 1748), and in front of this a statue of unknown origin [1] (representing a man holding a book), which was called by the people Le Grand Jeusneur, and became the recipient of all the satires of the time, as the statue of Pasquin at Rome.

"In certain workshops it is still the custom to send the apprentices to borrow from the knife-grinder a *whetstone for the tongue*, or buy at the grocer's a *pennyworth of elbow-grease*. In years past they never failed to send the newcomer to M. Legris, *le vendeur de gris*. The novice, when he came to the parvis, would ask a passer-by the address of the celebrated tradesman, and this antiquated joke always provoked a laugh."—*E. Drumont*, "*Paris à travers les âges*."

On the south of the Parvis, where the buildings of the Hôtel Dieu now stand, stood the Hôpital des Enfants

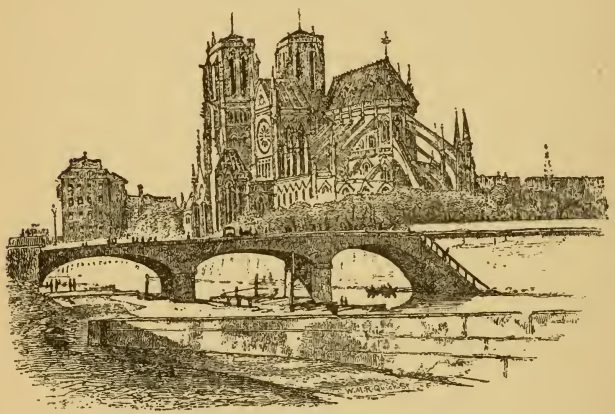
[1] The Abbé Lebœuf considers it to have represented Christ holding the book of the New Testament.

Trouvés, having its origin in a house called La Couche, which resulted from the preaching of St. Vincent de Paul, for the rescue of children who used previously to be openly sold, in the Rue St. Landry, for a franc apiece to acrobats or professional beggars. The hospital was rebuilt in 1746–48, with a chapel, celebrated for its ceiling, painted in an imaginary state of ruin, with such power that it seemed to those below as if it must fall and crush them. The second hospital swallowed up the church of St. Geneviève des Ardents, whither legend asserted that the shepherd-patroness was wont to resort for prayer. The dedication of Sancta Genovefa Parva commemorated the cure, as the shrine of St. Geneviève was carried by, of a vast multitude, attacked by the terrible epidemic called *des Ardents*.[1] The hospital of the Enfants Trouvés has been recently demolished to expose the indifferent front of the southern division of the Hôtel Dieu. The ugliness and bareness of the hospital, internal and external, does not contrast favorably with similar institutions in many provincial towns, notably Beaune, Tonnerre, and Angers.

The metropolitan cathedral of Notre Dame now faces us in all its gothic magnificence. The remains of an altar of Jupiter discovered in 1711 indicate that a pagan temple once occupied the site, where *c.* 375, a church dedicated to St. Stephen, was built under Prudentius, eighth bishop of Paris. In 528, through the gratitude of Childebert—"le nouveau Melchisedech"—for his recovery from sickness by St. Germain, another far more rich and beautiful edifice arose by the side of the first church, and was destined to become *ecclesia parisiaca*, the cathedral of Paris. Childe-

[1] No wonder that multitudes died of the *mal des ardents*. The cure prescribed was wine and holy water mingled with scrapings from a stone of the Holy Sepulchre, and in which relics of the saints had been dipped. See *Historiens de France*, xi.

bert endowed it with three estates—at Chelles-en-Brie, at La Celle near Montereau, and at La Celle near Fréjus, which last supplied the oil for its sacred ordinances. The new church had not long been finished when La Cité, in which the monks of St. Germain had taken refuge with their treasures, was besieged by the Normans, but it was successfully defended by Bishop Gozlin, who died during the siege. It is believed that the substructions of this church were found during recent excavations in the Parvis



NOTRE DAME.

Notre Dame, and architectural fragments then discovered are now preserved at the Palais des Thermes.

The first stone of a new and much larger cathedral was laid by Pope Alexander III. in 1163, under Bishop Maurice de Sully: *A fundamentis extruxit ecclesiam cui preerat*, writes his contemporary, Robert of Auxerre. On its first altar Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, celebrated mass. The work advanced rapidly. The choir was finished in 1185, and two years later Geoffrey Plantagenet, son of

Henry II. of England, was buried in front of the high altar. A few years later Isabelle de Hainault, wife of Philippe Auguste, was laid in the same place. Early in the XIII. c., under Bishop Pierre de Nemours, the nave, towers, and façade were completed. It was then that the old church of St. Etienne, where Fredegonde had taken refuge with her treasures after the murder of Chilperic (584) was pulled down. The south porch was begun, as its inscription tells, by Jehan de Chelles, master mason, February 12, 1257, the north portal about the same time, and the cathedral was finished by the beginning of the reign of St. Louis, whose funeral service was performed here.

In spite of serious injuries from fire, no serious restoration ruined the glory of the cathedral before the XVII. c. But under Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. the XIV. c. stalls, tombs, roodloft, the open clôture, and XII. c. windows of the choir were swept away, and in 1771, to give a freer passage for processions, the central pillar of the western portal was removed, with the lower sculptures of its tympanum. Every year after this saw some destruction under the name of improvement, till the great Revolution broke out, when the greater part of the statues of the portals and choir chapels were destroyed, and the cathedral became a Temple of Reason, Mlle Maillard, attended by her priestesses—figurantes de l'opéra—being adored as Goddess of Reason *à la place du ci-devant Saint Sacrement!* Since 1845 the urgency of M. de Montalembert has led to much of these injuries being repaired, and to a magnificent restoration of the entire fabric under Viollet-le-Duc, though the whole has since narrowly escaped perishing under the Commune, when all its chairs were piled up in the choir and set on fire, and only the want of air and the dampness of the walls saved the building.

The magnificent west façade consists of three stories. The triple portal is surmounted by *La Galerie des Rois* (de Juda, as being ancestors of Notre Dame)—saved by the intervention of the astronomer Dupuis, when their destruction was ordered by the Municipal Council in 1793. In the second story is a great rose-window flanked by double windows enclosed in wide-spreading gothic arches. The third story is an open gallery of slender arches and columns—La Galerie de la Vierge: the statues here are modern.[1] Four buttresses rising to the top of the building divide it into equal parts, and also mark the width of the towers. They have niches with statues representing Religion, Faith, St. Denis, and St. Stephen.

"There are assuredly few finer architectural pages than that front of that cathedral, in which successively and at once, the three receding pointed gateways; the decorated and indented band of the twenty-eight royal niches; the vast central circular window, flanked by the two lateral ones, like the priest by the deacon and sub-deacon; the lofty and slender gallery of trifoliated arcades, supporting a heavy platform upon its light and delicate columns; and the two dark and massive towers, with their eaves of slate[2]—harmonious parts of one magnificent whole—rising one above another in five gigantic stories—unfold themselves to the eye, in combination unconfused—with their innumerable details of statuary, sculpture, and carving, in powerful alliance with the grandeur of the whole—a vast symphony in stone, if we may so express it—the colossal work of a man and of a nation—combining unity with complexity, like the Iliads and the Romanceros to which it is a sister production—the prodigious result of a draught upon the whole resources of an era—in which, upon every stone, is seen displayed in a hundred varieties, the fancy of the workman disciplined by the genius of the artist—a sort of human creation, in short, mighty and prolific as the Divine Creation, of which it seems to have caught the double character—variety and eternity."—*Victor Hugo*, "*Notre Dame.*"

[1] The original statue of Adam from this gallery, now in the Magasin at St. Denis, is a very interesting XIV. c. work, and ought to be in one of the chapels of Notre Dame.

[2] These are now unfortunately removed.

The central portal—*Porte du Jugement*—recently restored from abominable mutilations by Soufflot, bears a statue of Christ by Geoffroy Dechaume on its dividing pillar. At the sides are the Apostles; in the medallions the Virtues and Vices. The tympanum (the lower part modern) and vaulting represent the Last Judgment. It was beneath this portal that most of the royal and other great marriages have taken place. When Elizabeth of France, daughter of Henri II., married Philippe II. of Spain, it is recorded that Eustace de Bellay, Bishop of Paris, met her here, "et se fit la célébration des épousailles audit portrail, selon la coutume de notre mère Sainte Eglise."

On the left is the *Portail de la Vierge.*

"This doorway is a poem in stone. On the plinth of the central pier is placed the image of the Virgin holding the Child; under her feet she treads the dragon with a woman's head, whose tail is twined round the trunk of the tree of knowledge. Adam and Eve, at each side of the tree, are tempted by the Serpent. On the left side of the plinth is sculptured the creation of Eve, and on the right the angel driving our first parents from Paradise. A rich canopy, supported by two angels bearing thuribles, surmounts the Virgin's head, and terminates in a charming little shrine, covering the Ark of the Covenant. It must be borne in mind that the litanies give to the Virgin the title of Ark of the Covenant. Thus on this pier the glorification of the mother of God is complete. She holds the Redeemer in her arms; according to the Scriptures she bruises the serpent's head, and her divine function is symbolized by the Ark of the Covenant. On the lintel of the doorway, divided into two portions by the little shrine that crowns the canopy, are sculptured, on the right, the Virgin, three prophets seated, with their heads covered by a veil, holding a single phylactery with a meditative air; on the left, three kings crowned, in the same attitude. These six figures are the most beautiful of all those of that epoch. The presence of the prophets is explained by the announcement of the coming of the Messiah, and the kings are present at the scene as ancestors of the Virgin. The heads of these personages are remark-

able by the expression of meditative intelligence which seems to give them life.

"The second lintel represents the Entombment of the Virgin. Two angels hold the shroud and lower the corpse into a rich sarcophagus. Behind the tomb is Christ giving his benediction to the body of his mother; around him are the twelve Apostles, whose countenances express grief. In the upper tympanum the Virgin is seated on the right of her Son, who places on her head a crown brought by an angel. Two other angels, kneeling at each side of the throne, hold torches. In the four rows of *voussoirs* which surround these bas-reliefs, are sculptured angels, the patriarchs, the royal ancestors of the Virgin and the prophets. A band covered by magnificent ornaments terminates the *voussoirs*. But as if to give greater amplitude to the final curve, a large moulding in the form of a gable frames it in. This frame rests on two slight columns.

"Eight statues adorn the sides of the splay, and these figures are thus arranged. Beginning from the jamb on the right of the Virgin, is St. Denis, carrying his head and accompanied by two angels, then Constantine. On the opposite side-piece, facing Constantine, is Pope Sylvester, then St. Geneviève, St. Stephen and St. John Baptist. The statues are placed on the little columns of the lower arcade; the tympans between the arches which surmount these columns are consequently beneath the feet of the figures. Each of these tympans bears a sculpture referring to the person above. Under Constantine, two animals, a dog and a bird, to signify the triumph of Christianity over the Devil; under St. Denis, the executioner with his axe; under the two angels, a lion and a monster bird, symbols of the powers which the angels tread under foot; under St. Sylvester, the city of Byzantium; under St. Geneviève, a demon; under St. Stephen, a Jew holding a stone; under St. John the Baptist, King Herod. In the back of the arcade, under the little pointed arches, are sculptured in very low relief scenes referring equally to the statues above. Thus, under Constantine, is a king holding a banderole, and kneeling at the feet of a woman veiled and crowned, with a nimbus around her head and a sceptre in her hand. This woman is the Church, to whom the emperor does homage. Under the angels, are the combats of these spirits of light against the rebellious spirits. Under St. Denis, is his martyrdom; under St. Sylvester, a pope conversing with a crowned personage; under St. Geneviève, a woman blessed by a hand issuing from a cloud,

and receiving the assistance of an angel ; under St. Stephen, the representation of his martyrdom ; under St. John the Baptist, the executioner giving the head of the Precursor to the daughter of Herodias. At the same elevation, on the jambs, are sculptured the Earth, represented by a woman holding plants in her hand ; the Sea, figured as a woman seated on a fish and holding a ship. The exterior jambs of the doorway are covered with vegetation sculptured with rare delicacy ; the trees and shrubs are evidently symbolical ; the oak, the beech, a pear tree, a chestnut, a wild rose, can be perfectly recognized.

"Thirty-seven bas-reliefs, sculptured on the two faces of each of the jambs of the doorway, compose an almanac of stone above the bas-reliefs of the Earth and the Sea. They consist of the figures of the zodiac and the various labors and occupations of the year.

"In such wise did the artists of the beginning of the XIII. c. know how to compose a cathedral portal."—*Viollet-le-Duc*, vii. 421.

The portal on the right, *de St. Anne* or *de St. Marcel*, is the most ancient of the portals, and is composed, in its upper part, of fragments from that of St. Etienne, executed at the expense of Etienne de Garlande, who died in 1142. Other portions come from the central portal of the façade begun by Bishop Maurice de Sully (ob. 1196), who is himself represented amongst the sculptures, together with Louis VII. On the central pillar is the statue of St. Marcel, ninth bishop of Paris (ob. 436) ; it is of early XIII. c. The hinges of this door, magnificent specimens of metal work, are also relics of St. Etienne.

The beautiful south façade bears, with its date 1257, the name of the only known architect of Notre Dame—Jean de Chelles. The portal of the north transept is devoted to the history of the Virgin, and bears a beautiful statue of her, with the mantle fastened under the right arm. The reliefs give the history of the Virgin. The statuettes of angels are very charming.[1] Beneath the third

[1] Lübke.

window, belonging to a choir chapel beyond this portal, is the graceful *Porte Rouge*, a chef-d'œuvre early XIV. c., which has a representation of the Coronation of the Virgin in its tympanum and scenes from the life of St. Marcel in its vaulting. It takes its name from its doors having been originally painted red. Its statues represent St. Louis and Marguerite de Provence.

"The little Porte Rouge attains almost the limits of the gothic delicacy of the XV. c."—*Victor Hugo.*

The cathedral spire is a recent "restoration" by Viollet-le-Duc.

High mass on Sundays is at 9.30 A.M.; Vespers followed by Benediction, at 2.30 P.M. On Fridays in Lent the great relic, the Crown of Thorns, is exhibited after 2 P.M. in the choir.

On entering the church from the sunlit square the extreme darkness is at first almost oppressive, then infinitely imposing. The chief light comes from above, from the windows of the clerestory, which, in the choir, are filled with gorgeous stained glass. The five aisles, with their many pillars, afford most picturesque cross views. In the choir Henry VI. of England (1431), when only ten years old, was crowned king of France. The whole church, now so bare of historic memorials, was formerly paved with sepulchral stones. The monuments included: Philippe, archdeacon of Paris, son of Louis VI., 1161; Prince Geoffrey of England, 1186; Queen Isabelle of Hainault, 1189; Louis de France, dauphin, son of Charles VI., 1415; Louise de Savoie, mother of François I. (her heart), 1531; Louis XIII. (his entrails), 1643; Eudes de Sully, Bishop of Paris, 1208; Bishop Etienne II., dit Templier, 1279; Cardinal Aymeric de Magnac, 1384; Bishop Pierre d'Orgemont, 1409; Denis Dumoulin, Patriarch of Antioch, 1447; Archbishop Pierre de Marca, 1662; Archbishop

Hardouin de Péréfixe, 1671; Archbishop François de Harlay, 1695; and Renaud de Beaune, Archbishop of Sens, 1616.

"The church itself—that vast edifice—wrapping her, as it were, on all sides—protecting her—saving her—was a sovereign tranquillizer. The solemn lines of its architecture; the religious attitude of all the objects by which the girl was surrounded; the pious and serene thoughts escaping, as it were, from every pore of those venerable stones—acted upon her unconsciously to herself. The structure had sounds, too, of such blessedness and such majesty, that they soothed that suffering spirit. The monotonous chant of the performers of the service; the responses of the people to the priests, now inarticulate, now of thundering loudness; the harmonious trembling of the casements; the organs bursting forth like the voice of a hundred trumpets; the three steeples humming like hives of enormous bees—all that orchestra, over which bounded a gigantic gamut, ascending and descending incessantly, from the voice of a multitude to that of a bell—lulled her memory, her imagination, and her sorrow. The bells especially had this effect. It was as a powerful magnetism which those vast machines poured in large waves over her."—*Victor Hugo*, "*Notre Dame.*"

The form of the church is a Latin cross. The central aisle is of great width,[1] and, besides the chapels, there are double side-aisles, above which run the immense galleries of the triforium, united at the transept walls by very nar-

[1] The length of Notre Dame is 390 feet; width at transepts, 144 feet; height of vaulting, 102 feet; height of west towers, 204 feet; width of west front, 128 feet; length of nave, 225 feet; width of nave, 39 feet.

An engraved copper tablet hung against one of the pillars formerly gave the dimensions of the church—

Si tu veux sçavoir comme est ample,
De Nostre-Dame le grand temple,
Il y a, dans œuvre, pour le seur,
Dix et sept toises de hauteur,
Sur la largeur de vingt-quatre,
Et soixante-cinq sans rebattre,
A de long aux tours haut montées
Trente-quatre sont comptées;
Le tout fondé sur pilotis,
Aussi vrai que je te le dis.

De Breul, "*Antiquités de Paris.*"

row passages. The choir retains some of its wood carving, executed under Louis XIII., from designs of Jean de Goulon. The group called *Le Vœu de Louis XIII.*, consists of a Descent from the Cross by Nicolas Coustou. The kneeling figure of Louis XIII. is by Guillaume Coustou, that of Louis XIV. by Antoine Coysevox. The tapestries hung up on festivals were given by Napoleon I. The dead Christ in gilt copper comes from the chapel of the Louvois in the Capucines of the Place Vendôme. Enclosing the west end of the choir is part of the curious XIV. c. screen, sculptured by Jean Ravy—a remnant of that destroyed under Louis XIV.

"The earlier series on the north contains a crowded representation of the History of Christ, in an unbroken line from the Annunciation to the Prayer in Gethsemane. These representations are vividly conceived, and the style in which they are executed breathes the spirit of the XIII. c. Perhaps they belong to the end of that period or the beginning of the XIV. c. The reliefs on the south side are different on many points. They continue the History of Christ, and, indeed, the whole was so arranged that the cycle which began at the east passed along the north side to the west end of the choir, and was continued on the lectern, where the Passion, Crucifixion and Resurrection were depicted in front of the congregation, concluding at the south side in a scene moving from west to east. Of the later scenes, the only ones now in existence are those which extend from the meeting of Christ as the Gardener with Mary Magdalen, to the farewell to the Disciples after the Resurrection. The artist of these later scenes left his name, in an inscription that has now also disappeared, as Jehan Ravy, who for twenty-six years conducted the building of Notre Dame, at the end of which time it was completed under his nephew, Master Jehan le Bouteiller, in 1351. Master Ravy evidently thought that he could improve upon his predecessor's work on the north side; for while the latter had formed the scenes into one unbroken series, he divided into separate compartments by arcades, so that the later representations, which are still in existence, are separated from each other by small columns."—*Lübke.*

The chapels have been decorated in fresco, at great expense, under Viollet-le-Duc, rather to the destruction, most will consider, of the general harmony of the building. We may notice in the choir chapels, beginning on the right (the south)—

Chapelle St. Denis. Statue of Archbishop Affre, by Auguste de Bay. The Archbishop is represented at the moment when, appearing with an olive branch on the barricade of the Faubourg St. Antoine, he was struck by a ball, June 25, 1848.

Chapelle St. Madeleine. Kneeling statue of Archbishop Sibour (murdered in St. Etienne du Mont, January 8, 1857), by Dubois. Grave of the papal nuncio Garibaldi, Archbishop of Myra, 1853.

Chapelle St. Guillaume. Statue of the Virgin and Child, attributed to Bernini. Mausoleum of General Henri-Charles d'Harcourt, 1769, by Pigalle—a singular work of dramatic sculpture.

Chapelle St. Georges. Statue of Archbishop Darboy (murdered by the Communists in the prison of La Roquette, May 27, 1871), by Bonnassieux. Kneeling statue of Archbishop Morlot, 1862, by Lescorné.

La Chapelle de Notre Dame des Sept Douleurs (north of choir) contains a restored fresco (of XIV. c.) of the Virgin and Child throned, with St. Denis on the right, and Bishop Simon Matiffas de Buci, who built the first three chapels on the left of the apse, as was told on his monument, and whose tomb was originally beneath it.

Chapelle St. Marcel. Immense tomb of Cardinal de Belloy, 1808, by Pierre Deseine. Tomb, with reclining figure, of Archbishop de Quélen.

Chapelle St. Louis. Kneeling statue of Archbishop Louis-Antoine de Noailles, 1729, by de Chaume.

Chapelle St. Germain. Tomb of Archbishop Leclerc de Juigné, 1811. A kneeling figure in relief.

Chapelle St. Ferdinand. Slab tomb, with medallion, of Archbishop de Beaumont, 1781.

Chapelle St. Martin. Tomb (restored by Viollet-le-Duc) of Jean Baptiste de Vardes, Comte de Guébriant, Marshal of France, 1643, and his wife Renée du Bec-Crespin, who was

sent as ambassadress extraordinary to Poland, and died 1659.

Behind the sanctuary, moved from its rightful place, is the tomb, with an interesting jewelled effigy, of Archbishop Matiffas de Buci, 1304.

Against a pillar at the entrance of the choir on left is a statue of St. Denis, by Nicolas Coustou. Against the corresponding pillar on the right is a XIV. c. statue of the Virgin and Child.

"After the battle of Poitiers, the towns-people of Paris, in order to obtain relief from the woes that afflicted France, made a vow to present annually to Notre Dame a taper as long as the city. The 14th of August, 1437, the Provost of the Merchants and the échevins presented this offering to the chapter for the first time. When Paris had expanded and it became difficult to find a taper of such dimensions, the taper was changed into a silver lamp, which was to remain always burning, and which Francis Morin carried in great pomp to Notre Dame, in 1605."—*Paris à travers les âges.*

Among the historic memorials which perished in the Revolution was the equestrian statue of Philippe le Bel, clothed in the armor which he wore at Mons-en-Puelle, which stood by the last pillar on the right of the nave. A gigantic St. Christopher, destroyed by the chapter in 1786, was given, in 1413, by Antoine des Essarts, whose tomb, with its armed statue, stood near it. Tastes have changed, for a famous traveller of the XVII. c. found St. Christopher the only thing worth seeing in the church.

"I could see no notable matter in the cathedrall church, saving the statue of St. Christopher on the right hand at the coming in of the great gate, which is indeed very exquisitely done, all the rest being but ordinary."—*Coryat's "Crudities."*

The realistic tomb of Canon Jean Etienne Yver (1467) still exists uninjured.[1] The archbishops have been buried

[1] Other monuments belonging to Notre Dame which still exist and might be restored (from the Musée at Versailles) with great advantage to the interest of the church, are those of Jean Jouvenel des Ursins (1431) and his wife, Michelle de Vitry; and of Maréchal Albert de Gondi, Duc de Retz (1602) and his brother Pierre de Gondi, Bishop of Paris (1616).

since 1711, in a vault under the choir; if they are cardinals their hats are hung over their coffins.

The *Treasury* of Notre Dame is open from 10 to 4 (50 c.) except on Sundays and holidays. It was despoiled at the Revolution, but a few of the most precious objects escaped, and others have since been collected from other churches. It is approached through the east arcade of a little cloister, with stained glass representing the story of St. Geneviève. The greatest treasures of all, the Crown of Thorns given to St. Louis and brought hither from the Sainte Chapelle, and the nail of the True Cross which belonged to the abbey of St. Denis, are only exposed on Fridays in Lent.

The other treasures include the gold XII. c. cross of the Emperor Manuel Comnenus, bequeathed by Anne de Gonzague to St. Germain des Prés in 1683; the relic of the True Cross sent to Galon, bishop of Paris, in 1109; the cross, in wood and copper, of Bishop Eudes de Sully; the discipline of St. Louis; the crucifix which St. Vincent de Paul held over Louis XIII. when he was dying; the coronation mantle of Napoleon I. and the chasuble which Pius VII. wore at the coronation; chasubles embroidered in XV. c. and XVI. c.; the pastoral cross of Archbishop Affre; the dress worn by Archbishops Affre, Sibour, and Darboy in their last moments, with the marks left by the instruments of their death; the magnificent silver image of the Virgin and Child given by Charles X. (1821); the ostensoir given by Napoleon I., and many magnificent church vestments and services of church plate presented by Napoleon I. and III. on occasion of marriages, baptisms, &c. On the walls of the treasury are full-length portraits of Archbishops de Quélen and Sibour.

The *Chapter House*, with the throne where the arch-

bishop presides every month at a council, contains a portait of Archbishop Affre and a picture of his death upon the barricade of the Faubourg St. Antoine. An armoire, adorned with paintings of the life of St. Louis, contains a precious reliquary of St. Louis; other reliquaries of XIII. c., and XIV. c.; reliquaries of XV. c., supporting busts of St. Louis and St. Denis; and a massive ostensoir given by Napoleon I., who also presented the great paschal candlestick of the church.

The most magnificent scene ever witnessed in Notre Dame was the coronation of Napoleon I. and Josephine, at an expense of eighty-five million francs.

"What soul can ever have forgotten such a day? I have seen Notre Dame since that time, I have seen it in sumptuous and solemn feast-days, but nothing has ever recalled the impression made on the eye by the coronation of Napoleon. The vaulted roof, with its gothic arches, and its illuminated windows, echoed to the sacred chant of the priests, invoking the blessings of the Most High on the ceremony to be performed, and waiting for the Vicar of Christ, whose throne was prepared near the altar. Along the old walls, covered by magnificent tapestry, were ranged in order all the great bodies of the States, the deputies from all the towns, all France indeed, who by her representatives uttered her vows to bring down the blessing of Heaven on the head on which she was placing the crown. There thousands of floating plumes shadowing the hats of senators, councillors of State, and tribunes; here courts of justice, with their costume rich and yet at the same time severe; there uniforms glittering with gold, the clergy in all their pomp, and away in the galleries, above the nave and choir, young women, beautiful, sparkling with jewels, and dressed at the same time with that elegance which is peculiarly our own, formed a ravishing garland to contemplate.

"The Pope was the first to arrive. As he entered the cathedral, the clergy intoned the *Tu es Petrus*, and the solemn and religious strain made a profound impression on the audience. Pius VII. advanced from the back of the church with an air at once majestic and humble. We saw he was our sovereign, but

that in his heart he recognized himself as the humble subject of him whose throne was the cross.

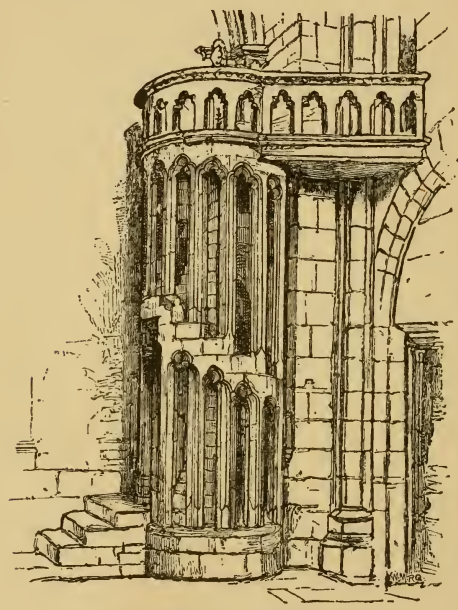
"The moment that perhaps attracted most glances to the steps of the altar was when Josephine received from the emperor the crown, and was solemnly consecrated Empress of the French. When it was time for her to appear actively in the great drama, the empress descended from the throne and advanced to the altar, where the emperor was waiting for her, followed by her ladies of honor and in waiting, and having her mantle borne by the Princess Caroline, the Princess Julie, the Princess Eliza, and the Princess Louise. I have had the honor of being presented to many *real princesses*, as they say in the Faubourg St. Germain, and I must say, in all truth, that I never saw one so imposing as Josephine. She was elegance and majesty combined ; and when she once had her court train behind her, there was no trace of the rather frivolous woman of the world ; she suited the part at all points, and no queen ever throned it better without having learned the lesson.

"I saw all that I am just saying in the eyes of Napoleon. He rejoiced as he saw the empress advancing towards him, and when she knelt, . . . when the tears she could not restrain rolled over the clasped hands, which she raised rather to him than to God, in that moment when Napoleon, or rather Bonaparte, was in her eyes a real Providence, then there passed between these two beings one of those fleeting minutes, unique in a life, which fill up the void of many years. The emperor displayed perfect grace in the least of the actions he had to perform during the ceremony ; especially so when he had to crown the empress. This had to be done by the emperor, who, after having received the small crown, closed and surmounted by a cross, which he was to place on Josephine's head, had first to place it on his own, and then on that of the empress. He executed these two movements with a graceful slowness which was quite remarkable. But when he was at the moment of crowning her who was, according to a fixed opinion, his lucky star, he was playful, if I may say so. He arranged the little crown which surmounted the diadem, diamond-wise, placed it, displaced it, replaced it again ; it seemed as if he wished to promise her that the crown should be light and easy."—*Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantès.*

In later times, the most magnificent ceremonials at Notre Dame have been the marriage of Napoleon III. to

the Comtesse Eugénie de Teba, January 29, 1853, and the baptism of the Prince Imperial.

Those miss a great sight who do not ascend the *Towers* of Notre Dame. The entrance (40 c.) is on the north side of the north tower, left of portal. The staircase is easy. On the first landing is a large chamber, containing the



STAIRCASE AT NOTRE DAME.

admirable little spiral staircase (giving access to the roofs) of which we give an illustration. A gallery, with a glorious view, runs round the final base of the towers and across the west façade. It is worth while to have accomplished the ascent if only to make the acquaintance of the extraordinary population of strange beasts and birds

which guard the parapet. Two hundred and ninety-seven steps have to be mounted before reaching the summit of the south tower, 223 feet in height.

"It is a magnificent and captivating spectacle to look down upon Paris from the summit of the towers of Notre Dame, in the fresh light of a summer dawn. The day might be one of the early ones of July. The sky was perfectly serene. A few lingering stars were fading away in different directions, and eastward there was one very brilliant, in the lightest part of the heavens. The sun was on the point of making his appearance.

LES CHIMÈRES DE NOTRE DAME.

Paris was beginning to stir. A very white, pure light showed vividly to the eye the endless varieties of outline which its buildings presented on the east, while the giant shadows of the steeples traversed building after building from one end of the great city to the other. Already voices and noises were to be heard from several quarters of the town. Here was heard the stroke of a bell—there that of a hammer—and there again the complicated clatter of a dray in motion. Already the smoke from some of the chimneys was escaping scatteredly over all that surface of roofs, as if through the fissures of some vast sulphur-work. The river, whose waters are rippled by the piers of so many bridges

and the points of so many islands, was wavering in folds of silver. Around the town, outside the ramparts, the view was lost in a great circle of fleecy vapors, through which were indistinctly discernible the dim line of the plains and the graceful swelling of the heights. All sorts of floating sounds were scattered over that half-awakened region. And eastward, the morning breeze was chasing across the sky a few light locks plucked from the fleecy mantle of the hills."—*Victor Hugo*, "*Notre Dame de Paris.*"

In the south tower is the great bell, "le bourdon de Notre Dame," which has announced all the great French victories. The famous "Jacqueline," given in 1400, was named after Jacqueline de la Grange, wife of its donor, Jean de Montaigu (brother of Bishop Gérard), beheaded at the Halles in 1409; but when recast, in 1686, the bell was called "Emmanuel Louise Thérèse," in honor of Louis XIV. and his queen. A smaller bell shown here was brought from Sebastopol, and is of Russian workmanship.

Notre Dame has always been celebrated for its preachers. Many of the finest orations of Bossuet and Bourdaloue were delivered here. Latterly the religious feelings of the middle ages have seemed to be awakened at Notre Dame, when twelve thousand persons have listened at once to the preaching of the Dominican Lacordaire, grand and majestic, but free from all mannerism and affectation, full of sympathy, telling of salvation, not damnation; when the Carmelite Père Hyacinthe has drawn an immense audience, though rather appealing to the moral and intellectual than the religious feelings; or when as many as eight thousand have been led to a general communion by the fiery words of the Jesuit Père de Ravignan.

Nothing remains now of the episcopal palace, sacked February 14, 1831, when, under Monseigneur de Quélen, its library of twenty thousand volumes was destroyed, with-

out the slightest interference from the government of Louis Philippe, who remained utterly impassive to the scenes which were going on.

"The building, invaded by a numerous and furious crowd, was a ruin at the end of a few minutes. At the same time, the railings and the banisters were torn up, the walls sapped, the roof broken, and marbles, woodwork, glass, and furniture hurled out of the windows. A troop of barbarians made a line from the library of the palace to the parapet of the quay; books and precious manuscripts passed from hand to hand, each hand in turn tore them, and the last flung them into the river. All this was done amid wild songs and frightful yells. To add to the outrage, a drunken band, covered with filth, and dressed in priestly vestments, formed a grotesque and sacrilegious procession around the enclosure. In this fashion the archbishops of Paris were deprived of their ancient abode."—*De Guilhermy*, "*Itin. arch. de Paris.*"

"Persecution and assassination seem, in our hours of trouble, to be the predestined lot of those who occupy a see threatened by such hate. Mgr. de Quélen saw his archiepiscopal palace sacked; Mgr. Affre was mortally wounded in a barricade, victim of his heroic devotion; Mgr. Sibour was stabbed by Verger, and if Mgr. Marlot died in his bed, Mgr. Darboy fell under the balls of the fédérés."—*Edouard Drumont*, "*Paris à travers les âges.*"

It was in this *Archevêché* that the National Assembly held its first meeting in Paris, after the removal from Versailles. The *Sacristy* now occupies the site of the palace. The archbishop's garden occupied the site of the hillock known, in early times, as La Motte aux Papelards, a name not inappropriate during the dissolute life of Archbishop Harlay.

Behind the cathedral is the *Place Notre Dame*, with a gothic fountain of 1843. Here, at the end of the garden, shuddering figures are always pressing against the windows of a low, one-storied building. It is the *Morgue*, where bodies found in the river or streets are exposed for recognition during three days. The name Morgue comes

from the old French word for visage. Formerly at the entrance of all the prisons was a chamber called the Morgue, where, on their arrival, prisoners were detained for some minutes, that their physiognomies might be well studied for after-recognition. The bodies are seen through a glass screen, and are kept constantly watered to impede decomposition. The clothes in which the bodies are found are removed, which is perhaps a reason why mistakes are frequently made, and people meet alive and well the relations whom they have mourned and buried, after recognizing them at the Morgue. More than 300 is the average of bodies annually exposed here. Nothing can be more appalling than the interior of the Morgue, where death is seen in its utmost horror.

"The populace is greedy of this frightful spectacle, which is the most revolting that imagination can form."—*Tableau de Paris*, 1782.

"The Morgue is 'the lying in state' of misfortune and crime. . . . Some days of the year the Morgue is too small, as on the day after a riot, the day after Shrove Tuesday, or the day after a national holiday."—*Nodier, Régnier et Champin*, "*Paris historique.*"

"The Morgue is a spectacle within the reach of every purse; be they poor or rich who pass, they pay nothing for admission. The door is open, enter who will. Some amateurs will go out of their way not to miss one of these representations of death. When the slabs are bare they go away disappointed, swindled, and grumbling between their teeth. When the slabs are well filled, and there is a fine display of human flesh, visitors crowd it, and get a cheap emotion; they are appalled, amused, applaud or hiss as at a theatre, and retire satisfied, with the declaration that the Morgue is a success that day."—*Zola*, "*Thérèse Raquin.*"

Nothing remains now of Le Cloître Notre Dame, on the northern side of the church, with its thirty-seven canonical houses and its famous episcopal schools, in which St. Anselm defeated Roscelin and St. Bernard combated

Abélard. Here was the earliest public library in France, sold in the last century. The cloister was commemorated in the names of the Rue du Cloître Notre Dame, the Rue des Chanoinesses, and Rue des Chantres, the last of the ancient streets of the quarter. At the corner of the latter street and the Quai aux Fleurs (formerly Napoléon), looking on the ancient Port St. Landry, Héloïse lived with her uncle, the Canon Fulbert. On a house here (now rebuilt) was inscribed—

> ' Abeilard, Héloïse, habitèrent ces lieux,
> Des sincères amans modèles précieux. 1118."

In No. 7 of the destroyed Rue du Cloître, Racine and Boileau both lived for a time. A fragment of the *Rue des Ursins* still commemorates the famous hotel of that name. At the entrance of the Rue du Cloître was the church of St. Jean le Rond (destroyed 1748), which served as the Baptistery of the Cathedral. It was on the steps of St. Jean le Rond that the celebrated mathematician D'Alembert was exposed as an infant by his unnatural mother, the chanoinesse Tencin, and was picked up by the poor glazier's wife, who brought him up, and whom he ever after regarded as his true mother, though his own tried to reclaim him when he became famous.

On the second floor of the last house of the Quai de l'Horloge, Jeanne Marie Philipon, afterwards the famous Mme Roland, was born, and she has described how she lived on the "pleasant quays" as a girl with her grandmother, and was accustomed to "take the air by the winding course of the river," with her aunt Angelica.

In the Rue Chanoinesse it is said that the epistles of Pliny, afterwards published by Aldus, were found by the monk Joconde.

The *Isle St. Louis*, which belonged to the chapter of

Paris, remained uninhabited till the XVII. c. It has still much the character which we find given to it in descriptions of the last century.

"This quarter seems to have escaped the general corruption of the town. The citizens watch each other, and know their neighbors' habits; a girl who is imprudent becomes an object of censure, and will never get a husband in that quarter. Nothing gives a better idea of a country town of the third order than the Isle de St. Louis. It has been well said—

"'*L'habitant du Marais est étranger dans l'Isle.*'"

Tableau de Paris, 1782.

From the entrance of the Isle St. Louis, Notre Dame looks especially grand--

"The view of the apse, colossal and crouching amid its flying buttresses, like paws in repose, and dominated by the double head of its towers, above its long monster-like spire."—*Zola*, "*L'Œuvre.*"

The *Church of St. Louis en l'Isle*, with a perforated stone spire, only dates from 1679–1721. It contains some pictures by *Mignard* and *Lemoine.*

At the end of the long quiet street of St. Louis en l'Isle, is (on the left) a garden, shading the front of the *Hôtel Lambert*, magnificently restored by the Czartoriski family. This hotel was built in the middle of the XVII. c., by Levau, for the President Lambert de Thorigny, and all the great artists of the time—Lebrun, Lesueur, François Périer, and the Flemish sculptor Van Obtal—were employed in its decorations. "C'est un hôtel bâti par un des plus grands architectes de France, et peint par Lebrun et Lesueur. C'est une maison faite pour un souverain qui serait philosophe," wrote Voltaire to Frederic the Great. The *Galerie de Lebrun* retains all the decorations by that great artist; the ceiling represents the Marriage of Hercules and Hebe. Only a few paintings in grisaille remain

from the hand of Lesueur, all his larger works having been taken hence to the Louvre. Voltaire was living here, with Mme du Châtelet, his "Emilie," when he planned his *Henriade*, having as his chamber the room where Lesueur painted the Apollo and the Muses, now in the Louvre. After Mme du Châtelet, the financiers Dupin and Delahaye resided here; then, under the empire, M. de Montalivet, with whom Napoleon held here the conference, in 1815, in which his cause was decided to be hopeless.

No. 29 Quai de Bourbon is a fine old XVII. c. hotel. At No. 17 Quai d'Anjou is the handsome *Hôtel Pimodan* or *de Lauzun* of the XVII. c. At the point of the island is the site once occupied by the Hôtel Bretonvilliers.

The *Pont de la Tournelle* and the quay of the same name commemorate the *tour* or *tournelle* which joined the Porte St. Bernard, the first gate in the walls of Philippe Auguste. Hence a long chain joined to a tower on the Isle Notre Dame, could defend, when required, the passage of the river.

It was on the Isle St. Louis that the famous combat took place, in the presence of Charles V. and his court, between the dog of Montereau and the Chevalier Macaire, whom the dog had insisted on recognizing as the murderer of his master, Aubin de Montdidier, and attacking wherever he met him.

"The lists were marked out on the island, which was then uninhabited. Macaire was armed with a large club; the dog had a barrel to retreat to and sally from. He was let loose, and at once ran around his adversary, avoiding his blows, threatening him first on one side, then on the other, tiring him out, till he finally dashed forward, seized him by the throat, pulled him down, and forced him to confess his crime in the presence of the king and all the court."—*Saint-Foix*, "*Essais hist. sur Paris.*"

CHAPTER VI.

CHIEFLY IN THE FAUBOURG ST. MARCEL.

THE Faubourg takes its name from the old collegiate church of St. Marcel, destroyed in the Revolution.

"In this suburb the people are more mischievous, more inflammable, more quarrelsome, and more disposed to revolt than in any other quarter. The police dread to drive them to extremities, they handle them delicately, for they are capable of going to the greatest excesses."—*Tableau de Paris*, 1782.

From the eastern point of the Isle St. Louis the Pont de la Tournelle leads to the south bank of the Seine, where, on the Quai de la Tournelle (right), is the *Hôtel Pimodan* or *Nesmond* of the age of Henri IV. It was built by Mme de Nesmond, daughter of Mme de Miramion, who established on the same quay a nunnery, which gave it the name of Quai des Miramionnes.

A little to the left is the vast *Halle aux Vins*, and beyond it is the *Jardin des Plantes* (open daily from 11 to 7 in summer, 11 to 5 in winter), the charming Botanical Garden of Paris, founded by Richelieu at the instigation of Labrosse, physician to Louis XIII.—especially attractive to botanists from its unrivalled collections of wild and herbaceous plants. The peonies, in May and June, are especially magnificent. There are many shady and delightful walks, in some of which Boileau composed the verses[1] which end in the famous lines—

[1] Fournier, *Paris démoli.*

"Mon cœur, vous soupirez au nom de l'infidèle,
Avez-vous oublié que vous ne l'aimez plus?"

"These solitary walks had always a great charm for Bonaparte. He was more open and confiding, and felt himself nearer the divinity, 'of whom,' he said, 'a true friend is the faithful image.'"—*Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantès.*

The *Natural History Collections*, which occupy the west portion of the gardens, are open from 1 to 4, the gallery of savage beasts being open on Thursdays only, when they are not to be seen outside.

During the siege of Paris in 1870, the elephants and most of the larger animals were sold and eaten up. Two elephants sold to butchers fetched 27,000 francs, two camels 4,000 francs; but it was not only in the beasts of its menagerie that the Jardin contributed to the public sustenance.

"The rats at Paris have certain favorite spots. One of their beloved paradises is the *Jardin des Plantes*, where they fight for the food with rare animals or birds. The *Jardin des Plantes* was a luckless abode for them at this epoch, as the employés of the museum made hecatombs of them and ate them."—*D'Hérisson.*

Behind the Jardin des Plantes is the *Hospice de la Pitié*, now annexed to the Hôtel Dieu, originally founded by Louis XIII., 1612. In the Rue du Puits l'Hermite is the *Prison of St. Pélagie*, notorious from the horrors of the great Revolution, and celebrated as the place where Joséphine de la Pagerie, the future empress, was imprisoned and inscribed her name on the wall of her cell, and where Mme Roland wrote her Memoirs.

"I never slept at Sainte-Pélagie without waking with a start. I lived on black bread and dirty water for six days, and had no linen for over a month. But what gave me most suffering at Sainte-Pélagie was the necessity of finding myself in contact with a horrible coverlet."—*Souvenirs de Mme de Créqui.*

To the east of the Jardin des Plantes the *Boulevard de*

l'Hôpital leads to *L'Hospice de la Salpétrière*, built as an arsenal by Louis XIII., and used as a hospice for old men and women. The church—a Greek cross with an altar in the centre under an octagonal dome—dates from 1670.

On the right of the Boulevard de l'Hôpital, where the Boulevard St. Marcel branches off westwards, is the *Marché aux Chevaux*, moved hither from the site of the Hôtel des Tournelles. Here Rosa Bonheur has studied.

The Boulevard de l'Hôpital leads into the wide and handsome *Boulevard d'Italie*, which forms a pleasant drive, with fine views over the south of Paris.

Following the *Boulevard St. Marcel* for some distance, we find on the right the *Rue Scipion*. Here a house, at the corner of the *Rue Fer-à-Moulin*, has a court decorated with fine terra-cotta medallions. These and the name attached to the street, are all that remain of the hotel built by the rich Scipion Sardini, under Henri III.

The Boulevard St. Marcel leads to (left) the *Avenue des Gobelins*, on the right of which is the *Manufacture Générale des Gobelins*, open to the public on Wednesdays and Saturdays from 12 to 3. The work existed in France long before the time of Gilles Gobelin, who lived in the middle of the XV. c.; but he acquired a fortune by the manufacture, in the art of which he instructed all the members of his own family, and henceforth his name was connected with it. It was long supposed that the waters of the little stream, Bièvre, which flows by the establishment, had peculiar properties for the use of dyeing; but the stream is now so adulterated that Seine water is used instead. The establishment comprises a school, and ateliers for the three branches of the art—the dyeing, the tapestry, and the carpet manufacture called Savonnerie, from the house at Chaillot, to which this part of the industry was at one

time removed. Much of the old tapestry preserved here was destroyed by the Communists in 1871. The best remaining pieces are of the time of Louis XIV., with two of Louis XIII., and are taken from the works of eminent French painters—Poussin, Vouet, Lebrun, Mignard, Lefebre, Rigaud, Coypel, Oudry, Boucher, &c. There are a few pieces of Flemish and Florentine tapestry, chiefly of XVII. c. A piece executed at Bourges in 1501 represents Louis XI. raising the siege of Dôle and Salins.

An average of six inches square is the daily task of a skilled workman: so that the execution of the larger pieces occupies many years

> "Des Gobelins l'aiguille et la teinture
> Dans ces tapis surpassent la peinture."
> *Voltaire*, "*Mondain.*"

"Many of the tapestry hangings in the old hotels of France record family pride and sense of high antiquity. On the hangings of a room in the hotel of the Comte de Croy is represented a scene from the deluge, in which a man pursues Noah, with the words: 'Mon ami, sauvez les papiers des Croys.' On a tapestry in the château of the present Duc de Levis, the Virgin Mary was represented saying to one of the family who stood bare-headed before her: 'Mon cousin, couvrez-vous,' who replies: 'Ma cousine, c'est pour ma commodité.'"—*Lady Morgan's "France."*

Outside the neighboring Barrière d'Italie is the suburb of the *Maison Blanche* (named from a destroyed house in the Rue St. Hippolyte, supposed to have belonged to Queen Blanche), where General Bréa was murdered in June, 1848. A little church marks the spot. The *Avenue d'Italie* was the scene of the celebrated massacre of the Dominicans of Arceuil under the Commune, 1871.

"They were taken to the House of Correction, No. 38 Avenue d'Italie. On the 25th of May they were ordered to leave. The first who advanced was Father Contrault; he had not taken three steps before he was struck by a ball. He raised his arms

to heaven, and said, 'Is it possible?' and fell. Father Captier turned to his companions, and in a very gentle but very firm voice exclaimed, 'Come, my children, it is for the sake of God!' All rushed forward after him, and ran through the fusillade. It was a hunt, not a massacre. The poor human game ran, hid behind trees, or glided along the walls. In the windows women clapped their hands, on the foot-paths men shook their fists at the unhappy fugitives, and everybody laughed. Some of them, more active and more favored than the others, dashed into side streets and escaped the fusillade. Five Dominicans and seven employés of the school were shot down almost in front of the Chapelle Bréa."—*Maxime du Camp*, "*Les Convulsions de Paris.*"

Returning down the Avenue des Gobelins, on the right is the *Church of St. Médard*, founded before the XII. c., but much altered and enlarged in the XVI. c. and XVII. c. It consists at present of a gothic nave with aisles of the XVI. c., and a loftier renaissance choir. Olivier Petru and Pierre Nicole, the theological writers, are buried in this church, which was besieged, December 21, 1561, by 2,000 protestants, who wished to avenge themselves on the priests of the church for ringing all their bells to disturb the service in the neighboring "temple." Lebœuf[1] narrates that in the XIV. c. or XV. c. a reclusoir or cell was constructed in this church in which a female recluse was shut up for the rest of her days.

"A charming little picture by Watteau exhibits St. Geneviève keeping sheep, and reading a volume of the Scriptures which lies open upon her knee."—*Jameson's* "*Sacred Art.*"

In the little churchyard adjoining, the *bienheureux* deacon Paris was buried, at whose grave numbers of enthusiastic Jansenists came to pray in 1727, believing that miracles were wrought there, and excited themselves into such religious frenzy, that as many as 800 persons were seen in convulsions together around the tomb.[2] The con-

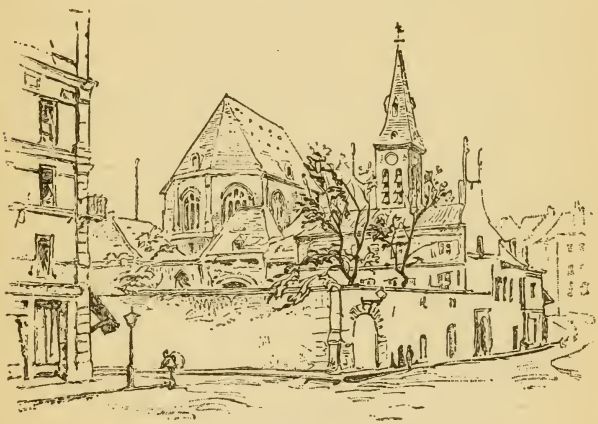
[1] *Hist. du dioc. de Paris.*

[2] *Naturalisme des Convulsions*, ii.

vulsions of St. Médard soon presented one of the most extraordinary instances of religious delirium ever known.

"Like the Sibyls of antiquity, when the god possessed them, the young women experienced violent agitations and made extraordinary motions, and incredible leaps and jumps. They were called *the Jumpers*. Others who shouted or uttered strange cries or imitated the barking of dogs or the mewing of cats, received the names of the *Barkers* or the *Mewers*.

"Pretended cases of miraculous healing then appeared; the infirm, cripples, sufferers from all kinds of maladies, came to try the virtue of lucky Paris. In September, 1727, it is said, this



ST. MÉDARD.

tomb performed its first miracle on a person named Lero. It was followed by many others.

"Miracles were succeeded by prophesies. The convulsionists, during the crisis, gave utterance to disconnected words, which were carefully collected, and formed into a volume and printed under the title of *Recueil des prédictions intéressantes faites en* 1733. These pretended prophets were called *seers*.

"In August, 1731, the convulsions, without losing the distressing and ridiculous features they presented, took a new character, a repulsive character hitherto unnoticed. *God changes his*

ways, was the remark of a partisan of these extravagances; in order to effect the healing of the sick, God's will was to make them pass through severe pains and extraordinary and very violent convulsions.

"Then commenced the practice of what was called in the language of the convulsionists, the *grands secours*, *les secours meurtriers*, and the cemetery of St. Médard was converted into a place of torture, the 'succorers' became executioners, and the crises of a real or factitious malady were succeeded by fits of madness.

"The young women convulsionists asked for blows and bad usage, and demanded punishment as a benefit. They wanted to be beaten, tortured, put to martyrdom. It seemed as if the excitement of the brain had produced a total revolution in their sensory system; the keenest pain gave them voluptuous enjoyment.

"The 'succorers,' strong young fellows, struck them violent blows of the fist on their backs, chests or shoulders, as the patient pleased. The wretched girls asked their executioners for still more cruel treatment. The 'succorers' leaped on them as they lay extended on the ground, and trampled and danced upon them till they were tired."—*Dulaure*, "*Hist. de Paris sous Louis XV.*"

The government tried in vain to put an end to these scenes by imprisonment and other punishments. Voltaire did more to stop them by his satire.

"Un grand tombeau, sans ornemens, sans art,
Est élevé non loin de Saint-Médard;
L'esprit divin, pour éclairer la France,
Sous cette tombe enferme sa puissance.
L'aveugle y court, et d'un pas chancelant,
Aux Quinze-Vingts retourne en tâtonnant.
Le boiteux vient, clopinant sur la tombe,
Crie: *Hosanna!* saute, gigotte et tombe.
Le sourde approche, écoute et n'entend rien.
Tout aussitôt de pauvres gens de bien,
D'aise pâmés, vrais témoins du miracle,
Du bon Paris baisent le tabernacle."—*La Pucelle*, iii.

At length, by an ordinance of January, 1732, the grave-

yard was closed, and the day after a placard appeared on the gates with the epigram—

> " De par le roi, défense à Dieu
> De faire miracle en ce lieu.

The convulsions long continued in other places in Paris, leading to the most horrible orgies.

Now the churchyard of St. Médard is a charming little garden, and, being in a crowded quarter, its many benches are constantly filled. This and many church gardens of Paris are an example of what might have been done in London, every object of interest being preserved, every inequality of ground made the most of, and thickets of shade planted, instead of the ground being levelled, divided by hideous straight asphalte or gravel walks, and a few miserable shrubs being considered as sufficient.

The name of the *Rue Mouffetard*, which leads north from hence into the quarter of the University, commemorates the Mons Cetardus (Mont Cetard, Mouffetard). In this district considerable remains of a Roman cemetery have been found during different excavations. Here also was the famous oratory of St. Marcel of the XI. c. and crypt of the IX. c., containing the tomb of the saint upon which Gregory of Tours informs us that Bishop Ragnemode in the VI. c. passed a whole day in praying to be cured of ague, fell asleep, and awoke quite well. After the body of St. Marcel had been moved to Notre Dame to preserve it from the Normans, the pilgrims to his grave found that filings from his tombstone, swallowed in a glass of water, were as efficacious as his relics had been. Pierre Lombard, Bishop of Paris, who died 1160, was buried here, where the revolutionists, who broke upon his tomb in 1793, saw his body lying intact, and stole the jewels from his pontifical robes.

On the east of the Rue Mouffetard opens the *Rue de l'Epée de Bois*, where the famous and beloved Sœur Rosalie lived as superior of the house of the Sœurs de la Charité, and where she died, February 6, 1856.

"Sister Rosalie became the means of a reconciliation between the society and the Faubourg Saint-Marceau. She dissipated the prejudices that existed against it, and justified it by making it better known; if it was attacked in her presence or any reproach directed against it, she defended it with spirit, and protested energetically against the injustice. . . . Under all governments and down to the day of her death, Sister Rosalie was, in the eyes of the poor, the true representative of all the good done in the Faubourg Saint-Marceau."—*De Melun.*

The Rue Claude Bernard (left) and the Rue St. Jacques (left) lead to the grille (left) of the *Val de Grâce*, once a Benedictine abbey, founded by Anne of Austria, who promised a "temple au seigneur" if, after twenty-two years of sterile married life, she should give birth to a son. The birth of Louis XIV. was the supposed result. After the suppression of the abbey at the Revolution its buildings were turned into a school of medicine and a military hospital. The rooms of Anne of Austria are preserved—the same rooms which Louis XIII. and Cardinal Richelieu ransacked for evidence of her political intrigues in 1637.

The first stone of the *Church* (not open before 12) was laid for his mother by Louis XIV. in 1645, when he was seven years old. François Mansart was its original architect and began the work, which was continued by Jacques Lemercier and completed by Pierre Lemuet, for it was not finished till 1665. The façade is inscribed "Jesu nascenti Virginique Matri," and all the decorations of the interior have reference to the birth of Christ, in allusion to that of Louis XIV. The dome, which has considerable beauty, and is the most important in Paris after the Pantheon and

the Invalides, is covered with paintings by Pierre Mignard, representing Anne of Austria (assisted by St. Louis) offering the church to the Trinity in her gratitude, in the presence of all catholic christendom, portrayed in two hundred figures. The coffered roof is too rich for the height of the building.

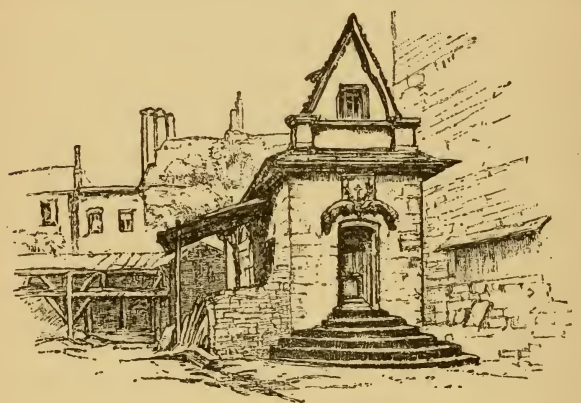
The paintings in the Chapel of the St. Sacrement are by *Philippe* and *Jean Baptiste de Champaigne*, the sculptures by Michel Auguier. The high-altar is in (far-away) imitation of that of St. Peter at Rome. Joseph and Mary are represented adoring the Infant, with the inscription "Qui creavit me requievit in tabernaculo meo." Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, widow of Charles I., and daughter of Henri IV. of France, is buried here, and hither the twenty-six hearts of royal persons buried at St. Denis were carried with great pomp, attended by princes and princesses of the blood. Hither the heart of Anne of Austria herself was brought, soon after she had carried that of her little granddaughter Anne-Elizabeth de France, with her own hands, to the Val de Grâce. The hearts of three dauphins—son, grandson, and great-grandson of Louis XIV.—were all brought hither in the melancholy year of 1712. In the court before the church is a statue of the surgeon Larrey (1766–1842), who followed the French armies in the Peninsular war—one of the last works of David d'Angers. Three people were burnt alive in the courtyard for upsetting the Host as it was being carried by.

Opposite the hospital, the Rue Val de Grâce leads to the *Rue d'Enfer*, on the site of Vauvert, a hunting lodge of the early kings.

"The Rue d'Enfer, where no devils or ghosts are seen any longer, but which leads to quarries much more dangerous, was

given by St. Louis to the Chartreux, to banish the phantoms. Since this time no more spectres are visible, and the said houses, well peopled, bring in good sound cash."—*Tableau de Paris.*

In the Rue Val de Grâce and Rue d'Enfer was the *Church of Notre Dame des Carmélites*, built upon a crypt in which St. Denis is said to have taken refuge. A priory called Notre Dame des Champs existed here and belonged to the Benedictines; Catherine d'Orléans, Duchesse d'Longueville, bought it for Spanish Carmelites in 1605. The church was adorned with the utmost magnificence,



CHAPEL OF LES CARMES.

the vault being painted by Philippe de Champaigne, and contained some of the finest pictures in Paris, and a number of tombs, including those of Cardinal de Bérulle (1517) and of Antoine Varillas (1696). The crypt was of great antiquity and was supposed to belong to a temple of Mercury, of whom there was said to be a statue at the top of the gable of the church, more probably intended for St. Michael.[1] It was here that so many of the princesses of

[1] See *Hist. de l'Acad. des Inscrip.* iii. 300.

the blood royal and other eminent persons were buried in the time of Louis XIV., the Regency, and Louis XV.

Here Louise François de la Baume le Blanc, Mlle de la Vallière, mistress of Louis XIV. and mother of the Comte de Vermandois and Princesse de Conti, took the veil, June 3, 1675, in her thirty-first year, as Sister Marie de la Miséricorde.

"She performed this, like all other actions of her life, in a noble and thoroughly charming manner. She was endowed with a beauty which surprised all the world."—*Mme de Sévigné.*

"Jan. 1680.—I was yesterday at the *Grandes Carmelites* with Mademoiselle. We entered that sacred spot. I saw Mme Stuart beautiful and content. I saw Mlle d'Epernon, who appeared to me horribly changed. But what an angel appeared at last! There were in my eyes all the charms we used to see; I did not find her either puffy or yellow; she is not so thin and is more contented; she has the same eyes and the same looks; austerity, poor nourishment and want of sleep, have neither wrinkled nor dulled them; her strange robe took nothing from her grace or her air; as for modesty, it is no greater than when she brought the Princesse de Conti into the world; but it is enough for a Carmelite. M. de Conti loves and honors her tenderly; she is his spiritual adviser. In truth, this robe and this retreat lend her great dignity." —*Mme de Sévigné.*

Mlle de la Vallière died here in 1710.

"Her fortune and her shame, the modesty, and the goodness with which she bore herself, the unalloyed good faith of her heart, all that she had done to prevent the king from immortalizing the memory of her weakness and sin, by recognizing and legitimating the children he had by her, all that she suffered from the king and Mme de Montespan, her two flights from the court, the first to the Benedictines of St. Cloud, where the king went personally to have her restored, and ready to order the convent to be burned, the second, to the nuns of St. Marie de Chaillot, where the king sent M. de Lauzun, his Captain of the Guards, with force to storm the convent, who brought her back; that touching and public farewell to the queen whom she had always respected and striven to spare, and the humble pardon which she craved kneeling at

her feet before all the court, when she left for the Carmelites, the penance lasting all the days of her life, far beyond the austerities of the rule, her exact fulfilment of the duties of the house, the continual recollection of her sin, her constant avoidance of all intrigues and interference in any matter, these are things which, for the most part, do not belong to our time, any more than the faith, the strength and the humility she exhibited at the death of the Count de Vermandois, her son."—*St. Simon*, 1710.

Here Mme de Genlis describes "qu'elle s'était jetée en religion"—really becoming a pensionnaire at the convent. The Carmelite monastery was entirely destroyed at the Revolution. But the Carmelites are now re-established on part of their former site; though nothing remains of the ancient glories of the church except a marble statue from the tomb of Cardinal de Bérulle, founder of the order in France, by Jacques Sarazin, which was preserved by having been removed by Alexandre Lenoir.

In the *Rue Nicole* (close to No. 19) between the Rue Val de Grâce and the Boulevard de Port Royal, stands, in a courtyard, a picturesque and neglected little XVII. c. chapel, said to be that in which the remains of Sister Louise formerly reposed.

In the Rue d'Enfer also was the convent of the Chartreuse, also called Notre Dame de Vauvert, from the lands bestowed upon it, demolished in the Revolution. Its church contained the tombs of Pierre de Navarre, son of Charles le Mauvais (1412); Jean de la Lune, nephew of the antipope Benedict XIII. (1414); Louis Stuart, seigneur d'Aubigné (1665); and Cardinal Jean de Dormans, Bishop of Beauvais (1374), with a bronze statue. It was for the little cloister of this convent that Lesueur painted the famous pictures of the life of St. Bruno, now in the Louvre. They are now the only relic of a convent which was founded by St. Louis.

Till late years a building existed within the precincts of the Chartreuse, where the famous Calvin found a refuge in 1532.

"The parliament ordered to its bar the rector of the University, Nicolas Cop, suspected of heresy, and bade him seize at once a law student who was concealed in the Chartreuse. In place of arresting the young lawyer, Cop warned him and escaped with him. The pupil was Calvin."—*Touchard-Lafosse*, "*Hist. de Paris.*"

Close by was Port Royal de Paris, formerly the Hôtel Clagny, purchased and founded by Mme Arnauld, mother of the famous Mère Angélique, as a succursale of the celebrated abbey of Port Royal des Champs near Chevreuse, of which the original name Porrois was corrupted to Port Royal. The nuns were dispersed and the abbey seized by the archbishop of Paris in the Jansenist persecution of 1664. M. d'Andilly had six daughters nuns here at the time, and had six sisters, of whom Agnès and Eugénie were still living. The famous Mère Angelique had removed hither in her last days from Port Royal des Champs, and died in the convent, aged seventy, August 6, 1661. During the Revolution the buildings of Port Royal de Paris were used as a military prison, called in derision Port Libre. An alabaster urn which was much venerated in the church of Port Royal as having borne a part in the feast of Cana, still exists, neglected, in a warehouse of one of the museums.[1]

3 *k.* outside the old Barrière de Fontainebleau is the great *Hospital of Bicêtre*, founded by Richelieu, for old or insane men, on the site of a palace which the Duc de Berry, uncle of Charles VI., built on a spot formerly

[1] Two famous works of Philippe de Champaigne in the Louvre come from hence—the Last Supper, and the Miraculous Cure of a Nun, the painter's daughter.

occupied by a castle which was erected in 1290 by John, Bishop of Winchester—of which name Bicêtre is regarded as a corruption.

A little south-west of Val de Grâce is the *Observatoire* (supposed to stand on the site of the Château de Vauvert, which St. Louis gave to the Carthusians), built after the ideas of Colbert, and from the designs of the physician Perrault (1667–72).

It was in the *Allée de l'Observatoire*, behind the Luxembourg garden, that Marshal Ney, Prince de la Moscowa, called "le brave des braves" by Napoleon I., was executed for high treason, November 21, 1815, because, when in the service of Louis XVIII. (who had made him a peer of France), he deserted, with his army, to Napoleon after his escape from Elba. A statue by Rude marks the spot of execution.

"At nine in the morning, Ney, dressed in a blue frock-coat, entered a common hired coach. The Grand Referendary accompanied him to the fiacre. The Curé of St. Sulpice was at his side, two officers of gendarmerie sat on the front seat of the vehicle. The sad procession crossed the garden of the Luxembourg by the side of the Observatory. On passing the railing, it turned to the left and halted fifty paces farther on beneath the wall of the avenue. The carriage having stopped, the marshal descended briskly, and, standing at eight paces from the wall, said to the officer, 'Is it here, sir?' "Yes, M. le Maréchal.' Then Ney took off his hat with his left hand, placed the right on his heart, and, addressing the soldiers, cried, 'Comrades, take aim at me!' The officer gave the signal to fire, and Ney fell without making a movement."—*Hist. de la Restauration, par un homme d'état.*

"What is especially striking in this horrible execution was its gloom and the absence of solemnity. There was no crowd at the last moment; it was misled, and was at the plain of Grenelle. Michel Ney, Marshal of France, Prince of the Moscowa, Duke of Elchingen, was shot in a dumb, deserted spot at the foot of a wall by soldiers in concealment, by order of a government afraid of its own violence."—*Louis Blanc*, "*Hist. de dix ans.*"

Just outside the Barrière d'Enfer, close to the Observatoire (in the garden of the west octroi building) is the principal entrance to the *Catacombs*, formed out of the ancient stone-quarries which underlie—about 200 acres—a great part of Paris between this and the Jardin des Plantes. The sinking of these galleries in the latter part of the last century made it necessary to consolidate them, and gave rise to the idea of using them as cemeteries, when it became necessary to transport the bones in the Cimetière des Innocents to some other site. The catacombs were solemnly consecrated, April 7, 1786, since which they have become a vast ossuary. Ninety steps lead down from the level of the Barrière d'Enfer. Each set of bones has an inscription saying whence and when it was brought here, with poetical inscriptions from different French authors. The tomb of the poet Gilbert bears, from his last elegy, the words—

> "Au banquet de la vie, infortuné convive,
> J'apparus un jour et je meurs;
> Je meurs! et sur la tombe où lentement j'arrive,
> Nul ne viendra verser des pleurs."

Several rooms, like chapels, are inscribed "Tombeau de la Révolution," "Tombeau des Victimes," &c., and contain the victims of the massacre of September 2 and 3, 1789. At one point is a fountain called "Fontaine de la Samaritaine." Amongst the coffins brought here was the leaden one of Mme de Pompadour, buried in the vaults of the Capucines, April, 1764; but it was destroyed in the Revolution. Any visitor left behind in the catacombs would soon be devoured alive by rats, and accidents which have occurred have led to the prohibition of all visits, except those which take place *en masse* three or four times a year, and for which an order has to be obtained at the Hôtel de Ville.

"All that has lived in Paris sleeps here, undistinguishable crowds and great men, canonized saints, and the victims of the gibbets of Montfaucon and the Grève. In this confused equality of death the Merovingian kings keep eternal silence by the side of those massacred in September, 1792. Valois, Bourbons, Orleans and Stuarts here decay together, lost among the malingerers of the Cour des Miracles and two thousand Protestants whom the Saint Bartholomew sent to death."—*Nadar.*

On the Boulevard Montparnasse, which leads from the Observatoire to the Invalides, is *La Grande Chaumière*, one of the oldest of the Parisian dancing gardens, where strangers may look *derrière les coulisses de la société.* A little south of this, outside the Barrière, on the Boulevard de Montrouge, is the *Cimetière Montparnasse* (*du Sud*), opened 1824, on the suppression of the Cimetière Vaugirard. Amongst the tombs are those of the famous Jesuit preacher Père de Ravignan, the Père Gratry, Edgar Quinet, and the artist Henri Regnault, killed in the siege of Paris, January 19, 1871, by one of the last shots fired under the walls, and whose funeral was one of the most touching ceremonies of that time.[1] Near the entrance (right), behind the family tomb of Henri Martin, the historian, is a space railed in as the burial-place of the Sisters of Charity, amongst whom lies Sœur Rosalie (Rendu), the "mother of the poor," who, equally courageous in the dangers of revolutions and of cholera, as wise and clear-sighted as she was simple and self-sacrificing, has probably influenced a greater number of persons for good than any woman of the present century.

"The day of the funeral was one of those days which are never forgotten and which, in the life of a people, redeem many evil days. At eleven o'clock, the procession started from the house of mourning; the clergy of St. Médard, with a large number of other ecclesiastics, marched at the head, preceded by the

[1] See Arthur Duparc, *Correspondance de Henri Regnault.*

cross ; the girls of the school and sisterhood recalled the works of their mother. The Sisters of Charity surrounded the coffin placed in the hearse of the poor, as Sister Rosalie had requested, in order that St. Vincent de Paul might recognize her as one of his daughters to the very last ; the city authorities and the department of charities of the twelfth arrondissement followed ; then, behind them, thronged one of those multitudes which cannot be counted or described, of every rank, of every age, of every profession ; a whole people, great and small, rich and poor, scholars and workmen, with all that was most illustrious and most obscure, all mingled and confounded together, expressing in various ways and different words, the same regrets and the same admiration ; all having to thank for a service or to praise for a noble action, her to whom they came to render the last duties. It might be said that the sainted deceased had appointed her coffin as a meeting place for all those whom she had visited, succored or counselled during the long years of her life, and that she still exercised over them the ascendancy of her presence and her speech ; for these men, coming from the most opposite extremities of society, separated by education, ideas and positions, who perhaps had never met before except in contest, were united on that day in one and the same thought and one and the same meditation."—*De Melun*, "*Vie de la Sœur Rosalie.*"

Returning to the *Rue St. Jacques*, which runs north from the Observatoire, we find ourselves in the region of convents. In the *Rue des Capucins* was the Convent of the Capucins du Faubourg St. Jacques, afterwards turned into the *Hôpital des Vénériens*, the cruelties of which have left a lasting impression at Paris.

"They slept till eight in the same bed, or rather they lay stretched out on the ground from eight in the evening till one o'clock in the morning, and then made those who occupied the bed get up, and took their places. Twenty or twenty-five beds usually served two hundred patients, two-thirds of whom died. Nor was this all ; according to the orders of the management, the patient had to be chastised and whipped before and after treatment. This horrible state of affairs lasted till the eighteenth century, and a resolution of 1700 renewed in express terms the order to flog the patients."—*Dulaure*, "*Hist. de Paris.*"

Side-streets bear the names of the Feuillantines, Ursulines. A house, close to the Val de Grâce, now used as a school (Institution Notre Dame, No. 269), was the convent of the Bénédictins Anglais, founded by Marie de Lorraine, Abbess of Chelles. It was here that the body of James II., who died at St. Germain, remained for many years under a hearse, awaiting sepulture, in order that his bones, like those of Joseph, might accompany his children when they returned to the English throne, and repose at Westminster in accordance with his will. It was only when the hopes of the Stuarts had completely withered that the king was buried under a plain stone inscribed, "Ci-gist Jacques II., Roi de la Grande Bretagne." By his side, after her death (in 1712), rested his daughter Louisa, born at St. Germain. Queen Marie Béatrice was buried at Chaillot. The bodies were lost at the Revolution.

The old winding Rue St. Jacques is here very picturesque, with a great variety of roofs and dormer windows. This, one of the oldest of Parisian streets, is full of movement and noise, but the side streets in all this quarter are quietude itself.

"Silence reigns in the close-packed streets between the dome of the Val de Grâce and the dome of the Pantheon, two edifices which change the condition of the atmosphere by imparting to it yellow tones, and darkening everything by the heavy tints thrown by their cupolas. There, the pavements are dry, the gutters have neither mud nor water, and the grass grows along the walls. The most careless man becomes as melancholy as all the passers-by; the noise of a carriage is an event, the houses are gloomy, the walls are like those of a prison. A Parisian who loses his way there would see only boarding-houses or public Institutions, want or ennui, youth compelled to work and old age that dies. No quarter of Paris is more horrible, nor, we may say, less known."—*Balzac*, "*Le Père Goriot.*"

On the left of the Rue St. Jacques we pass the *Institu-*

tion des Sourds-Muets, occupying the buildings of the ancient Seminary of St. Magloire. A conspicuous feature rising above the courtyard is a magnificent elm, of very great height, supposed to have been planted by Henri IV., and to be the oldest tree in Paris. Massillon is said often to have sat reading at its foot.

Close by, is the *Church of St. Jacques du Haut Pas*, built 1630–84, partly at the expense of the Duchesse de Longueville. During the Revolution it became *Le Temple de la Bienfaisance.* The portal was designed by Daniel Gittard. The pulpit comes from the old church of St. Benoît. The Duchesse de Longueville (the faithful friend of the Port-Royalists), who died April 15, 1679, is buried in the second chapel (right), but without a tomb.

"The Duchesse of Longueville died in great devotion, but her early life had been gay and gallant. Her husband was Governor of Normandy; she had to accompany him to his post, and was much chagrined at having to quit the court, where she left persons, one in particular, whom she loved better than her husband, so that time was heavy for her. Many friends said to her, 'How happens it, madame, that you let yourself suffer from ennui, as you do? Why do you not play?' 'I do not like gambling,' she replied. 'If you would like to hunt, I would find the dogs,' said another. 'No, I do not like hunting.' 'Would you like some work?' 'No, I never work.' 'Would you like a walk? There are pretty walks here.' 'No, I do not like to walk.' 'What do you like then?' She replied, 'What do you want me to say? I do not like innocent pleasures.'"—*Correspondance de Madame.*

The gravestone still remains of M. de St. Cyran, who died Oct. 11, 1672, aged 62, the founder of the celebrity of Port Royal, the master of the Arnaulds, Lemaîtres, Nicole, and Pascal.

On the left is the *Place St. Jacques*, where Fieschi, Pepin and Morey, conspirators against Louis Philippe, were executed in 1835.

The Rue St. Jacques has always been, as it is still, celebrated for its booksellers' shops and stalls.

"The Via Jacobaea is very full of booke-sellers that have faire shoppes most plentifully furnished with bookes."—*Coryat's "Crudities,"* 1611.

Now we reach the handsome open space in front of the Pantheon, and all around us are buildings famous in the *Pays Latin*, which we must leave for another chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

THE UNIVERSITY—LE QUARTIER LATIN.

THE University has given its name to the district in which most of its teachers and scholars resided, a district now outwardly blended with the surrounding streets and houses, but which was once defined as including all the space within the wall of Philippe Auguste on the left bank of the Seine. This wall began at the Pont de la Tournelle on the east, skirted the Rues des Fossés St. Bernard and des Fossés St. Victor, embraced the Abbey of St. Geneviève (then the Jacobin Convent), descended from the Porte St. Michel to the Porte de Buci,[1] and ended, on the west, at the Tour de Nesle. The name of *Pays Latin* was first given to the district by Balzac.

"The University of Paris had its inviolable privileges, its own endowments, government, laws, magistrates, jurisdiction; it was a state within a state, a city within a city, a church within a church. It refused to admit within its walls the sergeants of the Mayor of Paris, the apparitors of the Bishop of Paris; it opened its gates sullenly and reluctantly to the king's officers."—*Milman*, "*Hist. of Latin Christ.*," Bk. xi.

The Boulevard St. Michel and the Boulevard St. Germain, the Rue des Ecoles and the Rue Monge have

[1] From Simon de Buci, the first to bear the title of Premier Président, killed in 1369.

recently put old Old Paris to flight, by cutting into this thickly-packed quarter, with wide streets and featureless houses, destroying endless historic landmarks in their course. The greater part of its interesting buildings, however, had already disappeared, either during the Revolution, or in the great clearance made on the building of the Pantheon. Yet a walk through this quarter of the "Civitas philosophorum" will still recall many historic associations from the very names which are met on the way, whilst here and there a precious relic of the past will still be found in existence.

A minute examination of the Quartier Latin will be interesting to antiquarians, but cursory visitors will only care to see St. Etienne du Mont, the Pantheon, possibly the Sorbonne, and certainly the Hôtel de Cluny. In order to visit all the historic points, we must not only frequently retrace our steps, but penetrate many of the narrowest streets and alleys in this part of the town.

"Do not conceive a hatred for a whole quarter of Paris, and cut off from your communion the half of the town. These young men are less graceful, less elegant beyond question, than their neighbors on the other side of the water, and the pit of the Odéon is not the place where taste and fashion will come to seek their favorites; but it is from these young men that all the celebrities of the epoch are recruited; the bench, the bar, the sciences and the arts belong to them; their days, sometimes their nights, are devoted to labor, and it is thus that publicists, poets, and orators prepare themselves in silence. Are they to be condemned because they prefer substance to form, toil to idleness, science to pleasure? Let us condemn no one, and only repeat that there are two classes of youth in France: one enjoys life, the other employs it—one waits for a future, the other discounts it. The first is the wiser beyond doubt, but it makes a very awkward bow!"—*Balzac*, "*Esquisses Parisiennes.*"

Crossing the island by the Rue de la Cité, we reach

the *Petit Pont*, formerly, like many of the bridges, covered with old houses, which were only abolished here by Act of Parliament in 1718. In one of these houses on this bridge lived Perinet le Clerc, who opened the gates of Paris to the Duc de Bourgogne in 1418. On the south bank of the Seine the bridge was defended by the Petit Châtelet (Castellatum), which guarded the approach to La Cité, on the site now called *Place du Petit Pont*. It was a massive quadrangular castle, having round towers on the side towards the river, and a gothic gate in the centre, with a vaulted passage for carriages running under the middle of the building. The Provosts of Paris had their official residence here, but the rest of the castle was used as a prison, in which, after the capture of Paris by the Burgundians (1418), all the prisoners were massacred, including the Bishops of Bayeux, Evreux, Coutances, and Senlis. Here also was the President Brisson murdered Nov. 16, 1591. By old custom, the clergy of Notre Dame walked hither annually in procession on the Dimanche des Rameaux and delivered one prisoner. The interesting old buildings of the Petit Châtelet were pulled down in 1782. It was on its site, at the entrance of the Rue St. Jacques, that the great barricade of 1848 was raised.

The first turn (left) from the Rue du Petit Pont is the *Rue de la Bûcherie*, on the left of which, in a courtyard, is the deserted *Church of St. Julien le Pauvre*[1] (which can only be seen with an order from the Directeur of the Hôtel Dieu). It long served as a chapel to the Hôtel Dieu, and once belonged to a priory attached to the

[1] The St. Julien to whom this church is dedicated was a poor man who, in penitence, devoted himself, with his wife, to ferrying passengers, day and night, over an otherwise impassable river. One day a poor leper thus received their charity, and, on reaching the shore, revealed himself as Christ himself, and promised them a heavenly reward. The story is told in a relief over a door in No. 42 Rue Galande.

abbey of Longchamps, in which, in the XIII. c. and XIV. c., the general assemblies of the University were held. The church was built towards the end of the XII. c. on the site of a basilica of the III. c. Its portal and tower were demolished in 1675. The interior consists of a nave of four bays, with side aisles, ending in three apses.

"The two bays of the choir, the central apse and the two smaller lateral apses, have lost nothing of their original arrangement. They preserve their elegant columns—some of them monostyle, some of them clustered, their foliated capitals, their vaults supported on round torus-like mouldings, and their sculptured keystones. Columns and mouldings decorate the windows. The aspect of this part of the church is of a noble character."—*De Guilhermy.*

St. Julien contains a Calvary of XIV. c. let into the altar, a bas-relief of the same date representing one Oudard and his wife, founders of the chapel of the Hôtel Dieu, destroyed in the XVI. c.; the XV. c. sepulchral bas-relief of Henri Rousseau, advocate of Parliament; a XVI. c. statue of St. Landry; and a pretended statue of Charlemagne, a coarse work in terra-cotta. Gregory of Tours tells us that when he came to Paris in the VI. c. he inhabited the hospice for pilgrims at St. Julien le Pauvre.

In the *Rue de la Bûcherie* were early schools of medicine. Over one of its houses the arms of the Faculty may still be seen with the motto, "Urbi et orbi salus."

The *Rue du Fouarre* (down which there is a beautiful glimpse of Notre Dame) runs (left) from the Rue de la Bûcherie to the *Rue Galande.* This street contained the famous school, held in the straw market, where both his earliest biographers, Boccaccio and Villani, affirm that Dante attended the lectures of Siger de Brabant.

"Essa è la luce eterna di Sigieri,
Che leggendo nel vico degli Strami
Sillogizzò invidiosi veri.'—*Par.* x. 136.

The pupils bought bundles of straw and sat on them during the lectures.[1]

The narrow Rue des Anglais leads (right) from the Rue Galande to (right) the *Rue Domat*, where (at No. 20) some buildings remain from the ancient Breton *Collège de Cornouailles*,[2] founded in the XIV. c. Near this, at the angle of the Rue St. Jacques, was the Chapelle St. Yves, destroyed in 1793.

The *Place Maubert*, an open space at the end of the Rue Galande, below the modern Boulevard St. Germain, probably received its name from Mgr. Aubert, abbot of St. Germain des Prés, to which this site belonged, and who must first have authorized its being built upon.

"It is the centre of all the bourgeoise gallantry of the quarter, and is well frequented because there are pretty unrestricted opportunities for conversation. Here at noon arrives a train of young girls whose mothers, ten years ago, used to wear the hood, the true mark and character of the bourgeoisie, but which they have, little by little, so sniffed away that it is quite vanished. No need to say that dandies and gallants came there, for that is a natural consequence. Each girl had her following more or less numerous, according as her beauty or her good fortune attracted them." —*Le Roman Bourgeois*.

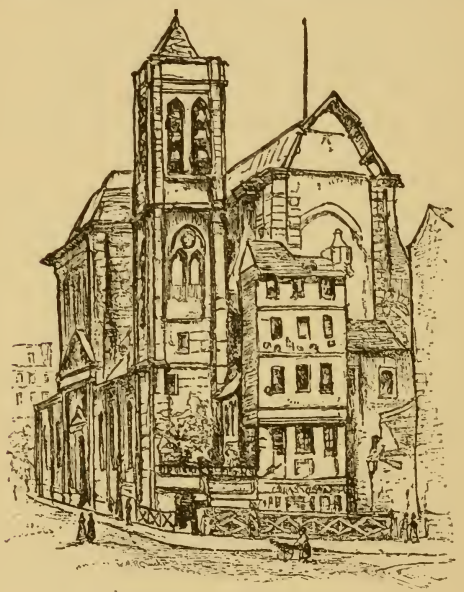
In the *Rue du Haut Pavé*, which connects the Place Maubert with the river, stood the little Collège de Chanac, founded by Guillaume de Chanac, Bishop of Paris, who died 1348. It was connected with the Collège St. Michel, in the next street on the left of the Boulevard St. Germain, the *Rue de Bièvre*, where, at No. 12, one may still see a canopied statue of St. Michael trampling upon the devil, in strong relief. A very poor student here in the XVIII. c.

[1] At that time the people sat upon straw in the churches, in which there were then no chairs.

[2] The names of colleges are only given in italics when something of their buildings remains.

was the man who, without faith or morals, rose by his intrigues under the Régent d'Orléans, to be Archbishop of Cambrai, Cardinal, and Prime Minister—the Abbé Dubois.

Returning to the Boulevard St. Germain, we find on the right the apse of the *Church of St. Nicolas du Chardonnet*, founded 1230, but in its present state a very hand-



ST. NICOLAS DU CHARDONNET.

some specimen of the end of the XVII. c., when it was rebuilt, except the tower, by Lebrun the artist, who is buried in the fourth chapel on the left of the choir, with a bust by Coysevox. Close by is the striking and terrible monument of his mother, by Callignon and Tuby, which recalls the tomb of Mrs. Nightingale at Westminster.

Mme Lebrun is represented rising from the grave at the voice of the archangel, with an expression of awe, yet hope most powerfully given.

In the second chapel on the right of the choir, is the tomb by Girardon with a bust (and portrait over it) of Jérôme Bignon (1656), saved during the Revolution by being transferred to the Musée des Monuments Français. The poet Santeuil, who died at Dijon in 1697, now lies in this church, after having four times changed his resting-place; his death was due to a practical joke of Louis III., Duc de Bourbon-Condé.

"One evening, when the duke was supping with him, he amused himself by making Santeuil drink champagne, and becoming more merry, he diverted himself by emptying his snuff-box, full of Spanish snuff, into a great glass of wine, and making Santeuil drink it, to see what would happen. He was not long in being enlightened. Vomiting and fever seized him, and in forty-eight hours the poor man died in all the pains of the damned, but with sentiments of true repentance. He received the sacraments, and caused as much edification as regret to a company little inclined to edification, but that detested such a cruel trick."—*St. Simon.*

In the almost destroyed *Rue des Bernardins*, opposite the west end of the church, was the Hôtel de Torpane, built in 1566 by Jacques Lefevre, abbot of the Chaise Dieu, and councillor of Charles IX. From him it passed to the family of Bignon, illustrious in politics and literature, whose last representative, a priest, sold it to M. de Torpane, Chancellor of Dombes. In his family it remained till the Revolution. It was pulled down in 1830, and its sculptures are now in the second court of the Beaux Arts.

A striking *Statue of Voltaire* by Houdon, 1781, was erected in the square near the entrance of the Rue Monge in 1872.

On the left, in the *Rue de Poissy*, a range of gothic

arches, shaded by trees and built into the walls of the Caserne des Pompiers, is a remnant of the *Couvent des Bernardins* or *du Chardonnet*, founded in 1245, by Abbot Etienne de Lexington. Its monks rapidly became celebrated for their lectures on theology, and Pope Benedict XII., who had attended them in his youth, began to build a new church for the convent in 1338. This church was pulled down at the Revolution, and a bust from one of its tombs (that of Guillaume de Vair, bishop of Lisieux, Keeper of the Seals under Louis XIII.) is now at Versailles. The Refectory became a warehouse, and the Dormitory, for some time, held the archives of the Préfecture de la Seine.

A little further on the east, the Rue des Ecoles is crossed by the *Rue du Cardinal Lemoine*, which is so modernized as to have nothing but its name to recall the *Collège du Cardinal Lemoine*, once one of the greatest colleges of the University. It was founded in the middle of the XIII. c. by Cardinal Jean Lemoine and his brother André, bishop of Noyon. The brothers were buried, side by side, in the chapel, where a very curious service, called *la solennité du cardinal*, was always celebrated on January 13, one of the scholars being dressed up as a cardinal, to represent Lemoine. The college was sold at the Revolution. A massive building belonging to it long existed at the end of ground belonging to No. 22 Rue du Cardinal Lemoine, and has only recently perished. This street now crosses the site of the Collège des Bons Enfants, which stood at the top of the Rue des Fossés St. Bernard. It was founded before 1248, at which date a bull of Innocent IV. authorized its students to build a chapel. Its Principal from 1624 to 1634 was M. Vincent, afterwards known as St. Vincent de Paul, who founded here his Congré-

gation des Prêtres de la Mission. After St. Vincent had moved to St. Lazare, the Séminaire de St. Firmin was established here by the Archbishop of Paris. At the Revolution this was the terrible prison in which ninety-two priests were confined. In the massacres of September 1 and 2, 1792, fifteen were saved, but seventy-seven were thrown from the windows, stabbed, or had their throats cut. The buildings were sold, and have now entirely perished. It was in the Rue des Bons Enfants that the Constable Bernard d'Armagnac had his hotel, whence, when Perinet le Clerc introduced the Burgundians into Paris, May 29, 1418, he fled for refuge to the house of a neighboring mason, who betrayed him.

The Collège des Bons Enfants joined the walls of Philippe Auguste, the moat of which is still commemorated in the name of the *Rue des Fossés St. Bernard*, which extended north as far as the Porte St. Bernard near the Seine, transformed into a triumphal arch in honor of Louis XIV., and since destroyed. Its continuation, the *Rue des Fossés St. Victor*,[1] in great measure swallowed up by the upper part of the Rue du Cardinal Lemoine, united with it in marking the direction of the walls to the south, and commemorated the famous abbey of St. Victor, founded *c.* 1113, on the site of a hermit's cell, by Guillaume de Champeaux, who was driven to take monastic vows by his disgust at his lectures being abandoned for those of his rival—the famous Abélard. Members of this community were the famous writers and theologians, Hugues and Richard de St. Victor, and Adam de St. Victor, celebrated for his hymns. The epitaph of the latter, engraved on copper, and preserved in the Bibliothèque Mazarine, is probably the only relic remaining of the abbey, which was

[1] Part of the Rue des Fossés St. Victor remains below the Rue Monge.

totally destroyed in the Revolution. It was at one time the favorite burial-place of the bishops of Paris,[1] and was also the place where the provost and other officers of the city met a newly-appointed bishop on his entry into the capital, which he always made upon a white horse.

In the *Rue d'Arras*, which opens from the Rue Monge opposite the site of the Collège du Cardinal Lemoine, was the little XIII. c. Collège d'Arras, destroyed at the Revolution.

Returning to the Place Maubert, we find on the south side of the Boulevard St. Germain the small fragment left of the *Rue St. Jean de Beauvais*, in which the learned Charron fell down dead,[2] and which takes its name from a college founded by Cardinal Jean de Dormans, Bishop of Beauvais and Chancellor of France, 1365–72. Here St. François Xavier was a teacher, and here the famous Ramus was killed during the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, whilst he was working in his study.

After the expulsion of the Jesuits, the masters and scholars of the Collège de Beauvais were transported to the buildings of the Collège Louis le Grand, from which the Jesuits had been driven out, and their own buildings were given to the occupants of the Collège de Lisieux, which was about to be destroyed to make the Place St. Geneviève. In the Revolution the former Collège de

[1] The only monuments saved from this church are the marble statue of Guillaume de Chanac, twenty-seventh Bishop of Paris and Patriarch of Alexandria (1348), which lay upon his tomb in the chapel of the Infirmary, and is now in the Musée at Versailles; the epitaph of Adam de St. Victor (1192), now in the Bibliothèque Mazarine: and the epitaph of Santeuil removed (with his remains) to St. Nicolas du Chardonnet.

[2] "Le 16 de ce mois, sur les onze heurs du matin, tomba mort en la rue St. Jean de Beauvais, M. Charron, homme d'église et docte, comme ses écrites en font foi. A l'instant qu'il se sentit mal, il se jeta à genoux, dans la rue, pour prier Dieu; mais il ne fut sitôt genouillé, que, se tournant de l'autre côté, il rendit l'âme à son créateur."—*Journal de l'Estoille*, *November*, 1603.

Beauvais became the meeting-place of a section of the Panthéon français. At the Restoration it was used as a military hospital and barrack. In 1861 it was purchased by the Dominicans. They have restored its graceful XIV. c. chapel, the foundation stone of which was laid by Charles V. On a marble altar-tomb before the high-altar lay the bronze effigies of Milus de Dormans, Bishop of Beauvais, nephew of the founder (1387), and of Guillaume de Dormans, Archbishop of Sens (1405). At the sides were six life-size statues representing three males and three females of the house of Dormans, with gothic inscriptions in Latin and French. Of these the statues of Jean de Dormans, Chancellor of Beauvais (1380), and his brother Renaud, Archdeacon of Châlons sur Marne (1380), are now in the Musée at Versailles. One of the ladies has had a more remarkable fate, in being used to represent Héloïse in the tomb which was composed of ancient fragments for the Père Lachaise.

The Collège de Beauvais joined the Collège de Presles, established in 1313 by Raoul de Presles for the benefit of natives of Soissons. Higher up the street stood the ancient Ecole de Droit, where the Duchesse de Bourbon, mother of the unfortunate Duc d'Enghien, and aunt of king Louis Philippe, died, January 10, 1822.

"The Duchess of Bourbon, struck with apoplexy in the church St. Geneviève, was transported to the Law School, where she died at the house of M. Grapp, one of the professors."—*Dussieux*, "*Généalogie des Bourbons.*"

The Ecole de Droit stood opposite the Commanderie de St. Jean de Latran, where the Frères Hospitaliers de St. Jean de Jérusalem had their hotel. In their church was placed, under Louis XIV., the cenotaph of Jacques de Souvré, Grand Prieur de France, by François Auguier,

which is now in the Louvre. The church, partly destroyed at the Revolution, became a communal school; its tower—"la tour des pèlerins"—was used as an anatomical theatre by the famous Bichat. Though strikingly simple and beautiful from an architectural point of view, and though an undoubted work of the time of Philippe Auguste, the town of Paris, to its eternal disgrace, permitted the destruction of the Tour des Pèlerins in 1854.

Crossing by the Rue des Ecoles into the *Rue des Carmes*, the parallel street on the east, we find, in the court of No. 15, the old chapel, like an Oxford college chapel, belonging to the Irish Seminary in the Rue des Postes, which was attached to the *Collège des Lombards*, founded in 1333 by André Ghini, Bishop of Arras, for the benefit of Italian merchants. Under Louis XII. its Principal was the famous Greek scholar, Jérôme Alexandre, afterwards cardinal. In the reign of François I. its printing office was celebrated. Under Louis XIV., as few Italians came to Paris, the college declined, and was ceded to Irish priests employed in education. Most of the buildings were destroyed at the Revolution.

At the corner of the *Rue St. Hilaire* stood the church of St. Hilaire, pulled down in the last century, and opposite it was the Collège de la Merci, founded in the XVI. c. for brothers of Notre Dame de la Rédemption des Captifs.

The *Marché des Carmes* marks the site of the Carmelite convent, which was founded by Jeanne d'Evreux, wife of Philippe le Bel, for monks brought from Mount Carmel by St. Louis. The convent was moved hither from the Marais, where the Carmelites are commemorated in the Rue des Barrés. The cloister had a beautiful gothic open-air pulpit.

Hence we may ascend the *Rue de la Montagne*. On the left was the XIII. c. Collège de la Marche.

Further on the left the vast buildings of the *Ecole Polytechnique* swallow up the sites of the ancient colleges of Navarre, Boncourt, and Tournai, the first of which was founded by Jeanne de Navarre, wife of Philippe le Bel, the second (in 1355), by eight scholars of the diocese of Thérouanne. Cardinal Fleury was grand-master of the Collège de Navarre, which numbers the great Bossuet amongst its pupils, also André and Marie Joseph Chénier. On the right, the *Rue Laplace*, formerly Rue des Amandiers, contained the entrance to the *Collège des Grassins*, one of the ten great colleges before the Revolution. It was founded at the end of the XVI. c. by Pierre Grassin d'Ablon, Councillor of Parliament, for poor men of Sens. Its buildings were sold at the Revolution, but part of the apse of the chapel, with gothic windows, is said still to remain at the back of the houses.

In the upper part of the Rue des Amandiers, close to St. Etienne du Mont, stood the Collège de Huban, founded (in 1339) by Jean de Huban, Président des Enquêtes, for six scholars from Huban in Nivernais. This college was sometimes called Ave Maria, from the inscription under an image over the gate. Its chapel contained monuments to the founder and Egasse du Boulay, historian of the University of Paris. The buildings were sold at the Revolution.

The *Church of St. Etienne du Mont*—"fine et délicate merveille de l'art français"—was built (1517–1626) on the site of an earlier edifice of the XIII. c., which had been intended as a succursale to the adjoining church of St. Geneviève, that it might afford accommodation for its pilgrims. The existing church is a curious specimen of

renaissance, with a high gabled front of three stories, of which Queen Marguerite, first wife of Henri IV., laid the first stone, and a tall gothic tower flanked by a round tourelle. The building has been well described as "a gothic church disguised in the trappings of classical details."

"The great western doorway, erected in the early years of the XIV. c., is distinguished by the originality of its form, and the beautiful execution of its sculpture. In the first order, four engaged composite columns sustain a triangular pediment on which is sculptured the Last Judgment (by Debay), and enclose two side niches containing the statues of St. Stephen and Sainte Geneviève (by Hébert). The shafts are fluted and cut at intervals by scrolls engraved with roses and palms. The workmanship of the capitals is excellent. The wreaths which accompany the columns, the foliage of the friezes and panels, the corbels and tracery of the pediment, are remarkable for breadth of style and finish of workmanship. The tympan of the principal door represents 'The Stoning of St. Stephen' (by Thomas). In the upper part of the façade, a rose-window of twelve compartments is placed under a broken semicircular pediment. On each side of the rose is a niche containing on the right, the statue of the Virgin, on the left, that of Gabriel. A second elliptical rose is pierced in the gable."—*De Guilhermy.*

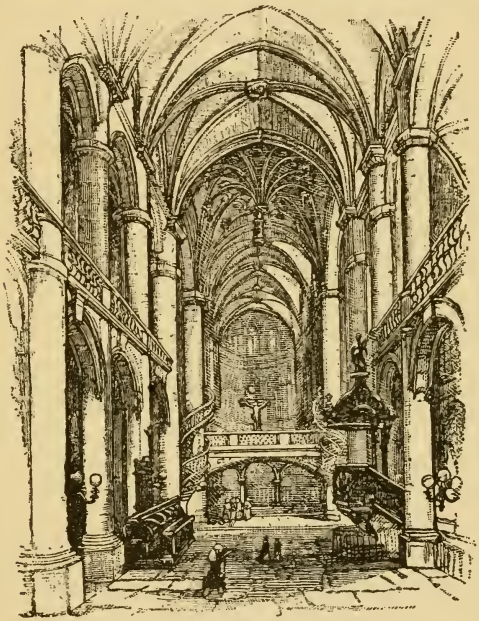
The aisles are the whole height of the church. The triforium gallery merely runs from pillar to pillar along the sides of nave and choir, and is interrupted at the transepts. In the choir it is reached by twisted staircases wreathed round the pillars on either side of the eccentric rood-loft—the only one left in Paris—sculptured by Biard (1600–1605).

"The flattened arch thrown boldly across the choir, the pierced turrets which contain the stairs and rise in spirals far above the platform, the suspended balustrade which serves as a support, are so many difficulties that the architect has proposed to himself, to better display all the resources of his skill. Angels, palms, wreaths, knots, masks, decorate the archivolts and friezes.

The rood-loft is finished by two doors closing the aisles of the choir. The leaves are of open work, and above the entablature, in the middle of broken triangular pediments, two worshippers, gracefully executed, are seated."—*De Guilhermy.*

"Religious art died in St. Etienne du Mont."—*Martin, "Hist de France."*

The pulpit, which Samson carries on his shoulders,



ST. ÉTIENNE DU MONT (INTERIOR).

was designed by Laurent de la Hire. The windows of the nave are round-headed, those of the choir pointed. Some of the windows have splendid examples of XV. c. and XVII. c. glass, and Cousin, Pinaigrier, and other great masters have worked on them: the earliest are in the apse. Amongst the stories told in the windows the most

remarkable is the legend of the Jew Jonathas, who on April 12, 1290, whilst living in the Rue des Jardins, compelled a woman who owed him money to give up to him a consecrated wafer received at the communion. He pierced the wafer in various ways, and blood gushed forth: then he threw it into a cauldron full of boiling water, which immediately became the color of blood. The story got wind. A woman swallowed the wafer. The Jew was seized, condemned, and burnt alive. His house was pulled down, and on its site a chapel, called *des Miracles*, was built. The street was known henceforth as *Rue où Dieu fut bouilli.*

In the third chapel (right) are inscriptions recording the celebrated persons buried in this or other churches of the parish, including St. Geneviève, St. Clotilde, Clovis and his daughter Clotilde, Pascal, Tournefort, Rollin, and Lemaistre de Sacy, the anatomist.

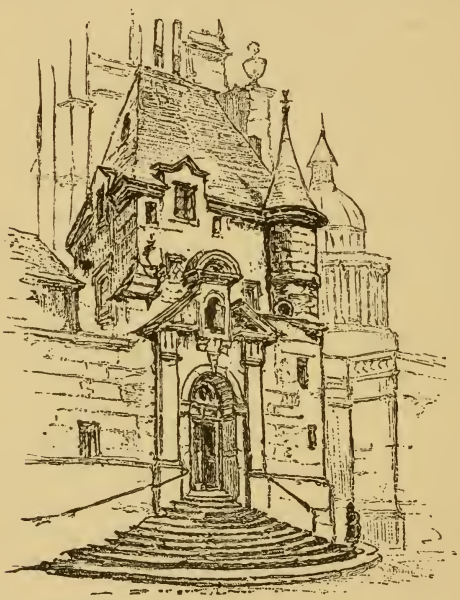
In the fifth chapel is a Saint Sépulcre, of eight life-size terra-cotta figures of the XVI. c., from the destroyed church of St. Benoît—an excellent work, full of unexaggerated feeling. An old picture, in the same chapel, represents Louis XIII. offering his crown to the crucified Saviour. Against the wall of the south aisle of the choir is the gravestone of Blaise Pascal, with a Latin inscription by Boileau, brought from the village church of Magny-les-Hameaux, to which it came from Port Royal; and that of the anatomist Jacques Bénigne Winslow (converted to catholicism by Bossuet), brought hither from the destroyed church of St. Benoît.

In the choir aisles are the gravestones of Racine, who was buried behind the high-altar, and Pascal, whose coffin was brought to the chapel of St Jean Baptiste after the ruin of Port Royal. In the second chapel, on the right of

the choir, the modern gilt shrine of St. Geneviève, patroness of Paris, rises in gothic glory. Her original shrine was sent to the mint to be melted down in 1793. The sarcophagus of St. Geneviève was found in the crpyt of the abbey church, but it is empty, for her bones were burnt by the mob in the Place de Grève in 1801. Candles, however, are always burning around the existing shrine. It is the custom for devotees to buy a taper, and pray while it burns. Every year the *neuvaine* of St. Geneviève brings a pious crowd, from every part of Paris, to pray by the tomb of its patroness. In one of the apsidal chapels is the empty stone coffin in which the body of the saint was laid, on January 3, 511, and from which her relics were removed to the original shrine.

St. Geneviève was a peasant girl, born at Nanterre, near Paris, in 421, and employed in her childhood as a shepherdess. When she was seven years old, St Germain, Bishop of Auxerre, passing through her village, became miraculously aware of the future glory of *la pucelette Geneviève*, and consecrated her to the service of God. Her course was henceforth marked by miracles, which began when her mother, struck blind for boxing her ears, was restored by her prayers. After the death of her parents Geneviève resided with an aged relation in Paris, and led a life of piety and humility, varied by victorious conflicts with demons. When the city was besieged by Attila, and the inhabitants were preparing to fly, she emerged from her solitude and urged them to remain, assuring them that Heaven would deliver them; and in truth the barbarians withdrew without sacking the town. During the siege by Childeric, Paris was provisioned by boats on the Seine personally commanded by Geneviève, and, after the city was taken, Clovis and Clotilde were

converted by her to Christianity. Then the first Christian church was built, in which, dying at eighty-nine, the shepherdess Geneviève was buried by the side of King Clovis and Queen Clotilde. In her latter years she is said to have lived in a convent near St. Jean en Grève, afterwards called l'Hôpital des Landriettes. Here a bed



ST. ÉTIENNE DU MONT (NORTH PORCH).

was shown as hers, and it was affirmed that in the great flood of the time of Louis le Débonnaire, the water, which filled her chamber, formed a solid arch over that sacred couch, leaving it untouched.

It was in St. Etienne du Mont, in 1857, "in the very sanctuary itself, at the very steps of the altar, in the

midst of his clergy, clothed in his sacred vestments, with mitre on head and crozier in hand, and in the very act of blessing the prostrate congregation," that Archbishop Sibour was foully murdered by a profligate priest of his own diocese.

The north porch of St. Etienne, with the little house above it, and its quaint tourelle, is a favorite subject with artists.

Along the south side of St. Etienne runs the *Rue Clovis*, at the end of which (right), in a garden, a bit of the wall of Philippe Auguste may be seen. Near this is the *Cabaret du Roi Clovis*, which played a part in the affair of the sergeants of La Rochelle.

Opposite the end of the Rue Clovis (in the upper part of the new Rue du Cardinal Lemoine) is the Institution Chevalier. Over its door, the inscription *Collège des Ecossais*, in old characters, tells its former history. It was founded, in 1313, by David, Bishop of Moray, for four poor scholars of his diocese desiring to study in Paris. Visitors are allowed to ascend the fine old oak staircase to the chapel (on the left of the first landing). It is like a college chapel at Oxford in its dark woodwork, stained glass, and picture (of the martyrdom of St. Andrew) over the altar. James II. of England, who died at St. Germain in 1701, bequeathed his brains to this chapel, where they were preserved in a gilt urn (given by the Duke of Perth) resting on a white marble obelisk, which stood on a black pedestal. Recently, in making a passage, the leaden case containing the brains of the king was found intact. A similar coffer which was found contained, it is believed, the heart of the Duchess of Perth, which formerly lay under an incised slab in the chapel floor. In the recess of one of the windows on the left is

an epitaph of a Monteith, mortally wounded at the siege of Dachstern in Alsace, in 1675.

In the antechapel is, first, the tomb of Frances Jennings, Duchess of Tyrconnell, lady-in-waiting to Queen Mary Beatrice (1731); then the black-marble tomb which the faithful James, Duke of Perth, erected to his master ("moerens posuit"), with a long epitaph describing the king's gentleness and patience in adversity, when driven from his throne by the impiety of Absalom, the treachery of Achitophel, and with the cruel taunts of Shimei, when, "ipsis etiam inimicis amicus, superavit rebus humanis major, adversis superior, et coelestis gloriae studio inflammatus, quod regno caruerit sibi visus beatior, miseram hanc vitam felici, regnum terrestre coelesti, commutavit."

Opposite is the monument of "Marianus O'Cruolly," an Irish knight (1700).

In the Rue Clovis, opposite the church of St. Etienne (observe here, externally, its flat east end), are the buildings of the *Lycée Henri IV.*, enclosing the beautiful *Tower* of the destroyed church of St. Geneviève, which is romanesque at the base, but XIV. c. and XV. c. in its upper stories. The east side of the Lycée, looking upon the quiet Rue Clotilde at the back of the Pantheon, occupies the site of the *Abbaye de St. Geneviève*, founded by Clovis and Clotilde in 508. The principal existing remnant of the abbey is the XIII. c. refectory, a great vaulted hall, without columns, partially restored externally in 1886. The cloister was rebuilt, and a XIII. c. chapel of Notre Dame de la Miséricorde, on its south side, destroyed in 1776.

We now reach the *Pantheon*, which has divided its existence between being a pagan temple and a Christian church dedicated to St. Geneviève. Clovis built the first

church near this site, and dedicated it to Sts. Peter and Paul, and there he, St. Clotilde, the murdered children of Clodomir, and St. Geneviève were buried. The early church was burnt by the Normans, but restored, and from the X. c. the miracles wrought at the tomb of St. Geneviève changed its name. In 1148 the church was given to the canons-regular of St. Victor. The shrine of St. Geneviève, supported on the shoulders of four statues, stood on lofty pillars behind the altar, and thence in time of flood or sickness it was carried forth in procession, and river and pestilence were supposed to recede before it. Much amusement was excited by the tomb erected here to Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld, on which he was represented with an angel carrying his train. The steeple of the church was destroyed by lightning in 1489. On June 25, 1665, the remains of the philosopher Descartes, brought from Stockholm, were received in state by the abbot, and buried near the Chapelle St. Geneviève, though a funeral oration was forbidden by Louis XIV.[1] When Louis XV. recovered from serious illness at Metz, the canons, who disliked their old gothic church, urged upon him that as his restoration must be due to the prayers of St. Geneviève he owed her a fashionable Grecian church as a reward. The king acquiesced in ordering the new church, though the old one was not pulled down till 1801–7.[2] Jacques German Soufflot was employed to design the new edifice, and great difficulties, caused by the discovery of quarries under

[1] Descartes is now commemorated in the name of a neighboring street.

[2] The capitals of the nave of St. Geneviève are in the second court of the Beaux Arts. The statues by Germain Pilon, which supported the shrine, are at the Louvre. The statue of Clovis is at St. Denis. The tomb of Cardinal François de la Rochefoucauld (1645) is at the Hospice de Femmes Incurables, which was founded by him; the tomb and effigy of a Chancellor of Notre Dame de Noyon (1350) are at the Beaux Arts; the gravestone of Descartes is at St. Germain des Prés.

the building, which had to be filled up, were laboriously removed. The first stone of the new church was laid by Louis XV. in 1764; its original architect, Soufflot, died in 1780, but it was completed under his pupil Rondelet.

"M. Soufflot's St. Geneviève is certainly the prettiest Savoy biscuit ever made in stone."—*Victor Hugo.*

After the death of Mirabeau, the building was consecrated as the burial-place of illustrious citizens, and "Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante" was inscribed in large letters upon the façade, as it now appears. At the Restoration, however, this inscription was for a time replaced by another saying that Louis XVIII. had restored the church to worship. With the government of July the building became a Pantheon again. From 1851 to 1885 it was again a church, and then was once more taken away from God that it might be given to—Victor Hugo!

The Pantheon is open daily from 10 to 4. Visitors collect on the right of the east end till the guardian chooses to show the vaults (*caveaux*). Twenty is the nominal number allowed, but he will usually wait for a party of sixty to save himself trouble (50 c.). To ascend the dome an order from the Beaux Arts is required.

The peristyle and dome of the Pantheon are magnificent. The former is adorned with a relief, by David d'Angers, of France distributing palm-branches to her worthiest children; Napoleon I. is a portrait. In the portico are groups of St. Geneviève and Attila, and the Baptism of Clovis. The steps (1887) are covered with wreaths offered to the memory of Victor Hugo. Stately and harmonious, the interior is cold, though color is being gradually given by frescoes which seem to belong more to the former than the present character of the building, as they

represent the story of the saints especially connected with Paris—the childhood, miracles, and death of St. Geneviève; the justice and judgment of St. Louis; the martyrdom of St. Denis (first chapel, left—a terrific picture), &c. Some of these frescoes have much beauty. In the dome, the apotheosis of St. Geneviève is represented by *Gros*, in which the shepherd maiden was originally portrayed as receiving the homage of Clovis, Charlemagne, St. Louis, and Napoleon I. After the return of the Bourbons, Napoleon disappeared and Louis XVIII. took his place. Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Madame Elizabeth, and Louis XVII. appear in the upper sphere of celestial glory. Against the piers are masses of wreaths in honor of the citizens who "fell in defence of liberty" in 1850.

The first tomb usually shown in the crypt is (right) that of Victor Hugo. Facing him is Molière. On the left are Voltaire, with a statue by Houdon, and the architect Soufflot. The tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau are empty, having been pillaged at the Revolution, though the tomb of Rousseau is still inscribed—"Ici repose l'homme de la nature et de la vérité." The tomb of Voltaire bears the epitaph—

"Poète, historien, philosophe, il agrandit l'esprit humain, et l'apprit, qu'il devait être libre; il défendit Calas, Serven, De la Barre, et Mont Bally; il combattait les athées et les fanatiques, il inspira la tolérance, il réclama les droits de l'homme, contre le monstre de la féodalité."

Lagrange the mathematician, Bougainville the great navigator, and Marshal Lannes, lie near. The remains of Mirabeau and Marat, brought hither in triumph, were soon expelled by the fickle Parisians. Caprice exiled Mirabeau, who had been entombed amid the mourning of the city, to a corner of the cemetery of St. Etienne du

Mont: "Il n'y a qu'un pas du capitole à la Roche Tarpéienne" had been an observation in one of his last speeches. At the same time a decree was passed that all the monuments in the Pantheon, except those of Voltaire and Rousseau, should be cleared away.

There is a famous echo in one part of the crypt, shown off in an amusing way by the guardian, who produces a cannonade, a cracking of whips, &c. The great statesmen all lie one above another, in great sarcophagi, exactly alike: many of them, especially the cardinals, seem oddly placed in a pagan temple.

From the west front of the Pantheon the broad *Rue Soufflot*, which has the Ecole de Droit at its entrance on the right, crosses (beyond the Rue St. Jacques) the site formerly occupied by the famous convent of the Jacobins. A chapel, of which the University had the patronage, and which was dedicated to St. Jacques, being given to the Frères Prêcheurs in 1221, only five years after the confirmation of their order, brought them the name of Jacobins. Their celebrity as professors of theology brought pupils and riches to their convent, and, till the middle of the XIV. c. the Dominicans were as much the leaders of thought and education at Paris as the Franciscans were at Oxford; in the XVIII. c. they paled before the popularity of the Jesuits. The buildings of the Jacobins were confiscated at the Revolution. Almost all the confessors of the kings and queens of France from the time of St. Louis to that of Henri II. were monks of this convent, and perhaps from this reason their church was especially rich in royal monuments. The tomb of Charles d'Anjou, King of Sicily, brother of St. Louis, buried here, was saved, during the Revolution, by Lenoir, and is now in St. Denis.

On the north of the Place du Pantheon is the *Bibliothèque St. Geneviève*, moved from the ancient and admirably suitable cruciform galleries of the abbey, and now occupying the site of the Collège de Montaigu, founded by Gilles Aiscelin de Montaigu, Archbishop of Rouen (1314), and Pierre Aiscelin de Montaigu, Bishop of Laon (1388). At the Revolution the college buildings were turned into a military hospital and barrack; in 1844 the present uninteresting library was built on their site. Théodore de Bèze says that Calvin, after he left the Collège de la Marche, spent some years here under a Spanish professor. This was the college whose severities, notorious in the XV. c., are described by the tutor of Gargantua to Grantgousier.

"Ne pensez pas que je l'aye mis au college de pouillerye qu'on nomme Montaigu; mieulx leusse voulu mettre entre les guenaulx de Sainct-Innocent, pour lenorme crualté et villenye que j'y ay congneu; car trop mieulx sont traictez les forcez entre les Maures et Tartares, les meutriers en la prison criminelle, voire certe les chiens de vostre maison, que ne sont ces malauctrus ou dict college. Et, si j'estois roy de Paris, le dyable memporte si je ne mettoys le feu dedans; et feroys brusler et principal et regens qui endurent cette inhumanité devant leur yeulx estre exercée."—*Rabelais.*

"Gilles d'Aiscelin, the weak archbishop, the terrible judge of the Templars, founded this terrible college of Montaigu, the poorest and most democratic of the university houses, where the wits and the teeth were equally sharp. There the inspiration of hunger raised up the poor masters who rendered illustrious the name *capettes;* their food was poor, but their privileges ample; they were dependent, in matters of confession, neither on the bishop of Paris nor on the pope."—*Michelet*, "*Hist. de France.*"

Behind the Bibliothèque St. Geneviève, with an entrance beyond it, is the *Collège St. Barbe*, probably founded in 1460 by Geoffroy Normant. Its most illustrious scholars have been St. Ignatius Loyola and St. François Xavier,

who joined Loyola here when he left the Collège de Beauvais. Closed during the Revolution, this college was reopened in 1800, under the title of Collège des Sciences et des Arts. It was enlarged in 1841. Only separated from this by the Rue de Reims, was the Collège de Reims, founded early in the XV. c. by Guy de Roye, Archbishop of Rheims; it perished at the Revolution. The *Collège de Fortet*, on the other side of the Rue des Sept Voies, was founded, in 1391, by Pierre Fortet, canon of Notre Dame, for eight scholars. It was here, in a chamber then inhabited by Boucher, Curé de St. Benoît, that the Ligue had its origin. The buildings of this little college still exist, and possess an hexagonal tower, enclosing a staircase.

Beyond the Bibliothèque, at the angle of the Rue des Cholets and Rue Cujas (formerly St. Etienne des Grès) stood the Collège des Cholets, founded for poor scholars of the dioceses of Beauvais and Amiens, by the executors of Cardinal Jean Cholet, in 1295. Its site, and even that of the street, are now swallowed up by buildings of the Lycée Louis le Grand. Opposite the college, in the Rue St. Etienne des Grès, was the church of that name, which, as an oratory, dated from the VII. c. St. François de Sales frequented it for prayer whilst a student in Paris. It was sold and pulled down at the Revolution, but its image of Notre Dame de la Bonne Délivrance, which had once great celebrity, still exists in the chapel of a convent of St. Thomas de Villanueva, in the Rue de Sèvres.

The *Collège Louis le Grand* owed its original foundation to Guillaume Duprat, Bishop of Clermont, a faithful friend to the Jesuits, whom he received, when persecuted, in his episcopal residence, and to whom at his death, in 1560, he bequeathed the funds necessary for founding the Collège

de Clermont. To this, the Collège de Marmoutier and the Collège de Mans were afterwards added by the favor of Louis XIV., in gratitude for which his name was given to the united institution, destined to become the favorite place of education for sons of illustrious French families. When the inscription "Collegium Claromontanum Societatis Jesu" over the gate was changed to "Collegium Ludovici Magni," a bold hand wrote—

> "Sustulit hinc Jesum posuitque insignia regis
> Impia gens: alium nescit habere deum."

At the expulsion of the Jesuits in 1763, the University took possession of their buildings, and made them its principal centre. Twenty-six of the small colleges were then suppressed and united to the Collège Louis le Grand, only ten colleges altogether being allowed to prolong their existence. At the Revolution the buildings of the Collège Louis le Grand were used as a prison; under the first empire it became the Lycée Impériale, but it recovered its old name at the Restoration.

A few steps lower down the Rue St. Jacques (on the right) stood the Collège de Plessis, founded in 1323 by Geoffroy de Plessis, Abbé de Marmoutier, and restored by Richelieu. Opposite, occupying the space between the Rue St. Jacques and the Sorbonne, was the Cloître St. Benoît. Its church, which was of great antiquity, was originally called St. Bacchus, probably from some association with a vintagers' feast. Its later name of St. Benoît le Restourné arose from its altar being at the west, its entrance at the east end; after François I. altered it to the usual plan it was called St. Benoît le Bientourné. It contained an immense number of monuments, including that of the architect Claude Perrault, now preserved at the Hôtel de Cluny, with the principal portal of the church.

No. 2 Rue St. Benoît, recently destroyed, was the house occupied by Desmarteaux, the engraver for the painter Boucher, and had an entire chamber exquisitely decorated by his hand.

We now reach the *Collège de France*, first of the literary and scientific institutions of the kingdom. It was founded by François I. as Collège Royal, and afterwards called Collège des Trois Langues, because the three languages, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, were taught there. In later times it was superior to the Sorbonne in its teaching of mathematics, medicine, and surgery. Colbert founded professorships here of Arabic and French law, and history and moral philosophy were afterwards added. There are now twenty-eight professors. The buildings have swallowed up the Collège de Tréquier, founded in 1325 by Guillaume de Coetmahon of Tréquier, and the Collège de Cambrai, or des Trois Evêques, which dated from the XIII c. In the court is a statue of G. Budé (1540). The principal front is approached from the Rue des Ecoles by a handsome staircase, at the top of which is a statue of Claude Bernard by Guillaume, erected 1875.

A few steps along the modern Rue des Ecoles, and a turn to the left, will bring us, at the very heart of Academic Paris, to the Sorbonne—"le Louvre du corps enseignant."

The University of the Sorbonne was founded in 1256, by Robert de Sorbonne (or Rathelois), almoner and confessor of St. Louis, who persuaded the king, instead of founding a nunnery on that site, as he intended, to institute a charity—"ad opus Congregationis pauperum magistrorum, Parisiensis, in theologia studentium." At first it was only a humble college for sixteen poor theological students, called *la pauvre maison*, and its professors *pauvres maîtres* ("pauperes magistri"); but these soon be-

came celebrated, and the assembly of doctors of the Sorbonne formed a redoubtable tribunal, which judged without appeal all theological opinions and works, and did not hesitate to condemn pope and kings. The statutes remained the same in 1790 as in 1290. A chronicler of the time of Henri III. speaks of the Sorbonne as "thirty or forty pedants, besotted masters of arts."

"To have the right to bear the title of 'Doctor of the Sorbonne,' the candidate had to have studied in the college, to have, for ten years, argued, disputed and sustained divers public acts or *theses*, which were distinguished into *major*, *minor*, *sabbatical*, *tentative*, and the *small* and *great Sorbonic*. In these last, the candidate for the doctor's degree had to sustain, without drinking, eating or quitting the place, the attacks of twenty assailants or *ergoteurs*, who came in relays of half an hour and harassed him from six in the morning to seven in the evening.

"The habit of skirmishing in theology on subjects of useless or often dangerous curiosity, or on matters demanding the most profound submission, contributed in no small degree to diffuse in the nation that quarrelsome disposition which, while retarding the reign of truth, often troubled public tranquillity and engendered so many errors, which a barbarous and clumsy policy believed it had the right to extinguish by erecting gibbets, digging dungeons, lighting fires around the stake, and by making the best tempered nation into a people of cannibals."—*Duvernet*, "*Hist. de la Sorbonne.*"

It was here that the disputes between the Jesuists and Jansenists were carried on. "Voilà une salle, où l'on dispute depuis quatre cents ans," said one of the doctors, as he was showing the building to Casaubon. "Eh bien! qu'est-ce qu'on a décidé?" he answered. It was of this theatre of religious argument that Pascal said—"Qu'il étoit plus aisé d'y trouver les moins, que les arguments."

"The Sorbonne had a moral jurisdiction in scholasticism. It forced John XXII. to retract his theory of the Beatific Vision; it declared quinquina an accursed bark, and thereupon Parliament forbade quinquina to effect any cures."—*Victor Hugo.*

Whatever, however, may have been the follies of the Sorbonne, it will always possess the honor of having established within its walls the first printing-press known in Paris.

The collegiate buildings were reconstructed by Jacques Lemercier for Cardinal Richelieu, who was elected Grand-Master in 1622. He incorporated with the Sorbonne the Collège Duplessis, founded (1322) by Geoffroy Duplessis, Secretary of Philippe le Long. The little Collège de Calvi or des Dix-Huit was also swallowed up by the site of the *Church*, built 1629–59, with a stately dome. It is entered from the principal quadrangle of the college, remarkable for its curious sun-dials, and is adorned internally with paintings of the Latin Fathers by *Philippe de Champaigne.* The bare interior is very fine in its proportions. An inscription records the restoration of the church by Napoleon III., "regnante gloriosissime."

"It is a church of no very great dimensions, being about 150 feet in length, and its dome 40 feet in diameter internally. The western façade has the usual arrangement of two stories, the lower one of corinthian three-quarter columns, surmounted by pilasters of the same order above, and the additional width of the aisle being made out by a gigantic console. The front of the transept towards the court is better, being ornamented with a portico of detached columns on the lower story, with a great semicircular window above; and the dome rises so closely behind the wall that the whole composition is extremely pleasing."—*Fergusson.*

The right transept contains the tomb of Richelieu, by François Girardon (1694). The cardinal is represented reclining in death in the arms of Religion, who holds the book he wrote in her defence. A weeping woman is intended for Science, and these two figures are portraits of the cardinal's nieces, the Duchesses de Guyon and de Fronsac. In its time this was regarded as the finest

monument of funereal sculpture in the world. Alexandre Lenoir, to whose energy and self-sacrifice Paris owes all the historic sculpture it still preserves, was wounded by a bayonet while making a rampart of his body to protect it from the mob in the Revolution, when he succeeded in removing it to the Petits Augustins.

"Cardinal Richelieu died December 4, 1642. 'He was a great statesman,' said the king, when he heard of his death. Posterity has confirmed this judgment."—*Balzac*, "*Six rois de France.*"

"He respected no rule of equity or morality. He confessed himself, 'When I have once formed a resolution, I go on to the end; overthrow everything, cut down everything, and then cover all with my red cassock.' Bussi-Rabutin says that under Richelieu the king counted for nothing."—*Dulaure*, "*Hist. de Paris sous Louis XIII.*"

The grave of Richelieu was violated at the Revolution, and his head, which was carried off and paraded through the streets on a pike, was only restored to its resting-place in 1867. Above the tomb is a large fresco representing Theology and all those who have illustrated it.

In the opposite transept is a monument to the gay Lothario, Maréchal Duc de Richelieu, minister of Louis XVIII., by Ramey.

A great picture by *Hesse* represents Robert Sorbonne presenting the pupils in theology to St. Louis.

"In the month of October, 1832, there was written above a door, in the Place de Sorbonne, 'Constitutional Church of France.' The day when such an inscription has been quietly engraved on the front of the Sorbonne, it ceased to live. The history henceforth will begin with a funeral oration."—*Antoine de Latour.*

The Boulevard St. Michel, running in front of the Place de la Sorbonne, has swept away the Rue des Maçons, where Racine lived for a time, and where Dulaure died.

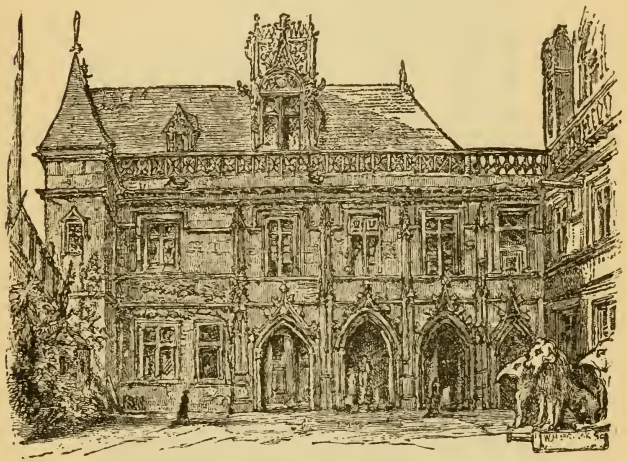
It crosses the site of the Collège du Trésorier, founded (1268) by Guillaume de Saana, treasurer of the cathedral of Rouen; and of the Collège de Cluny, founded (in 1269) by Yves de Vergy, Abbot of Cluny. The chapel of this college was a model of architectural loveliness, and has been thought worthy of being compared with the Sainte Chapelle, as it had the same delicacy of sculpture and the same elegance of proportions. It was filled with rich stall-work, and its pavement was composed of gravestones of abbots, two of which—of 1349 and 1360—were removed, with the rose-windows, to the Hôtel de Cluny, on the destruction of the building in 1834. Close by, where the Rue M. le Prince now falls into the boulevard, was the Port St. Michel (on the wall of Philippe Auguste) destroyed 1684. Just beyond, the *Lycée St. Louis* now occupies the site of the Collège d'Harcourt, founded by Raoul d'Harcourt in 1280: it was closed at the Revolution, but re-established, under a new name, by Louis XVIII. A little lower down was the Collège de Justice, at the corner of the Rue de la Harpe, founded (1354) by the executors of Jean de Justice, Canon of Bayeux. Opposite, on a site now covered by the boulevard, were the little colleges of Narbonne (1307), Bayeux (1308), and Secy (1428). The gate of the last is now at the Hôtel de Cluny. The Collège Sts. Côme et Damien, at the angle of the Rue de la Harpe and Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, was founded early in the XIII. c.; its chapel contained the tomb of Nicolas de Bèze, with an inscription (by his nephew, Théodore de Bèze, the famous Calvinist) in Greek, Latin, and French. The college, sold at the Revolution, was demolished in 1836, to enlarge the Rue Racine.

It is now a few steps right, or, if we have evaded these forgotten sites, the *Rue de la Sorbonne* will lead us down-

hill into the *Rue de Sommerard*, opposite the famous *Hôtel de Cluny*, which is open daily to the public except on Mondays and fête-days—from 11 to 5 from April 1 to September 30; from 11 to 4 from October 1 to March 31.

"L'hôtel de Cluny, qui subsiste encore pour la consolation de l'artiste."—*Victor Hugo.*

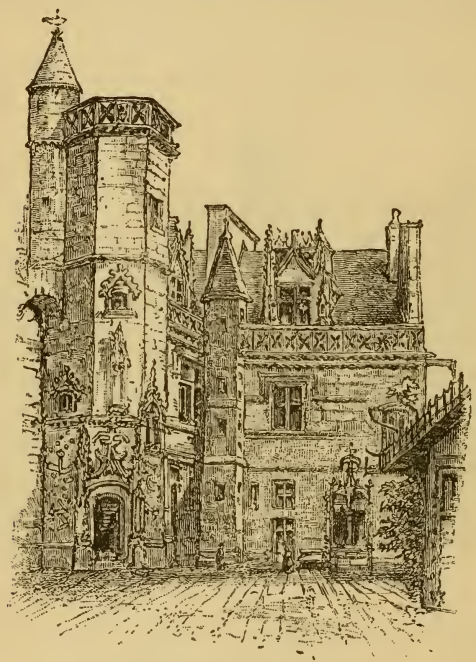
The site of the ancient Roman Baths was bought by



HOTEL DE CLUNY (WEST WING).

the Abbot Pierre de Chalus for the Abbey of Cluny, and its abbots decided to build a palace there as their town residence. This was begun by Abbot Jean de Bourbon, bastard of John, Duke of Burgundy, and finished by Jacques d'Amboise, Abbot of Jumièges, and Bishop of Clermont, sixth brother of the Minister of Louis XII. Coming seldom to Paris, however, the Abbots of Cluny let their hotel to various distinguished personages: thus Mary of England, widow of Louis XII., lived there for a time

after her husband's death, and was married there to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. Here also James V. of Scotland was married to Madeleine, daughter of François I. The Cardinal de Lorraine, his nephew the Duc de Guise, and the Duc d'Aumale, were living here in 1565. After-

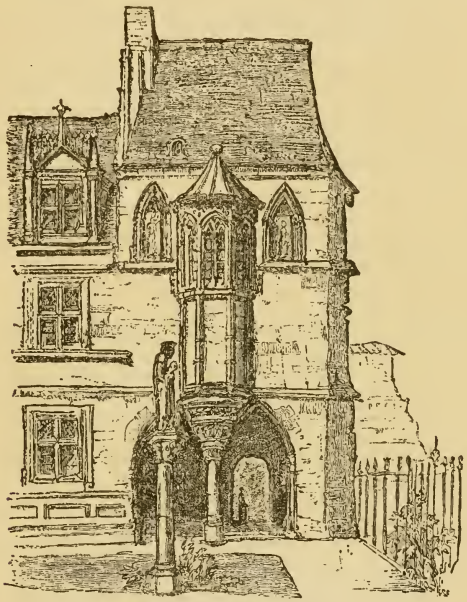


HOTEL DE CLUNY (EAST WING).

wards the hotel was inhabited by actors, then by nuns of Port Royal. In the early part of the XIX. c. the illustrious antiquarian M. de Sommerard bought the hôtel and filled it with his beautiful collection of works of art, and the whole was purchased by the State after his death.

Approaching from the Rue de Sommerard, by a gate

surmounted by the arms of the Abbey of Cluny, we find the principal building flanked by two wings. A many-sided tower projects from the front, containing a stone staircase, and bearing the rose-medallions and cockle-shells of St. James, in allusion to the builder Jacques d'Amboise. Opposite to this is an old well from the



HOTEL DE CLUNY (CHAPEL).

manor of Tristan l'Hermite, near Amboise. The building on the west is the most richly decorated portion of the whole. On the north side of the hotel, towards the garden, are a beautiful bay-window and a vaulted hall called *la chapelle basse*, the upper floor being supported by a single column, on the capital of which are seen the arms of Jacques d'Amboise and a crowned K (Karolus) for

Charles VIII. A gothic flamboyant staircase leads from this hall to the chapel, which is on the first floor. The east wing formerly contained, on its ground floor, the kitchens of the hotel. The great circle traced on the wall on this side is supposed to mark the dimensions of the famous bell of Rouen, known as Georges d'Amboise, which is said to have been cast in the Hôtel de Cluny. The open balustrade above the first floor, the chimneys and the windows in the roof, are of marvellous richness and beauty. The interior of the hotel is as interesting as the exterior. The room called *La Chambre de la Reine Blanche* takes its name from the white weeds of the widowed Queens of France, which Mary of England wore when she inhabited it. The vaulting of the exquisitely graceful chapel rests on a single pillar.

In this beautiful and harmonious old house all the principal rooms are now occupied by an archæological museum of the greatest interest. The building, furniture, and ornaments are in perfect keeping. The precious contents are all named and catalogued, but not arranged according to their numbers. As historic objects or memorials of old France we may especially notice when we meet with them—

56. The original central pillar of the Porte St. Anne of Notre Dame, with the figure of St. Marcel. Replaced in the cathedral by a copy.
86. Porch of the Benedictine cloister at Argenteuil, demolished 1855.
88, 89. XIII. c. fragments from the famous tower of the Commanderie de St. Jean de Latran at Paris, destroyed 1854.
107. Column from the church of the Collège de Cluny, destroyed 1859, for the Boulevard St. Michel.
135. Principal entrance of the Collège de Bayeux, destroyed 1859, for the Boulevard de Sébastopol.

137. Principal portal of the church of St. Benoît, destroyed in making the Rue des Ecoles.
160. Curious tombstone of the XV. c., from the destroyed church of St. Benoît.
161. A monument with symbols of pilgrimage. From St. Benoît.
164, 165. Sculptures from St. Gervais of Paris. XIV. c.
188. Splendid XV. c. chimney-piece from a house at Le Mans.
189. Chimney-piece, XV. c., from Le Mans.
191. Chimney-piece, by Hugues Lallement (1562), from a house at Châlons-sur-Marne.
192. Chimney-piece, XVI. c., by Hugues Lallement, from Châlons-sur-Marne.
193. Chimney-piece of XVI. c., from Troyes.
194. Chimney-piece, XVI. c., from the Rue de la Croix de Fer, at Rouen.
196–201. Sculptures from the old Louvre.
208. Portal of the house of Queen Blanche, Rue du Foin St. Jacques, destroyed 1858, in making the Boulevard St. Germain.
233. XVII. c. obelisk from the Cimetière des Innocents.
237. Retable of the high-altar of the St. Chapelle of St. Germain, built by Pierre de Wuessencourt, in 1259. An exquisite relief of XIII. c.
242–246. Statues from the church of St. Jacques in the Rue St. Denis. Attributed to Robert de Launoy.
251. The Virgin of the Priory of Arbois, late XV. c.
259–261. Sepulchral statues from the chapel of the Château of Arbois.
329. Tomb of an abbess of Montmartre.
*345. Tomb of the philanthropist Nicolas Flamel, from the old church of St. Jacques de la Boucherie. 1418.
*401. Statue of the emperor Julian, found at Paris.
422–426. Tombs of the French Grand-Masters of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem ; brought from Rhodes.
428, 429. Figures of monks executed by Claux Sluter, for Philippe le Hardi.
430, 431. Figures from the tomb of Philippe le Hardi. XIV. c.
*448. The Three Fates, attributed to Germain Pilon, and supposed to represent Diane de Poitiers and her daughters. From the gardens of the Hôtel Soicourt, Rue de l'Université.

449. Diane de Poitiers as Ariadne. XVI. c. Found in the Loire, opposite the Château de Chaumont.
450. Venus and Cupid, by Jean Cousin. XVI. c.
451. Catherine de Medicis as Juno. A medallion from Anet, probably by Germain Pilon. XVI. c.
456. "Le Sommeil." XVI. c.
710. Great retable of abbey of Everborn near Liege. XV. c.
764–767. A retable representing the Creed, from the abbey of St. Riquier. 1587.
1025. Reliquary from the abbey of St. Yved of Braisne-en-Soissonais. Ivory of XII. c.
1035. Ivory relief of the marriage of Otho I., Emperor of the East, with Théophane, daughter of Romanus II. X. c.
1055. Mirror case representing St. Louis and his mother Queen Blanche. From the treasury of St. Denis.
*1079. "Oratoire des Duchesses de Bourgogne." A set of pictures in ivory of XIV. c. From the Chartreux of Dijon.
1080. Id. Ivories of the life of Christ.
1152. "L'insouciance du jeune âge." An ivory statuette by Duquesnoy. XVII. c.
1337. Coffre de Mariage. From the château of Loches.
1424. Cabinet of time of Henry II. From the abbey of Clairvaux.
1679. Mary Magdalen at Marseilles. A painting on wood by King René of Provence. XV. c.
1682. Coronation of Louis XII. A painting on wood. XV. c.
1742. Venus and Cupid. Portrait of Diane de Poitiers by *Primaticcio*. XVI. c.
1746. Portrait of Marie Gaudin, Dame de la Bourdaisière, first mistress of François I., at that time Duc de Valois.
1761. The head of St. Martha, given by Louis XI. to the church of St. Martha at Tarascon. 1478.
4498. Reliquary of St. Fausta, in enamel of Limoges. XIII. c. From the treasury of Ségry, near Issoudun.
4979–4987. Golden crowns found at La Fuente de Guarrazar, near Toledo.
*4988. Golden altar of Henry II. (St. Henry) of Germany, given by him (*c.* 1019) to the cathedral of Basle, where it escaped destruction in the crypt till 1824, when it was sold for the benefit of the canton. This is perhaps

the most precious object in the collection. The medallions represent the cardinal virtues. In the centre Sts. Henry and Cunegunda kneel at the feet of the Saviour; on the right are Sts. Michael and Benedict; on the left Sts. Gabriel and Raphael. Two Latin verses contain a prayer and a mystic explanation of the names of the three angels.

5005. "La rose d'or de Bâle." Given by Clement V. to the Prince Bishop of Basle. XIV. c.

5015. Reliquary of St. Anne, by Hans Greiff. 1472.

5016. Silver reliquary from the treasury of Basle. XV. c.

5064. Cross of the abbots of Clairvaux in gilt copper. XII. c.

7386. Tombstone with the epitaph of Anne of Burgundy, Duchess of Bedford. XV. c. From the church of the Célestins.

7387. Epitaph of Pierre de Ronsard on the death of Charles de Boudeville. 1571.

7398. Coffin-plate of King Louis XIV. From St. Denis.

7399. Coffin-plate of Marie Adélaïde de Savoie, wife of the Duc de Bourgogne, grandson of Louis XIV. 1712. From St. Denis.

7400. Coffin-plate of Louise Elizabeth de France (Madame l'Infante, eldest daughter of Louis XV.), who died at Versailles, 1769. From St. Denis.

7404. Coffin-plate of Henriette Catherine de Joyeuse, Duchesse de Montpensier. 1656. From the convent of the Capucines.

7405. Gravestone of Louise Henriette de Bourbon, Duchesse d'Orléans, daughter of Louis XIV. and Mme de Montespan.

7408. Heart (enclosed in lead) of Louis de Luxembourg, Comte de Roussy. 1571. From the Célestins.

In a modern side-room is an interesting collection of carriages, sledges, sedan chairs, &c., of the XVII. c. and XVIII. c., including—

6951. Carriage of the Tanara family of Bologna, supposed to have belonged to Paul V. (Camillo Borghese, 1603–1621).

6952. State carriage of a French ambassador to Milan, under Louis XV.

6961. The little carriage which served as a model for the coronation coach of Louis XV.

The Roman remains, always known as *Palais des Thermes*, in the garden adjoining the Hôtel de Cluny, probably belong to buildings erected A.D. 300, when Paris was a Gallo-Roman town, by Constantius Chlorus. It has been sometimes affirmed that the Emperor Julian the Apostate was proclaimed and resided here, but it is far more probable that he lived on the island in the Seine, and that these buildings were simply those of magnificent baths. The most perfect part of the baths is a great hall, decided to have been the *frigidarium*, which is exceedingly massive and majestic; of the *tepidarium*, only the ruined walls remain.

"Nothing had been spared to make the Palais des Thermes a truly splendid abode. An aqueduct brought pure and wholesome water from the springs of Rungis, that is, about three leagues from the centre of Paris. For the longest part of its course it was underground, but it crossed the valley of Arcueil by a series of high arches, some foundations of which time has respected, admirably constructed and finished like the walls of the hall of the Thermes."—*De Guilhermy*.

Some columns and a large corinthian capital, preserved in the Frigidarium, were found in the Parvis Notre Dame, and are interesting as probable remnants of the original basilica of Childebert. Here also are the original XI. c. capitals of St. Germain des Prés. In the gardens are preserved other architectural fragments, such as the portals of the old church of St. Benoît and of the Collège de Bayeux, three romanesque arches from the Abbey of Argenteuil, &c. The door which leads to the garden from the court of the hotel comes from the house called Maison de la Reine Blanche (of temp. Henri II.) at the angle of the Rues de Boutebrie and du Foin.

The *Théâtre de Cluny* occupies the site of the convent of Les Mathurins. A very ancient chapel existed here, in which the body of St. Mathurin was buried and performed miracles. Here the order called "Religieux de la St. Trinité de la Rédemption des Captifs," founded by St. Giovanni de Matha, found a refuge in the latter part of the XIII. c. They were protected by St. Louis, who helped them to erect a convent. This was rebuilt in the XVI. c. by Robert Gaguin, theologian and diplomatist, who was buried in its church, before the high-altar. Before the expulsion of the Jesuits gave the Collège de Louis le Grand to the University, its chief meetings were held here. It was hither that it summoned its general assemblies; here that it recognized as king Philippe V., second son of Philippe le Bel, and here that it protested against the bull "Unigenitus." The conventual buildings perished in the Revolution. In the *Rue Mathurin* the Librairie Delalain was the house of Catinat. Just opposite the Palais des Thermes was the old hotel of the Comtes d'Harcourt, destroyed in the XVII. c.

Along the side of the opposite *Rue de Boutebrie* ran the buildings of the Collège de Maître Gervais, founded in the XIV. c. (by a canon of Bayeux and Paris, who was physician to Charles le Sage), as a college of astrology and medicine.

The Rue de Boutebrie leads to the fine church of *St. Séverin*, one of the best gothic buildings in Paris, said to occupy the site of a hermitage where St. Séverin lived in the VI. c., under Childebert I. The oratory on the site of the hermitage was sacked by the Normans. It was rebuilt in the XI. c. as "Ecclesia Sancti Severi Solitarii." But to the worship of the sainted hermit the people afterwards united that of another St. Séverin, Bishop of Agaune, who

gave the monastic habit to St. Cloud, and who miraculously cured King Clovis by laying his chasuble upon him. In former days this church was held in great estimation. One of its chapels was dedicated to St. Martin, especially invoked by travellers, and its door was covered with horse-shoes deposited there for good luck; whilst travellers about to ride a great distance would brand their horses' hoofs with the church-key, made red hot for the purpose. At Pentecost a great flight of pigeons used to be sent down during mass through holes in the vaulting, to typify the descent of the Holy Spirit. The principal porch had the figure of a lion on either side, seated between which the magistrates of the town administered justice: whence many judgments end with "donne entre les deux lions."[1]

The church has been frequently enlarged and modernized, but the three western compartments of the nave, the triforium of the fourth, with the tower, portal, and lower part of the façade, are of 1210; the rest of the nave, aisles, and choir probably of 1347; the apse and its chapels, of 1489. The early XIII. c. portal of the façade formerly belonged to St. Pierre aux Bœufs in the Cité, and was brought here on the destruction of that church in 1837; but the bas-relief of the tympanum is modern. The portal preserves its XVII. c. doors, adorned with medallions of Sts. Peter and Paul. There are double aisles, besides the side chapels; behind the high-altar is a twisted column. South of the choir are remains of a XV. c. cloister, the only one in Paris except that of les Billettes. To the right of the chevet is the XVII. c. chapel of Notre Dame d'Espérance, containing a "miraculous" Virgin. The other chapels contain an immense number of pictures of the French school. The baldacchino was erected from

[1] Lebœuf.

designs of Lebrun, at the expense of Mlle de Montpensier. The ancient rood-loft, erected (in 1414) by a bequest of Antoine de Compaigne and his wife Oudette, was destroyed in the XVII. c. With three unimportant exceptions all the ancient monuments have perished, but there is a good deal of XV. c. and XVI. c. stained glass.

"The church of St. Séverin is one of the first of Paris in which organs were seen. They were there in the reign of King John, but of small size; the church too was then neither so long nor so wide. I have seen an extract from a manuscript necrology of the church, to this effect: 'The year 1358, the Monday after Ascension, master Reynaud de Douy, scholar in theology at Paris and governor of the high schools of the parish of St. Séverin, gave to the church a good organ in good condition.' Those that were shown, down to 1747, in the tower of the church, were not made till 1512."—*Lebœuf*, "*Hist. de la ville et du diocèse de Paris.*"

It was publicly, in the churchyard of St. Séverin, that the first operation for stone took place, in January, 1474, on the person of a soldier, condemned to be hanged for theft, and who, when it succeeded, was pardoned and rewarded.[1] The dissection of a *dead* body was considered sacrilegious till the time of François I.

Over the gate which led from the Cimetière de St. Séverin to the Rue de la Parcheminerie was inscribed—

"Passant, penses-tu passer par ce passage,
Où, pensant, j'ai passé?
Si tu n'y penses pas, passant, tu n'es pas sage;
Car en n'y pensant pas, tu te verras passé."[2]

"Alfred de Musset was born December 11, 1810, in the centre of old Paris, near the Hôtel de Cluny, in a house which still bears the number 33 Rue de Noyers. At No. 37 lived his grandfather Desherbiers, and his great-aunt who owned a garden running to the old church of St. John Latran. All Mme Denoux's grand-nephews learned to walk in this garden."—*Paul de Musset.*

A few steps west from the Hôtel de Cluny bring us to

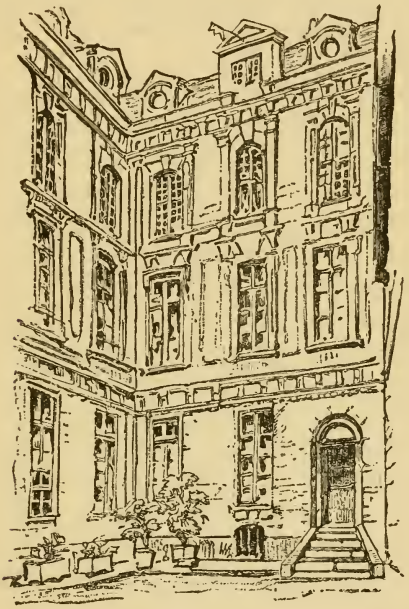
[1] *Chronique de Louis XI.* [2] Dulaure, *Hist. de Paris.*

the modern *Place St. Michel*, with a great fountain of 1860, decorated with a group of St. Michael and the Dragon, by Duret. The site was once of interest as being that (at the angle of the Rue de la Harpe and Rue St. André des Arts) where a fountain and mutilated statue marked the treachery of Périnet le Clerc, who opened here the Porte St. Germain (afterwards Porte de Buci) in 1418 to the Burgundians, an act which led to the murder of the Comte d'Armagnac at the Conciergerie, and a general massacre of his adherents. It was in the *Rue de la Harpe* that Mme Roland was living at the time of her arrest. The Boulevard St. Michel now swallows up the greater part of the Rue de la Harpe, and also of the Rue d'Enfer. The *Place*, *Boulevard*, and *Pont St. Michel* take their name from a destroyed church on the island. On the centre of the bridge stood an equestrian statue of Louis XIII., destroyed in the Revolution.

The *Quai des Augustins*, which stretches along the bank of the Seine, west from the Place St. Michel, commemorates a famous convent. The "Hermits of St. Augustine," as they were officially called, had their first convent in Paris in a street off the Rue Montmartre, now called Rue des Vieux Augustins; their second convent was near the Porte St. Victor. This was their third, and here, August 10, 1652, occurred that combat between the monks and the royal archers which made La Fontaine run across the Pont Neuf, exclaiming "Je vais voir tuer les Augustins!" In the church, built by Charles V., Henri III. instituted the Order of the St. Esprit; the child Louis XIII. was proclaimed King, and Marie de Medicis Regent; and many French ecclesiastical assemblies were held. The historian Philippe de Commines and his wife,[1]

[1] Their statues are now in the Louvre.

and the XVI. c. poet Remi Belleau, were amongst those buried there. The church was pulled down in the Revolution. In the *Rue des Grands Augustins*, Nos. 3, 5, and 7 belong to the *Hôtel d'Hercule*, inhabited by François I. in his youth, and given by him, in the first year of his



HÔTEL D'HERCULE.

reign, to the Chancellor Duprat, by whom it was greatly enlarged and embellished.

Under François I. the Hôtel d'Hercule communicated with a hotel of the Duchesse d'Etampes, in the Rue de l'Hirondelle, which was richly decorated with the salamanders of François and other emblems. "De toutes ses devises," says Sauval, "qu'on voyoit il n'y a pas encore

long-tems, je n'ai pu me ressouvenir que de celle ci; c'estoit un cœur enflammé, placé entre un alpha et un omega, pour dire apparément, il brûlera toujours." The house was still well preserved when Sauval saw it. "Les murs," he says in his *Galanteries des rois de France*, "sont couverts de tant d'ornements et si finis, qu'il paroît bien que c'estoit un petit palais d'amour, ou la maison des menus plaisirs de François I."

The Rue St. André des Arts (which turns south-west from the Place St. Michel) commemorates the church of that name, a beautiful gothic building, with a renaissance façade, demolished at the Revolution. It contained a famous tomb by Auguier to the Thou family. Of later monuments, those of André Duchesne—"père de l'histoire de France," the engraver Robert Nanteuil, and the poet Houdart de la Motte, were remarkable. On the right and left of the altar were the tombs of the Prince de Conti, by Nicolas Coustou (now at Versailles), and of his mother, by Girardon (destroyed in the Revolution). The little Collège d'Autun, on the right of the street, was founded for fifteen scholars (in 1327) by Cardinal Pierre Bertrand, Bishop of Autun; it was pulled down in the Revolution. At the same time perished the Collège de Boissi, behind the church, which was founded (in 1358) by Etienne Vidé, of Boissi le Sec.

From the Place St. André des Arts, the *Rue Hautefeuille* runs south, and is perhaps in its domestic architecture the most interesting and the best worth preserving of all Parisian streets. The name Hautefeuille comes from a fortress—*altum folium*, the lofty dwelling—which existed close to this in very early times. No. 5 has an admirable round tourelle belonging to the *Hôtel de Fécamp*. No. 9 is a very curious house with turrets. No. 21 has a well-

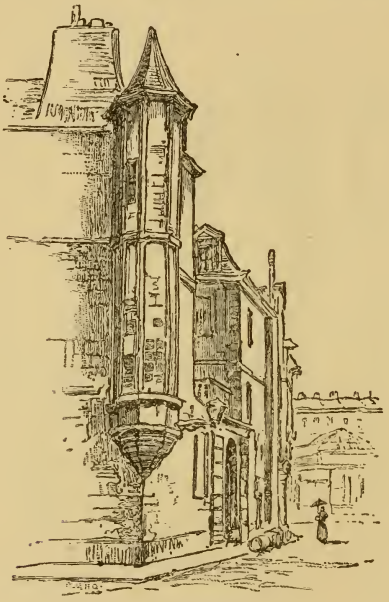
proportioned octangular tourelle. The Rue Hautefeuille crosses the *Rue Serpente*, in which, to the east, stood the Collège de Tours, which was swallowed up in the Collège Louis le Grand. It was founded (in 1375) by Etienne de Bourgueil, Archbishop of Tours. To the west, a sculptured glory on a building, at the angle of the *Rue Mignon*, is

HÔTEL DE FÉCAMP.

a still existing relic (the end of the chapel) of the *Collège de Mignon* (afterwards Grandmont), founded in the XIV. c. by Jean Mignon, Archdeacon of Chartres, and sold at the Revolution. It was at one time occupied by the archives of the Royal Treasury. A quaint bit of old Paris may be seen by following the Rue du Jardinet from the Rue

Serpente to the *Cour de Rohan*, where part of the wall and the base of a tower of Philippe Auguste still exist. Hence, a gateway opens into the *Cour de Commerce*, by which we may reach the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie.

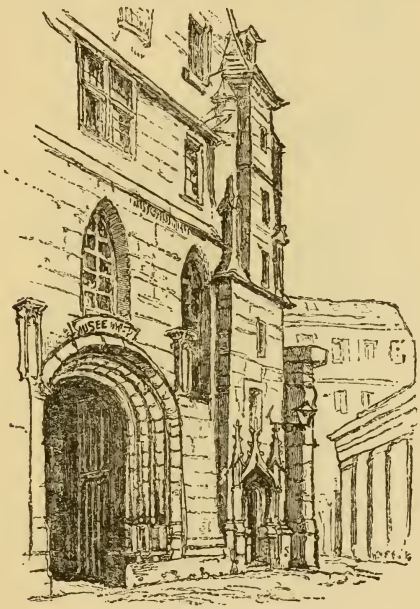
The Rue Hautefeuille falls into the *Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine*, just opposite the interesting remains of the



IN THE RUE HAUTEFEUILLE.

famous *Convent of the Cordeliers*, now used to contain the surgical *Musée Dupuytren.* The convent took its popular name from the waist-cord of its Franciscan or Minorite friars, and was supposed to possess the actual "cordon de St. François." Its church was built by St. Louis, with the fine levied upon Enguerrand de Coucy, for having punished with death three young men who were poaching on

his land. The heart of Jeanne d'Evreux, wife of Philippe le Bel, was deposited here, by her desire. Other important monuments in the church were those of Pio, Prince di Carpi, and of Alexandre d'Ales or Hales, "la fleur des philosophes." It was here that the Duchesse de Nemours, a furious partisan of the Ligue, mounted the steps

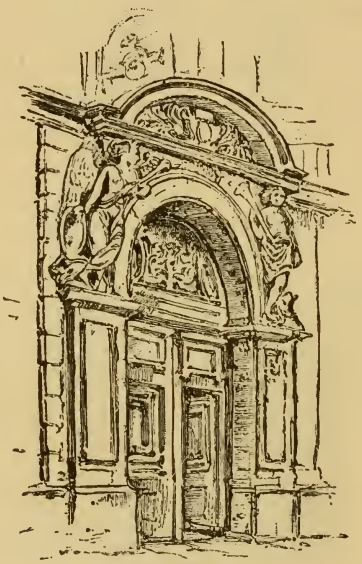


LES CORDELIERS.

of the altar, after the death of Henri III., and harangued the people, pouring forth a torrent of abuse against the murdered tyrant. The theological lectures of the convent were celebrated, especially those of Alexandre Hales, "le docteur irréfragable"; St. Buonaventura, "le docteur séraphique"; and duns Scotus, "le docteur subtil." Marie

Thérèse d'Autriche added a large chapel to the church in honor of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, in 1672.

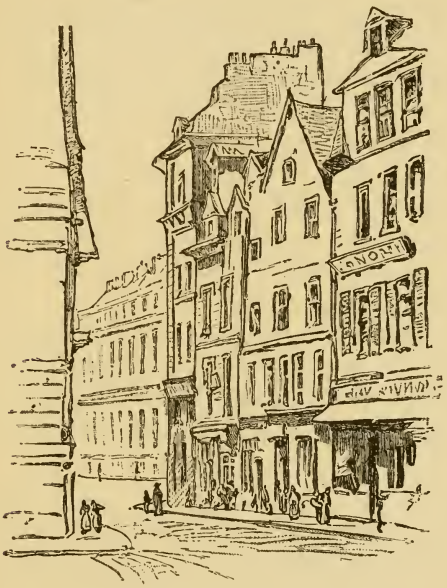
At the Revolution the confiscated convent became the place where Camille Desmoulins founded the club of the Cordeliers, of which he and Danton were the principal orators; and it was the tocsin of the Cordeliers which gave the signal for the attack upon the Tuileries, on August 10,



PORTAL, ÉCOLE DE DESSIN.

1792. It was in the church of the Cordeliers that Marat lay in state, upon a catafalque, in his bloody shirt; and in the little court close by, he was buried at midnight by torchlight, to rest (till his removal to the Pantheon) in the very place where he had harangued and excited the people in life. Every Sunday pilgrimages were organized hither to the grave of Marat.

Part of the site of the convent is now occupied by the *Ecole de Dessin*, founded by Bachelier in 1767, and entered from the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine by a portal of great beauty, richly ornamented with caryatides in relief, by Constant Defeux. Its buildings are amongst the best specimens of XVII. c. architecture in Paris.



IN THE RUE DE L'ÉCOLE DE MÉDECINE.

The *Ecole de Médecine*, on the other side of the street, swallows up the site of the Collège de Dainville, founded (in 1380) by Michel de Dainville, Archdeacon of Arras; of the little Collège des Prémontrés; and of the once famous Collège de Bourgogne, founded by Jeanne de Bourgogne, widow of Philippe le Long, for twenty Burgundian scholars to come to Paris to study logic and natural phi-

losophy. Of the education there, contemporary memoirs allow us to judge.

"I was sent to the college of Burgundy in 1542, in the third class; in less than a year I was in the first. I find that these eighteen months of college did me much good. I learned to recite, dispute, and speak in public. I made the acquaintance of good boys, learned the frugal life of a scholar, and to regulate my time, so that on leaving I recited in public many Latin verses, and two thousand Greek verses, in the fashion of the time, and repeated Homer by heart from one end to the other. This was the cause why I was afterwards regarded favorably by the first men of the time."—*Henri de Mesmes*, "*Mémoires*."

The Collège de Bourgogne was comprised in the colleges united to the Collège Louis le Grand. Its buildings were given to the School of Surgery, and were pulled down, and the handsome buildings of the Ecole de Médecine (formerly de Chirurgie) founded by Louis XV. (1769) erected in their place.

An admirable tourelle, at the corner of the Rue Larrey, has perished in recent times. At No. 20 Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine (recently destroyed) was the house where, in a back room, Charlotte Corday stabbed Marat—"l'ami du peuple"—in his bath, July 13, 1793.

"Charlotte avoided fixing her eyes on him, for fear of betraying the horror of her soul. Standing erect, with her eyes lowered, her hands hanging near the bath, she waited for Marat to interrogate her respecting the condition of Normandy. She replied briefly, giving to her answers the sense and the color proper to flatter the assumed disposition of the demagogue. He asked her at last the names of the deputies who had taken refuge at Caen. She dictated them to him, and he noted them down. Then when he had finished writing the names, he exclaimed, 'It is well!' with the accent of a man sure of his vengeance; 'within eight days they will be at the guillotine!'

"At these words, as if she had waited for a last crime to make her resolve to strike the blow, she drew from her bosom a knife, and plunged it with supernatural force to the hilt into

Marat's heart. By the same movement she drew out the bleeding knife from the body of the victim, and let it fall at her feet. 'Help, my love, help!' cried Marat, and expired under the blow."—*Lamartine*, "*Hist. des Girondins.*"

The illustration represents the old houses which adjoined that of Marat—now destroyed.

The Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine is henceforth swallowed up in the Boulevard St. Germain, on the right of which is the *Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie*, which once contained the Théâtre Français; and opposite it, the Café Procope, the resort of Voltaire and all the literary celebrities of his time.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FAUBOURG ST. GERMAIN.

THE Pont Royal, opposite the site of the Tuileries, leads us to the *Quai Voltaire*, so called because Voltaire died in the hotel of his friend the Marquis de Vilette, at the angle of the quai and the Rue de Beaune. The house was afterwards closed till the empire, a circumstance which was taken advantage of in using it as a hiding-place for priests. Beyond the Quai Voltaire is the *Quai Malaquais;* both are lined with bookstalls, where literary treasures may often be discovered. No. 17, with a great courtyard opening upon the Quai Malaquais, is the XVIII. c. *Hôtel de Bouillon* or *de Juigné*, occupied under the empire by the Ministère de Police.

From the *Pont des St. Pères*, which crosses the Seine opposite the *Rue des St. Pères*, is one of the best of the Paris river views.

"In the foreground was the Port St. Nicolas, the low sheds of the shipping offices, the broad, paved slope covered with heaps of sand, barrels, and sacks, and lined by a row of lighters, still full, in which a crowd of 'longshoremen were swarming beneath the shadow of a huge iron crane; while on the other side of the water, a cold bath, enlivened by the shouts of the last bathers of the season, gave to the wind its awning of gray canvas which served as a roof. In the middle ground the Seine, with no boat on its surface, swelled in greenish tints with little dancing ripples, spotted with white, blue, and rose. The Pont des Arts gave

a second background, standing high on its iron beams, delicate as black lace, and animated by the perpetual coming and going of foot passengers, a cavalcade of ants on the thin line of its roadway. Below, the Seine continued far into the distance; the old arches of the Pont Neuf, brown with its weather-beaten stones, were in sight; a gap opened to the left as far as the Isle de St. Louis, a flashing mirror of blinding narrowness, and the other arm of the stream was shortened where the dam of La Monnaie seemed to stop the view with its bar of foam. Along the Pont Neuf the great yellow omnibuses and wagons with striped tilts defiled with the mechanical regularity of a child's toy. The whole background was framed in the perspective of the two banks; on the right, the houses on the quays were half hid by a clump of tall trees, from which, at the horizon, stood out a corner of the Hôtel de Ville, and the square tower of St. Gervais lost in a confusion of suburb; on the left, a wing of the Institute, the flat façade of the Mint, and more trees in a long file were visible. But the centre of the immense picture, rising up from the river, towering and reaching to heaven, was the Cité, that prow of an antique ship eternally gilded by the setting sun. Lower down, the poplars on the level ground formed a strong, green mass, that hid the statue. High up, the sun produced marvellous contrasts, burying in shadow the gray houses of the Quai de l'Horloge, and lighting up the pink houses of the Quai des Orfèvres, and the files of irregular houses, so clearly outlined that the eye could distinguish the smallest details, the shops, the signs, and the window curtains. Higher still, amid the indentations of the chimneys, behind the oblique checkers of the little roofs, the pepper-boxes of the Palais de Justice and the top of the Prefecture, a wide expanse of slates was broken by a colossal white advertisement painted on a wall, whose giant letters, visible to all Paris, seemed to be the efflorescence of the modern fever on the brow of the city. Higher and higher still, above the twin towers of Notre Dame, in tones of old gold, two spires soared upward; behind was the spire of the cathedral, and to the left the spire of the St. Chapelle, both so delicate and fine that they seemed to shiver in the breeze, the tall masts of the ship of ages, plunging in open day into light."—*Zola*, "*L'Œuvre*."

Close to the entrance of the Rue Bonaparte (formerly Pot-de-Fer), on the right of the street, is the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts* (open daily from 10 to 4, except Sundays and

holidays, when it opens at 12), occupying the site of the Couvent des Petits Augustins, founded by Marguerite de Valois,[1] first and divorced wife of Henri IV. (the "grosse Margot" of her brother, Charles IX.). One of her eccentric ideas was to have a *Chapelle des Louanges*, served by fourteen friars, who were never to leave the convent, and never to cease singing, two and two at a time.

"Queen Margaret brought hither the Bare-footed Augustines (Petits-Pères), to whom she gave a house, six *arpents* of land, and ten thousand livres annually, on condition that they should sing hymns and the praises of God *to airs composed by her orders*. Their fathers, assuredly, did not love music, for they persisted in singing psalm-tunes. The queen drove them out, and put in their place some of the "shod" Augustines, who have since then rounded out pretty well and given their name to the street."—*Saint Foix*, "*Ess. hist. sur Paris*," 1776.

The famous Duke of Lauzun died at the Petits Augustins in December, 1723, at above ninety, having married Mlle de Lorges after the death of La Grande Mademoiselle. During the Revolution the convent was used as a *Musée des Monuments français*, and more than twelve hundred pieces of sculpture from churches, palaces, and convents, were saved from destruction and collected here by the energy and care of Alexandre Lenoir. The admiration excited by the collection thus formed laid the foundation of a revived interest throughout France in the art of the middle ages, so that the Musée des Petits Augustins may be considered to have done a great work, though it was suppressed in 1816. A few—too few—of its precious contents were then restored to their proper sites; most of those unclaimed were transferred to the Louvre, Versailles, or St. Denis: several remain here. Nothing but

[1] The Queen intended her foundation to be called Couvent de Jacob, a name which has passed to a neighboring street. She bequeathed her heart to the convent, to be preserved in its chapel.

the convent chapel and an oratory called after Marguerite de Valois remains of the conventual buildings. The present magnificent edifice was begun under Louis XVIII. and finished under Louis Philippe. In the midst of the first court is a corinthian column surmounted by a figure of Abundance, in the style of Germain Pilon. To the left are a number of XV. c. sculptures from the Hôtel de la Trémouille in the Rue des Bourdonnais, destroyed 1841. On the right is the convent chapel, its portal replaced by that of the inner court of the Château d'Anet—a beautiful work of Jean Goujon and Philibert Delorme. Dividing the first from the second court is a façade from the château of Cardinal d'Amboise at Gaillon.

Amongst the fragments in the second court are symbolical sculptures executed for the chapel of Philippe de Commines at the Grands Augustins; capitals from the old church of St. Geneviève (XI. c.); incised tombs, greatly injured by exposure to the weather; and two porticoes (at the sides) from Gaillon. In the centre is the graceful shallow fountain ordered for the cloister of St. Denis by the Abbot Hugues (XII. c.).

The amphitheatre is adorned with the Hemicycle of Paul Delaroche. In the *Cour du Mûrier* is a monument to Henri Regnault, the sculptor, killed in the defence of Paris, 1870–71.

The enlarging of the Beaux Arts towards the Quai Malaquais has destroyed the Hôtel de Créqui or Mazarin, where Fouché and Savary had their secret police office. In the next house (also destroyed now) Henrietta Maria once lived, and afterwards Marie Mancini, Duchesse de Bouillon: it had paintings by Lebrun.

The *Rue Visconti*, almost opposite the Beaux Arts (now called after the famous architect), was, as Rue des Marais,

the great centre of the Huguenots. D'Aubigné says that it used to be called "le petit Genève." No. 19 in this street is the *Hôtel des Ranes*, on the site of the Petit Pré aux Clercs, and was the house in which Racine died, April 22, 1699. Adrienne Lecouvreur lived there in 1730, and it was also inhabited by Champmelé and Hippolyte Clairon.

In the *Rue Jacob*, behind the Beaux Arts, is (No. 47) the *Hôpital de la Charité*, founded by Marie de Medicis, who established the brothers of St. Jean de Dieu (Benfratelli) in Paris in 1602. The buildings mostly date from 1606–1637. Antoine, architect of La Monnaie, added a wing at the end of the last century. The ancient chapel of the convent, now occupied by the Académie de Médecine, has a façade on the Rue des St. Pères.

The part of the Rue Jacob east of the Rue Bonaparte, formerly Rue du Colombier, contained, on its south side, the ancient chapel of St. Martin le Vieux (or des Orges), and afterwards, on the same site, a house with a very picturesque tourelle, destroyed 1850.[1]

Returning to the Quai, and passing an admirable *Statue of Voltaire*, we reach the *Institut de France*, held in a palace built on the site of the Hôtel de Nesle, in pursuance of the will of Cardinal Mazarin, who left a fortune to build a college for sixty gentlemen of Pignerol, the States of the Church, Alsace, Flanders, and Roussillon. The works, begun from designs of Levau, were finished in 1662, and the new college received the official name of Collège Mazarin, but the public called it Collège des Quatre Nations. Cardinal Mazarin was buried in its church, where his niece, the Duchesse Mazarin, too famous during the reign of Charles II., dying in England in 1699, was

[1] See Adolphe Bertz, *Top. hist. du vieux Paris.*

buried by his side, after her body had been carried about for two years by her husband, from whom she had been separated in life since her twenty-fourth year.[1]

Under the Revolution the buildings of the college were used as a prison. The Institute was installed there on October 26, 1795, having been originally designed by Colbert, though only founded by the National Convention to replace the academies it had destroyed. The five academies united here are now: 1. Académie Française; 2. Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres; 3. Académie des Sciences; 4. Académie des Beaux-Arts; 5. Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques. The library and collections of the Institute are common to all the academies. A general meeting for the distribution of prizes is held every year on October 25.

The *Académie Française* was founded by Richelieu (1635). It has never numbered more than forty members. Their object is supposed to be the perfecting of the French language and the advancement of literature. The expression, "Couronné par l'Académie Française," means that the author has received one of the prizes of the French Academy. The reputation of the Academy has, however, been by no means untarnished. It was the Academy of flatterers which, in the time of Louis XIV., proposed as a subject, "Laquelle des vertus du roi est la plus digne de l'admiration?" It was the Academy which rejected both Racine and Boileau, till the king insisted on their admission; which never admitted Molière; which never invited Helvetius, Rousseau, Diderot, Raynal; and which expelled the patriot St. Pierre.

"Des que j'eus l'air d'un homme heureux, tous mes confrères, les beaux esprits de Paris, se déchaînèrent contre moi

[1] St. Simon.

avec toute l'animosité et l'acharnement qu'ils devaient avoir contre quelqu'un à qui on donnait les récompenses qu'il méritait."—*Voltaire.*

The *Palais de l'Institut* was begun from plans of Levau in 1661. Its front is a concave semicircle, ending in pavilions, and, in the centre, the domed church, which contained the tomb of Mazarin, the masterpiece of Coysevox, now in the Louvre. This is now the hall of the General Assembly of the different sections of the Institute.

Mazarin collected books from his earliest years, and, after he became Prime Minister, opened every Thursday his library of 45,000 volumes to the public. But, in 1651, during the troubles of the Fronde, Parliament ordered the Cardinal's books to be sold, and his library was entirely dispersed. When, only two years after, Mazarin returned more powerful than ever, he left no effort untried to recover his books, which was rendered easier because their bindings bore his arms. By 1660 the library was recovered, and in the following year he bestowed it upon his foundation of the Collège des Quatre Nations. At the Revolution, the collection was increased by 50,000 books seized from religious houses or private collections, including those of "Louis Capet, Veuve Capet, Adélaïde Capet," &c. The Library is open to the public daily from 10 to 5, except on Sundays and holidays. The vacation is from July 15 to September 1.

The *Bibliothèque Mazarine* is entered from the left of the courtyard. In the anteroom is a copper globe executed by the brothers Bergwin for Louis XVI. and at which he is believed to have worked with his own hands. The library itself is a long chamber, full of dignity and repose. The bookshelves are divided by pillars, with busts in front: that of Mazarin stands at the end. In the

centre are cases full of books attractive from rare bindings or autographs of previous possessors, and a collection of models of Pelasgic buildings very interesting to those who have travelled in Greece and Italy.

The dome of the Institute is always a great feature in views of Paris, but especially at sunset.

"In no primeval forest, in no mountain path, in no expanse of plains, will there ever be such triumphal closes of the day as behind the cupola of the Institute. Paris slumbers in their glory."—*Zola*, "*L'Œuvre.*"

The Tour de Nesle (Nigella) which formerly occupied the site of the Institution, was a lofty round tower with a loftier tourelle, containing a winding staircase, attached to it. It corresponded with another tower on the other side of the river, which stood at some distance from the Louvre, at the angle of the city walls, and was known as "la Tour qui fait le coin." Sometimes, for the protection of the river, a chain was stretched from one tower to the other. The Tour de Nesle, enclosed in the walls of Philippe Auguste, was part of a hotel which belonged to Amauri de Nesle, who sold it to Philippe le Bel in 1308. Jeanne de Bourgogne, wife of Philippe le Long, always lived in the Hôtel de Nesle during the eight years of her widowhood. Her being the heiress of Franche Comté had caused her to be acquitted and reconciled to her husband after she was accused of adultery together with the two other daughters-in-law of Philippe le Bel, though the Princesses Blanche and Marguerite were imprisoned for life, and their supposed lovers, Philippe and Gautier d'Aulnoi, beheaded, after the most cruel tortures. At the same time, many persons, as well of lofty as of humble degree, supposed to have favored the loves of the princesses, were sewn up in sacks and thrown into the river.

It is probable that Jeanne, who was accused of the same *galanteries* as her sisters-in-law, and who actually lived at the Tour de Nesle, was the heroine of its famous legend.

"C'étoit une reine qui se tenoit à l'hôtel de Nesle, faisant le guet au passants, et ceux qui lui revenaient et agréaient le plus, de quelque sorte de gens que ce fussent, les faisait appeler et venir à soy de nuit, et après en avoir tiré ce qu'elle en voulait, les faisait précipiter du haut de la tour qui paraît encore en bas en l'eau, et les faisait noyer. Je ne veux pas dire que cela soit vrai, mais le vulgaire, au moins plupart de Paris, l'affirme, et n'y a si commun, qu'en lui monstrant la tour seulement et en l'interrogeant, que de lui-même ne le die."—*Brantôme*, "*Dames Galantes*."

"Robert Gaguin, an historian of the end of the XV. c., relates that a scholar named Jean Buridan, having escaped this peril, proposed in the schools the celebrated sophism, *Licitum est occidere reginam*. 'The same Buridan was, at the time when Philip of Valois was reigning, a very famous regent in arts.' According to others, the cruel queen, on the contrary, made attempts on the life of the celebrated Doctor Buridan, one of the chiefs of the philosophical sect of the nominalists, because he warned his scholars against the illicit loves of this Messalina of the middle ages."—*Martin*, "*Hist. de France*."

The poet Villon, who was born in 1431, writes in his "Ballade des Dames du temps jadis"—

> "Semblablement où est la royne
> Qui commanda que Buridan
> Fut jeté en un sac en Sceine."

It was to this same Hôtel de Nesle that Henriette de Clèves, wife of Louis de Gonzague, Duc de Nemours, brought the head of her lover Coconas (beheaded 1574), which had been exposed on the Place de Grève, and which she carried off at night, and kept ever after in a cabinet behind her bed.[1] The same chamber was watered with the tears of her granddaughter, Marie Louise de Gon-

[1] See *Mémoires de Nevers*, i. 57.

zague de Clèves, whose lover, Cinq-Mars, had the same fate as Coconas, and was beheaded in 1642.

Henry V. of England inhabited the Tour de Nesle when he was at Paris, and caused "Le mystère de la passion de Saint Georges" to be acted there. In 1552, Henri II. sold the hotel, and soon after it was all pulled down, except the tower and gateway (by which part of the army of Henri IV. entered Paris), which stood till 1663, when they were demolished to make way for the Collège Mazarin.

The painter Jouvenet lived and worked in the pavilion of the Collège Mazarin which touches the Quai Conti. On the *Quai Conti*, a house at the corner of the Rue de Nevers, was that in which Napoleon I. lived, on the fifth floor, as a simple officer of artillery, fresh from the school of Brienne.

Behind the Institute, on the west, runs the *Rue Mazarin*, famous for its curiosity-shops, where, behind the houses, are remains of the walls of Philippe Auguste.

A little east of the Institute is the *Hôtel de la Monnaie* (the Mint), a fine building by Jacques Denis Antoine, erected 1768–1775, on a site previously occupied by the Hôtel de Guénégand,[1] then by the Grand et Petit Hôtels de Conti. The original Mint was in the Ile de la Cité. The museum of coins, medals, &c., is open to the public on Tuesdays and Fridays from 2 to 3. The laboratory is only shown by a special permission from the Commission des Monnaies et Médailles. On the garden side a stately front of the *Petit Hôtel de Conti* may still be seen enclosed in later buildings.

We may now turn south, following the Rue de la Seine,

[1] The literary soirées of Mme de Guénégand had a great celebrity. The *Mémoires de Coulanges* describe Boileau reciting his verses there to a society composed of Mmes de Sévigné, de Feuquières, and de la Fayette, MM. de la Rochefoucauld, de Sens, de Saintes, de Léon, and de Caumartin.

where Marguerite de Valois, the repudiated and licentious first wife of Henri IV., having leave to reside in Paris, lived after she left the Hôtel de Sens in the Marais till her death, which occurred here, March 27, 1615. She chose this residence because "il lui parut piquant de demeurer vis-à-vis du Louvre, où régnait Marie de Medicis." Sully, however, praises the sweetness of temper, resignation, and disinterestedness of Queen Marguerite.

"I saw Queene Margarite, the king's divorced wife, being carried by men in the open streets under a stately canopy."—*Coryat's "Crudities,"* 1611.

It was in the house of Queen Marguerite that the first literary academy met, under Antoine Leclerc de la Forêt as president.

The Rue de la Seine will bring us to the *Palace of the Luxembourg*, now the *Palace of the Senate* (open from 9 to 4 in winter, 9 to 5 in summer), built by Marie de Medicis on the site of a hotel erected by Robert de Harlay de Saucy early in the XVI. c., which was bought by the Duc de Pincy-Luxembourg. The queen employed Jacques Debrosses as her architect in 1615, and his work was completed in 1620. The ground floor, in the Tuscan style, was intended to convey a reminiscence of the Florentine Palazzo Pitti, in which Marie de Medicis was born; the upper stories are Grecian.

"I think this one of the most noble, entire, and finish'd piles that is to be seen, taking it with the gardens and all its accomplishments."—*John Evelyn.*

"In plan, the Luxembourg is essentially French, consisting of a magnificent *corps de logis* 315 feet in width by 170 feet in depth, and three stories in height, from which wings project 230 feet, enclosing a courtyard, with the usual screen and entrance tower in front. By the boldness of his masses, and the variety of light and shade he has introduced everywhere, the architect has sought to relieve the monotony of detail by the variety of outline.

He has done this with such success that even now there are few palaces in France which, on the whole, are so satisfactory and so little open to adverse criticism."—*Fergusson.*

The queen intended to call the palace Palais Medicis, though the name has always clung to it which is derived from François de Luxembourg, prince de Tingry, who owned the site in 1570. The palace was bequeathed by Marie de Medicis to her younger son, Gaston, Duc d'Orléans, from whom it came to his two daughters, who each held half of the Luxembourg—"La Grande Mademoiselle," and the pious Duchesse de Guise (whose mother, sister of the Duc de Lorraine, had clandestinely become the second wife of Monsieur), who was terribly tyrannized over by her rich half-sister. It was here that Mademoiselle received the visits of M. de Lauzun, whilst La Fosse was painting the loves of Flore and Zephyr, and here that she astonished Europe by the announcement of her intended marriage, to which—for a few days—Louis XIV. was induced to give his consent.

"I am going to tell you something, the most astonishing, the most surprising, the most marvellous, the most miraculous, the most triumphant, the most stupifying, the most unheard-of, the most singular, the most extraordinary, the most incredible, the most unforeseen, the greatest, the smallest, the rarest, the commonest, the most striking, the most secret till to-day, the most dazzling, the most enviable thing, a thing of which only one example can be found in times past, and yet this example is not parallelled, a thing which we cannot believe in Paris, so how can it be believed at Lyons? a thing which makes all the world say 'Mercy on us!' a thing which will take place on Sunday, when those who shall see it will believe they are short-sighted, a thing which will take place on Sunday, and which will not have taken place on Monday—I cannot make up my mind to tell you—guess then; I will give you three times. 'Do you give it up?' Well, then, I must tell you: M. de Lauzun is to be married on Sunday at the Louvre. Guess to whom! I will give you four guesses, I will give you six, I will give you a hundred! Mme

de Coulanges said: 'It is very hard to guess. It is Mme de la Vallière.' 'Not at all, Madame.' 'Then it is Mlle de Retz.' 'Not at all—how countrified you are!' 'Ah, truly we are very stupid, 'you say; 'it is Mlle Colbert.' 'Worse and worse!' 'It is certainly Mlle de Créqui.' You are not near it. I must then at last tell you. He marries on Sunday, at the Louvre, by permission of the king, Mademoiselle . . . Mademoiselle de . . . Mademoiselle—guess the name! He marries Mademoiselle, daughter of the late Monsieur, Mademoiselle, granddaughter of Henri IV., Mademoiselle d'Eu, Mademoiselle de Dombes, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Mademoiselle d'Orléans, Mademoiselle, the cousin-german of the king, Mademoiselle, destined to the throne, Mademoiselle, the only *parti* in France worthy of Monsieur. Here's a pretty subject to talk about."—*Mme de Sévigné*, 15 *Décembre*, 1670.

Unforunately for Mademoiselle, she did not take the king at his word and marry at once, but waited for a magnificent ceremonial. Four days later we read—

"What is called 'tumbling from the clouds' happened yesterday evening at the Tuileries. But I must begin further back. You know the joy, the transports, the raptures of the Princess and her happy lover. On Monday the announcement was made, as I have told you. Tuesday was passed in talking, wondering, and complimenting. On Wednesday Mademoiselle made a settlement on M. de Lauzun, with the design of giving him the titles, names, and styles necessary to be named in the marriage contract, which was drawn up the same day. She gave him then, while waiting for something more, four duchies. The first was, the countyship of Eu, which is the first peerage of France, and gives precedence; the duchy of Montpensier, the name of which he bore all the day yesterday; the duchy of Saint-Fangeau, and the duchy of Châtellerault; in all about twenty-two millions. The contract was then drawn up, and he took in it the name of Montpensier. Friday morning, yesterday, Mademoiselle hoped that the king would sign the contract as he promised; but about seven o'clock in the evening, the queen, Monsieur, and some greybeards gave his majesty to understand that this affair would cause him much discredit, so that, after summoning Mademoiselle and M. de Lauzun, the king declared, in the presence of the Prince, that he absolutely forbade them to think of the marriage. M. de

Lauzun received the order with all the respect, all the submission, all the firmness, and all the despair befitting such a fall. As for Mademoiselle, with her disposition, she burst into tears, cries, violent laments and excessive complaints, and kept her bed all day, taking nothing but beef-tea. Here is a pretty dream, a fine subject for a romance or a tragedy."

The independent spirit of Mademoiselle was not confined to her love affairs.

"When the Court of France went into mourning for Cromwell, Mademoiselle was the only one who did not render that homage to the memory of the murderer of a king who was her relative."—*Voltaire.*

At her death, Mademoiselle bequeathed her right in the Luxembourg to her cousin Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, brother of Louis XIV. During the Regency, the palace was the residence of the Duchesse de Berry (daughter of the Regent, Philippe d'Orléans), who, by her orgies here rivalled those of her father at the Palais Royal. The Luxembourg was bought by Louis XV., and given by Louis XVI. to his brother, "Monsieur," who resided in it till his escape from Paris at the time of the flight to Varennes.

Treated as national property during the Revolution, the Luxembourg became one of the prisons of the Reign of Terror. Amongst other prisoners, comprising the most illustrious names in France, were the Viscomte de Beauharnais and his wife Josephine, afterwards Empress of the French; "De quoi se plaignent donc ces damnés aristocrates?" cried a Montagnard; "nous les logeons dans les châteaux royaux." David the painter designed his picture of the Sabines during his imprisonment at the Luxembourg, in a little room on the second floor. Here also, in a different category, were imprisoned Hébert, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Philippeaux, Lacroix, Hé-

rault de Séchelles, Payne, Bazire, Chabot, and Fabre d'Eglantine. In 1793 people used to come and stand for hours in the garden in the hope of being able to have a last sight of their friends, from their being allowed to show themselves at the windows.

"Beyond the pain of seeing every day some comrade, whose society and misfortune had often made him a precious friend, torn from one's side; beyond the cruel suspense in which each of us was in, of being taken out and guillotined; beyond the numberless persecutions which the barbarous ingenuity of the concierge and his assistant inflicted every day; beyond the perpetual alarms into which the forced silence of their families and the refusal of newspapers plunged the prisoners; beyond all these, came a new calamity calculated to work in our physique the evils which had already affected our minds. I speak of the common tables, an institution precious in itself, but abandoned to greedy men who speculated on poisoning or starving to death the citizens they ought to feed. . . . . What was sought for, happened. Sickness increased; the patients had no attention; to get a cooling drink, required an order from the medical man, which had to be countersigned by the police, in whose office the license would then remain for many days; and then when this license was obtained, it was only for a high price that the drugs prescribed could be procured. We all wasted away; death was painted on every face; the only news we received was from the sepulchral voice of a hired ruffian, who came beneath the windows of the unfortunate prisoners, and cried: *List of the sixty or eighty winners in the Lottery of Saint Guillotine.* Some barriers deprived the prisoners of the last consolation they could have, the sight of their families or friends. All gave up hopes of life, and waited in sad resignation the moment of execution. The prisoners who dared to anticipate it, were regarded by these cannibals as the most consummate scoundrels, and their corpses and memory barbarously insulted."—"*Mémoires sur les prisons.*"

"Among the female prisoners in the Luxembourg were the Duchesses of Noailles and Ayen; the former was about eighty-three years old, and almost entirely deaf; she could scarcely walk, but was obliged to go like the rest to the common trough, and carry with her a bottle, a plate and a dish of wood, for any other was prohibited. As they were dying of hunger when they

went to this wretched dinner, each strove to be there as early as possible, without paying attention to those near. The old Maréchale was pushed about like the others, and, being too weak to resist such shocks, she dragged herself on by the wall, so as not to be upset at every step; she dared not advance or retreat, and only reached the table when all the others were seated. The jailer took her roughly by the arm, swung her round and placed her on the seat as if she had been a bundle."—*Beaulieu*, "*Essais Historiques.*"

"I found in the same prison the Maréchal and Maréchale de Mouchy, the Princess Joseph of Monaco, the Duchess de Fleury, Mme de la Rivière, her daughter, Mme de Chaunéau-Breteuil, and Mme de Narbonne, and I do not know how many other ladies of my kindred or friends, who received me with open arms, but with heavy hearts.

"I shall never forget the moment of the departure of the Maréchale de Mouchy, who insisted on accompanying her husband to the revolutionary tribunal. The jailer and his wife, and all the turnkeys, told her in the courtyard to which we had descended and gathered together to bid them our sad farewells: 'Stop here; go away, citizeness; you are not summoned to the tribunal.' 'Citizens,' she said, 'have pity on us, have the charity to let me go with M. de Mouchy; do not part us.' Her cap fell off, and she stooped down painfully and picked it up to cover her poor white hair. . . . . At length her devotion triumphed over the resistance of her jailers, and she was permitted to mount the fatal car by her husband's side, and, two hours afterwards, they had ceased to exist."—*Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créqui.*

It was at the Luxembourg, that (December 10, 1797) Bonaparte presented the treaty of the peace of Campo Formio to the Directory, after returning from his first campaign in Italy. At the end of 1799, the palace became for a time *Le Palais du Consulat:* under the empire it was *Le Palais du Sénat*, then *de la Pairie.* Marshal Ney was condemned to death here, under the Restoration (November 21, 1815), and was executed in the Allée de l'Observatoire, at the end of the garden, on December 7. The iron wicket still remains in the door of his prison, opening west at the end of the great gallery of archives.

The ministers of Charles X. were also judged at the Luxembourg, and Fieschi and the other conspirators of July, 1835, were condemned here; as was Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, after the attempt at Boulogne in 1840.

The Luxembourg is only shown when the Senate is not sitting. The apartments best worth seeing are the *Chapel* of 1844, decorated with modern paintings; and the *Ancienne Salle du Livre d'or*, where the titles and arms of peers were preserved under the Restoration and Louis Philippe, adorned with the decorations of the apartment of Marie de Medicis. The ceiling of the gallery which forms part of the hall represents the Apotheosis of Marie. The arabesques in the principal hall are attributed to Giovanni da Udine: the ceiling represents Marie de Medicis re-establishing the peace and unity of France. The first floor is reached by a great staircase which occupies the place of a gallery once filled with the twenty-four great pictures of the life of the Regent Marie by Rubens, now in the Louvre. The oratory of the queen and another room are now united to form the *Salle des Gardes*, her bedroom is the *Salle des Messagers d'Etat*, and her reception-room is known as the *Salon de Napoléon I.* The cupola of the *Salle du Trône* by *Alaux* represents the Apotheosis of the first emperor.

The *Hôtel du Petit Luxembourg* is a dependency of the greater palace, and was erected about the same time by Richelieu, who resided here till the Palais Royal was built. When he moved thither, he gave this palace to his niece, the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, from whom it passed to Henri Jules de Bourbon-Condé, after which it received the name of *Petit Bourbon*. Anne, Palatine of Bavaria, lived here, and added a hotel towards the Rue Vaugirard to accommodate her suite. Under the first empire the Petit

Luxembourg was occupied for some time by Joseph Bonaparte. It is now the official residence of the President of the Senate. The cloister of the former convent of the Filles du Calvaire, whom Marie de Medicis established near her palace, is now a winter garden attached to the Petit Luxembourg. The chapel, standing close to the grille of the Rue de Vaugirard, is an admirable specimen of the renaissance of the end of the XVI. c.: on the summit of its gable is a symbolical Pelican nourishing its young.

Beyond the Petit Luxembourg, is a modern building containing the *Musée du Luxembourg*. The collection now in the galleries of the Louvre was begun at the Luxembourg and only removed in 1779, when Monsieur came to reside here. In 1802 a new gallery was begun at the Luxembourg, but, in 1815, its pictures were removed to the Louvre to fill the places of those restored to their rightful owners by the Allies. It was Louis XVIII. who ordered that the Luxembourg should receive such works of living artists as were acquired by the State. The collection, recently moved from halls in the palace itself, is always interesting, but as the works of each artist are removed to the Louvre ten years after his death, the pictures are constantly changing. They are open to the public daily, except on Mondays, from 10 to 4 in winter, and 9 to 5 in summer.

The *Gardens of the Luxembourg*, the "bel-respiro" of Paris, as Lady Morgan calls it, are delightful, and are the best type of an ancient French palace pleasaunce—indeed, they are now the prettiest and pleasantest spot in Paris. Diderot, in his *Neveu de Rameau*, alludes to his walks in these gardens, and Rousseau took his daily exercise here, till he found the gardens becoming too frequented for his misanthropic disposition.

"There is everything in this garden, and everything is of extraordinary grandeur; grand railings, grand long alleys, grand groves, many grand gardens filled with simples, and a parterre which is the most magnificent in Europe."—*Sauval.*

"The parterre is indeed of box, but so rarely design'd and accurately kept cut, that the embroidery makes a wonderful effect to the lodgings which front it. 'Tis divided into four squares, and as many circular knots, having in ye centre a noble basin of marble neere thirty feet in diameter, in which a triton of brasse holds a dolphine that casts a girandola of water neere thirty foote high, playing perpetually, the water being convey'd from Arcueil by an aqueduct of stone, built after ye old Roman magnificence."—*John Evelyn*, 1644.

There is a noble view of the Pantheon down one of the avenues. The parterres were decorated by Louis Philippe with statues of the queens of France and other illustrious Frenchwomen, the best statue being that of Mlle de Montpensier by Desmesnay. Towards the Rue de Medicis, on the east, is the handsome fountain of Marie de Medicis, erected by Jacques Debrosses (1620). The forcible closing of these gardens by the Duchesse de Berry during the minority of Louis XV. was an early and fruitful source of irritation for the people of Paris against the arbitrary conduct of the aristocracy. Those who spend a quiet morning hour here will appreciate the description which Victor Hugo gives of the gardens on a June morning.

"The Luxembourg, solitary and depopulated, was delicious. The quincunxes and flower-beds sent balm and dazzlement into the light, and the branches, wild in the brilliancy of midday, seemed trying to embrace each other. There was in the sycamores a twittering of linnets, the sparrows were triumphal, and the woodpeckers crept along the chestnut, gently tapping the holes in the bark. The beds accepted the legitimate royalty of the lilies, for the most august of perfumes is that which issues from whiteness. The sharp odor of the carnations was inhaled, and the old rooks of Marie de Medicis made love on the lofty

trees. The sun gilded, purpled, and illumined the tulips, which are nothing but all the varieties of flame made into flowers. All around the tulip-beds hummed the bees, the flashes of these fire-flowers. All was grace and gayety, even the coming shower, for that relapse, by which the lilies and honey-suckles would profit, had nothing alarming about it, and the swallows made the delicious menace of lying low. What was there aspired happiness: life smelt pleasantly, and all this nature exhaled candor, help, assistance, paternity, caresses, and dawn. The thoughts that fell from heaven were as soft as a little child's hand we kiss. The statues under the trees, nude and white, were robed in dresses of shadow shot with light; these goddesses were all ragged with sunshine, and beams hung from them on all sides. Around the great basin the earth was already so dry as to be parched, and there was a breeze sufficiently strong to create here and there small riots of dust. A few yellow leaves remaining from the last autumn joyously pursued each other, and seemed to be sporting. Thanks to the sand, there was not a speck of mud, and, thanks to the rain, there was not a grain of ash. The bouquets had just performed their ablutions, and all the velvets, all the satins, all the varnish, and all the gold which issue from the earth in the shape of flowers, were irreproachable. This magnificence was cleanly, and the grand silence of happy nature filled the garden. A heavenly silence, compatible with a thousand strains of music, the fondling tones from the nests, the buzzing of the swarms, and the palpitations of the wind. The whole harmony of the season was blended into a graceful whole, the entrances and exits of spring took place in the desired order, the lilacs were finishing, and the jessamine beginning, a few flowers were retarded, a few insects before their time, and the vanguard of the red butterflies of June fraternized with the rearguard of the white butterflies of May. The plane trees were putting on a fresh skin, and the breeze formed undulations in the magnificent enormity of the chestnut-trees. It was splendid. A veteran from the adjoining barracks, who was looking through the railings, said, 'Nature is wearing her full-dress uniform.'"—"*Les Misérables.*"

The gardens do not, however, always produce such a favorable impression.

"Dare you venture your feet into the depths of the transpontine suburb? The sight of the veteran, sad and solemn as Time,—will it not make you pause at the gates of the Luxem-

bourg? Children cry, nurses scold, go on quickly; then some old men, who live on their incomes, display their gout, their rheumatism, their phthisis, or their paralysis; go on quickly again. The Luxembourg is the meeting-place of dyspeptic and tiresome old age, and crying and troublesome infancy; sticks and perambulators are met at every step; the place is the Elysium of the gouty, the fatherland of nurses."—*Balzac*, "*Esquisses Parisiennes*."

Close to the Luxembourg, on the north-east, is the great *Odéon* Theatre (by Wailly and Peyre), which occupies the site of the older Hôtel de Condé. In its earlier existence this was the Hôtel de Gondi, having been bought by Jérôme de Gondi, Duc de Retz, one of an Italian family who came to France in the service of Catherine de Medicis, and made an immense fortune there. Being sold for debt, the hotel was acquired (in 1612) by Henri de Bourbon, Prince de Condé, but his son left it for the second Hôtel de Condé, near the Louvre.

In the *Rue M. le Prince* (a little east) is the house—No. 10—where Comte lived and wrote his *Positive Polity*. He occupied the first floor, where his rooms are preserved by the Positivists in the same state in which he left them at his death—his salon, bedroom, bed, sofa, and even his old clothes in the cupboard, are cherished. He was buried at Père Lachaise.

The *Rue de Tournon* leads direct north from the entrance of the Luxembourg. It was at the angle of this street and the Rue du Petit Bourbon that the furious Duchesse de Montpensier lived, sister of the Guises murdered at Blois. Here she is said to have plotted the murder of Henry III., and here she received the mother of Jacques Clément, when she came from her village of Sorbonne, near Sens, to claim a reward for the assassination by her son, and returned, having obtained it, and accom-

panied by 140 ecclesiastics as a guard of honor for a league out of the town.

"The man who brought the first news to the Duchess of Montpensier (Catherine Marie de Lorraine) and her mother, Mme de Nemours, was received as a savior; the duchess flung her arms round his neck and kissed him, crying, 'Ah, my friend, welcome! But it is true, is it not? Is the scoundrel, the traitor, the tyrant, dead? God, how you relieve me! I am only crossed by one thing; that is, that he did not know before he died that it was I who had him killed!'"—*Paul Lacroix.*

The *Hôtel de l'Empereur Joseph* (No. 33 at the top of the street on the right), is where that prince, who preferred an inn, staid when he came to visit his sister Marie Antoinette. An inscription at No. 34 marks the house where the tragic actor Henri Lekain was living at the time of his death in 1778. No. 6, on the left, formerly known as the *Hôtel Nivernais*, of the XVIII. c., stands on the site of the Hôtel of Concini, Maréchal d'Ancre, minister of Marie de Medicis; it is low, and built of light materials, for fear it should go through to the catacombs beneath.

Along the front of the Luxembourg runs the Rue de Vaugirard. Here, at the corner of the *Rue Ferou* (right), is, nearly unaltered, the *Hôtel de Madame de la Fayette.*

"The garden of Mme de la Fayette is the prettiest thing in the world, all flowers and perfume. We pass many an evening there, for the poor woman dare not go in a carriage."—*Mme de Sévigné*, 30 *mai*, 1672.

At the corner of the Rue Cassette (right) is the *Hôtel de Hennisdal*, formerly *de Brissac*, named in golden letters above its gate, and retaining its old garden, with a grille of 1704.

No. 70 is the Dominican convent to which the famous Père Lacordaire belonged. The foundation stone of its chapel was laid by Marie de Medicis in 1612. The heart

of Archbishop Affre, killed on the Barricade St. Antoine, in the revolution of 1848, is preserved here, and the epitaph of Cardinal de Beausset, historian of Fénelon and Bossuet.

As *Les Carmes*, this convent (founded by Louis XIII.) was the scene of the terrible massacre of priests in September, 1792.

"The massacre of the priests who were in the Abbaye being finished, the other prisons, containing a much larger number, were opened to the assassins. They went, first, to the Carmelite Convent, whither the municipality had sent, a few days previously, one hundred and eighty-five priests, including three archbishops or bishops; that is to say, the Archbishop of Arles (Dulau), late agent of the clergy, and one of the prelates of the Church of France, most estimable for his profound views, his zeal and his virtues; the Bishop of Beauvais (La Rochefoucauld) and his brother, the Bishop of Saintes. They were all made to leave the church half an hour before the arrival of the murderers, and to pass into the garden after a roll-call had proved that no one was absent. The threatening cries that they heard from all sides, the pikes and sabres which they saw gleaming through the rails and barred windows that looked into the garden told them that their last hour had come, and they awaited it with the most heroic resignation.

"Four o'clock struck; the murderers entered the church, belching out oaths and insults well fitted to revive and augment their rage and harden them to the greatest crimes. After having assured themselves that no priest was hidden in the church, they sallied out by the gate which leads to the garden. This gate, guarded by the National Gendarmerie, was opened to them without the least resistance. At their approach the priests dispersed; some, in the hope of saving themselves, climbed trees, or scaled walls, with a view of flinging themselves into the street or the yards of the adjacent houses; these were the first to be chased, and they were nearly all brought down by muskets; then sabres, pikes, and bayonets finished the slaughter. Others scattered through the garden and quietly awaited their lot; others, almost thirty in number, gathered around the three prelates, in a little chapel at the end of the garden, and there, on their knees, implored divine mercy, mutually bestowing the benediction, and embracing each

other for the last time. Ten ruffians advanced; one of the priests stepped out to speak with them, but a ball struck him and laid him low. The murderers called aloud for the Archbishop of Arles; no one replied; one of them recognized him by the description that had been given of him. 'Thou, then,' he said, 'art the Archbishop of Arles?' 'Gentlemen, I am,' the prelate replied coolly. 'Wretch, thou wert the man who shed the blood of the patriots of Arles.' 'Gentlemen, I have never caused the shedding of any one's blood, and never in my life have I done harm to any one!' 'Well, I'll do some to thee,' and with these words he struck him across the brow with a sabre. The archbishop remained motionless; he received a second stroke on the face, and his blood, streaming in great jets, deluged him till he was past recognition. A third blow struck him down; he fell without uttering the slightest complaint; one of the wretches thrust his pike into his chest with such violence that he could not withdraw it; he then leaped on the palpitating corpse, trampled on it, pulled out the broken pike, stole his watch, and gave it with an air of triumph to one of his comrades as the trophy and just reward of his ferocity. Thus was completed the martyrdom of the venerable prelate, whose death and life were equally honorable to religion.

"The other two bishops were still kneeling at the foot of the altar with the priests who had joined them. A railing separated them from the murderers; the latter fired repeatedly point-blank and killed most of them. The Bishop of Beauvais survived this first massacre, but the Bishop of Saintes had his leg broken. The ten assassins then joined their comrades, who were chasing and killing the priests scattered through the garden. This horrible butchery lasted nearly a quarter of an hour longer, when a man, undoubtedly sent by Danton, ran in and stopped the firing, saying, 'Gentlemen, this is not the way to do it, you are mismanaging it sadly; do as I tell you!' Then he ordered the priests to be put into the church again. All those who could walk were driven in by blows from the flat of a sabre; about a hundred remained, the two bishops in the number; the Bishop of Saintes, having his leg broken, was carried in by the assassins and laid on a mattress. The arranger of this new manœuvre then placed a sufficient number of assassins at the foot of the stair that went down to the garden, and ordered the priests to be brought out two by two; then as they came out they were killed. When the turn of the Bishop of Beauvais came they went to seize him at the foot of

the altar which he was embracing and clinging to; he rose and went to die. The Bishop of Saintes was one of the last summoned; the National Gendarmes, who surrounded the bed, prevented his being seen, and seemed to be anxious to save him, but the cowards, though equal in number to the assassins and better armed, permitted them to take him out. He replied to the executioners who ordered him to follow them, 'I do not refuse to die like the others, but you see the state I am in; I have a leg broken. I beg you to help me to support myself.' Two ruffians took him under the arms and thus led him to execution.

"At half-past seven in the evening, the massacre of the priests being nearly over, either from the small number remaining to be slaughtered, or from the weariness of the murderers, the doors of the church were opened to the people in order that it might legitimatize by its presence the horrible deeds just committed, to which it assured impunity. One man, stepping out from the crowd of spectators, advanced to the murderers, dared to speak to them of humanity, and by flattering them succeeded in saving some priests who remained, and whom he made step behind him. 'The people,' he said, 'is always just in its vengeance, and the priests are wretches, who deserve any punishment, even death, but the law demands that they be judged.' The number of those saved by this harangue, and of those who escaped by climbing the garden walls, was about thirty-four; one hundred and fifty-one were murdered, and some laymen who had been committed to the Carmes met the same fate. At the Seminary of St. Firmin, the number of priests martyred was eighty-eight; only fifteen escaped the steel of the murderers. This horrible event, announced first by Tallien and then by Danton, in the discourses they delivered in the assembly, was not the unforeseen effect of a popular movement or of a spontaneous outbreak of ruffians; it was the result of a plan carefully made some days before. The grave-digger of the parish of St. Sulpice received in advance an assignat of one hundred crowns for preparing at Montrouge the pit to which the bodies were transported the next day in ten tumbrels. Danton, Robespierre, Marat, Tallien, and some other members of the commune were the authors of this plan and the principal arrangers of its execution. Three or four hundred ruffians, selected from the Marseillais and the *fédérés*, were their instruments. The people took part only in the last acts of massacre committed at the Carmes, and, as we have seen, only appeared to put a stop to them. The

people did not enter the Seminary of St. Firmin where the priests were killed in the dormitories, cells, &c. ; it saw only those hurled alive from the windows, who were slaughtered in the street by the murderers outside, with blows from hatchets."—*Bertrand de Moleville*, "*Annales.*"

The historic chapel, in which the priests were murdered, was destroyed by the opening of the Rue de Rennes in 1867. Their bones were transferred to a crypt under the church (open on Fridays).

The well-known Eau de Mélisse was first made at this convent.

"The devotion of the faithful was not the only mine worked by the Bare-footed Carmelites ; they possessed the secret of two compositions in which they drove a rattling trade : *Carmelite white*, a white which gave to the surfaces of walls to which it was applied the brilliancy of polished marble, and *Eau de Melisse*, called also *Carmelite Water*. There was not a fashionable lady in Paris who did not carry a flask of it."—*Dulaure*, "*Hist. de Paris* (*sous Louis XIII.*)"

No. 74 Rue de Vaugirard is the *Université Catholique de Paris*, founded (1875) by thirty archbishops and bishops of France.

Near the corner of the Boulevard Montparnasse stood the *Hôtel de Turenne* of the XVII. c., probably the house where Mme de Maintenon brought up the children of Louis XIV. and Mme de Montespan. At the end of the Rue de Vaugirard is the Barrière of the same name, outside which is the *Cimetère de Vaugirard* (now closed).

"It was what might be called a faded cemetery, and it was falling into decay ; green mould was invading it, and the flowers deserted it. Respectable tradesmen did not care to be buried at Vaugirard, for it had a poverty-stricken smell. Le père Lachaise, if you like ! to be buried there was like having a mahogany suit of furniture. The Vaugirard cemetery was a venerable enclosure, laid out like an old French garden ; in it were straight walks, box-trees, holly-trees, old tombs under old yew-trees, and very

tall grass. At night it was a tragical-looking spot."—*Les Misérables.*

Returning down the Rue de Vaugirard to the front of the Luxembourg, the *Rue Garancière* leads towards the river. The *Hôtel de la Duchesse de Savoie* (No. 8) was built by F. Gautier in 1538. In the time of Charles IX.

HÔTEL DE LA DUCHESSE DE SAVOIE.

it belonged to Marguerite de France, Duchesse de Berry, and wife of Emmanuel Philibert, Duc de Savoie. She gave it, in gratitude for his services, to her secretary, Raymond Forget, who sculptured the words "de la libéralité de ma princesse" above the portal. At one time the hotel was inhabited by the Marquis de Sourdaic, one of

the creators of the Opera. It preserves its façade of tall corinthian pilasters, with heavy capitals adorned with rams' heads and foliage, and its court, where Mlle Lecouvreur made her *début* in an impromptu theatre. The fountain in this street was erected (in 1715) by Anne of Bavaria, widow of the Prince de Condé. At No. 19 *Rue Visconti*, near this, is the *Hôtel de René d'Argouges*, where Racine lived at one time, and where Lecouvreur lived for some years and died.

At the end of the Rue Garancière we reach (left) the east end of the *Church of St. Sulpice*, perhaps the finest example of the peculiar phase of architecture to which it belongs. A parish church was built on this site in the XII. c. In the XVII. c. its rebuilding was begun from designs of Gamart, Gaston d'Orléans laying the first stone; but it was soon found that this church would be too small, and Anne of Austria laid the foundation stone of the present building, finished in 1749, under the Florentine Giovanni Servandoni, who is commemorated in the name of a neighboring street. The original plan of Servandoni would have made the church a model of modern architecture. The façade, which presents two ranges of porticoes, doric and ionic, is exceedingly noble and imposing. On either side are square pavilions, upon which Servandoni erected two towers, but these were thought so bad that, after his death, one Maclaurin was employed to rebuild them; since that, the tower on the north, which is different to the other, was, a second time, rebuilt by Chalgrin, in 1777. Under the Revolution the church became a Temple of Victory, and the great banquet to Napoleon on his return from Egypt, was given within its walls.

The interior is chiefly striking from its vast proportions. Its chapels are decorated with marble from the

cascade at Marly.[1] In the pavement of the south transept is a meridian line, traced by Lemonnier in 1743. The ugly pulpit given (1788) by the Maréchal de Richelieu is surmounted by a group representing Charity surrounded by children. The organ (1862) is one of the finest in Europe.

In the first chapel (of St. Agnes) on the right are three great frescoes by *Eugène Delacroix*—St. Michael triumphing over Satan (on the ceiling); Heliodorus thrown down and beaten with rods; and Jacob wrestling with the angel. All are fine, but the last is the most remarkable.

"The figures do not hold the principal place here. It may be said they are only accessories, such passion and life, such an active and animated rôle are displayed in the landscape. From the foreground to the crest of those mountains gilded by the rising sun, all is captivating and winning in this strong conception, which has no parallel, even among the Italian masters who have treated most broadly, decorative landscape. Nothing is commonplace, nothing useless. How skilfully is that hollow way thrown across that pendant corner of the picture! How you can see, passing in the dust, these flocks, shepherds, women and children! How one can trace afar off, the meanders of that long caravan, and how all that world runs noisily on, without dreaming that a lonely struggle is going on within two paces."—*L. Vitet*, "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," *April*, 1862.

In the fifth chapel is the tomb of the Curé Languet (1750), a fine work of Michel-Ange Slodtz. The magnificent chapel of the Virgin (with an illusory effect of lights), behind the high-altar, is from designs of Wailly; its sculptured decorations are by Slodtz, the others by Vanloo. The statue of the Virgin is by Pajou.

The third chapel (of St. Paul), on the left in descending the nave, has, in its frescoes, the best works of *Drolling*. Against the wall of the left transept is a curious Gnomon

[1] Diderot.

Astronomicus. In the crypt are statues of St. Paul and St. John the Evangelist by Pradier. The Church of St. Sulpice is one of those especially frequented on New Year's Eve.

Members of the royal family buried at St. Sulpice have been—Marie de Bourbon, Princesse de Savoie-Carignan, 1656; the Princesse de Luxembourg, wife of Louis Henri de Bourbon-Soissons, 1736; her daughter, Louise de Bourbon-Soissons, Duchesse de Luynes, 1758; Charles de St. Albin, Archbishop of Cambrai, bastard of the Regent of Orleans, 1764; Louise-Elizabeth de Bourbon Condé, Princesse de Conti, granddaughter of Louis XIV., 1775; and Louise-Elizabeth d'Orléans, Queen of Spain, daughter of the Regent, 1742.

The handsome *Fountain of St. Sulpice* (1847) is from designs of Visconti, and is adorned with statues of the four most celebrated French preachers—Bossuet (1704), Fénelon (1715), Massillon (1742), and Fléchier (1710). A flower-market is held here on Mondays and Thursdays.

A little east of St. Sulpice is the *Marché St. Germain.* The fountain in the market formerly decorated the Place St. Sulpice. In the adjoining *Rue Lobinot* a bird-market is held every Sunday morning.

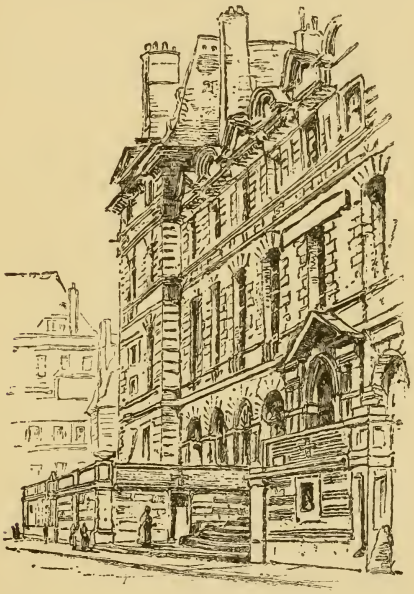
Continuing north from St. Sulpice, we soon reach the modern *Boulevard St. Germain.* One of the streets which cross it, *Rue Grégoire de Tours*, in its former name of Rue des Mauvais Garçons, commemorated the wild conduct of the neighboring university students.

Included in the line of the modern Boulevard is the famous church of *St. Germain des Prés.* When (in 542) Childebert (son of Clovis) was besieging Saragossa in Spain, he was astonished to see that the inhabitants used no arms for their defence, but were satisfied with walking

round the walls chaunting and bearing with them the tunic of St. Vincent. This inspired the superstitious king with such terror that he raised the siege,[1] and, when he returned to France, persuaded the Bishop of Saragossa to allow him to bring the precious relic with him.[2] To receive the blessed garment and other relics he built a monastery and church on this site, and on December 23, 558, the church was consecrated as the Basilica of St. Vincent and St. Croix by St. Germain, Bishop of Paris, who was buried within its walls in 576, after which it was called St. Germain and St. Vincent, and was known from its splendor as "the golden basilica." As the burial-place of Merovingian kings the monastery soon became rich and celebrated. Its estates included the whole south bank of the Seine, from the Petit Pont in Paris to Sèvres. The Kings Childebert I., Caribert, Chilperic I., Clotaire II., Childeric II.; the Queens Ultrogothe, Fredegonde, Bertrude, and Bilihilde; the Merovingian princes Clovis and Dagobert; with Chrodesinde and Chrotberge, daughters of Childebert I., were interred within its walls; and here many of their bodies were seen lying on beds of spices, wrapped in precious stuffs embroidered in gold, when their plain stone-coffins were opened at the Revolution.[3] In 861 the monastery was burnt by the Normans, was restored, and destroyed again in 886. The existing church, begun by the twenty-ninth Abbot, Morardus (990–1019), was only finished in the following century, and was dedicated by Pope Alexander III. in 1163. The tomb of Childebert was then placed in the centre of the present building. From its riches, the abbacy was usually given to a cardinal, sometimes to kings. Up to 1503 the abbots were elected by

[1] Gregory of Tours, iii. 21. [2] *Gesta Regum Francorum*, xxvi.
[3] What remains of their tombs is now at St. Denis.

the monks, but afterwards the Crown insisted on appointing, and Hugues Capet, King of France, and Casimir V. of Poland, were amongst the abbots of St. Germain des Prés. The Comte du Vexin, son of Louis XIV. and Mme de Montespan, died as abbot, in the abbey of St. Germain des Prés (1683), aged ten and a half years. The abbey



PALACE OF THE ABBOT OF ST. GERMAIN DES PRÉS.

(whose first monks were brought from St. Symphorien at Auxerre by St. Germain) long stood isolated in the midst of the meadows called the Pré aux Clercs, fortified on all sides by towers, and by a moat supplied by a canal called la Petite Seine, and entered by three gates. The refectory was one of the noblest works of Pierre de Montereau

(1240)—a vaulted hall, 115 feet long by 32 feet wide, lighted on each side by sixteen stained windows, and possessing a beautiful reader's-pulpit: "portée sur un gros cul-de-lampe chargé d'un grand cep de vigne coupé et fouillé avec une patience incroyable." [1] This hall, and the famous and beautiful chapel of Notre Dame, also built by Pierre de Montereau (1239–1255), stood on the site of the present Rue de l'Abbaye, where one of the gables of the refectory still exists, built into a house on the left. On the north of the church were the cloisters, built by Abbot Oddo in 1277.

The principal entrance of the church is in the Rue Bonaparte. It dates from the XVII. c., but encloses some precious fragments of the XII. c. romanesque portal (altered by a gothic arch), which has a bas-relief of the Last Supper on its lintel. Till the Revolution there were four statues on either side of the porch, supposed to represent St. Germain, Clovis, Clotilde, Clodomir, Childebert and Ultrogothe, Clotaire and Chilperic. The porch is under the romanesque belfry, which has two round-headed windows on each side of its upper story, and a tall spire covered with slates. Two other towers, less lofty, stood at the angles of the choir and transept, and gave the popular name of "l'église aux trois clochers" to St. Germain, but were destroyed in 1822 to avoid the expense of their repair: only the bases remain. The choir and apse are surrounded by chapels, some square, some polygonal. Except some capitals and some columns employed in the apsidal gallery, which belonged to the church of Childebert, nothing which we see is earlier than the XI. c.

The interior is an interesting specimen of transition. The arches of the nave, which has no triforium, are roman-

[1] Lebœuf, *Hist. de Paris*, i. 341.

esque, of the time of the Abbot Morardus; the choir was added by Abbot Hugues III. in 1163. The original capitals of the nave were carried to the Palais des Thermes by the absurdity of a "restoration" in 1824, and replaced here by copies, which, however, have not the slightest resemblance to them. A polychrome decoration by Hippolyte Flandrin, though its pictures are admirable as works of art, has, since 1845, spoilt the interior of St. Germain. The XIII. c. statue of Childebert and the mosaic monument of Fredegonde, preserved by Alexandre Lenoir at the Revolution, are now at St. Denis; the tombs of St. Germain, Chilperic,[1] and Bilihilde were destroyed. Very few objects of interest remain. In the right aisle near the west door, surrounded by burning lights, is the statue of *Notre Dame la Blanche*, given to the abbey of St. Denis by Queen Jeanne d'Evreux in 1340, and brought here after the Revolution. The chapel of St. Symphorien (the last on the south of the nave), consecrated by St. François de Sales in 1619, replaces that where St. Germain was originally buried. In the chapel of St. Marguerite, in the transept, are a statue of St. Marguerite by Jacques Bourlet, monk of the abbey, and the tomb of Olivier and Louis de Castellan, killed in the service of the king (1644, 1669), by Girardon.

The first chapel of the apse contains the tomb of James Douglas (1645), who died in the service of Louis XIII., with his figure on a sarcophagus. A number of the members of this family are buried under the chapel of St. Christophe.[2] The second chapel contains the black gravestones (now raised against the wall) of Descartes, Montfaucon and Mabillon, all Benedictine monks of this abbey, after it was

[1] Which had the simple inscription: "Rex Chilpericus hoc tegitur lapide."
[2] *Hist. de l'Abbaye de St. Germain des Prés*, p. 215.

incorporated with the congregation of St. Maur. In the third chapel (of Sts. Pierre et Paul) left of the choir (in descending) is the inscription which marked the remains of Boileau, transported hither from the Sainte Chapelle in 1819. In the fourth, is the tomb of William, Earl of Douglas, 1611, who died in the service of Henri IV.

"In the abbey church of St. Germain des Prés at Paris, is the chapel of St. Marguerite, which had been granted to the noble family of Douglas. I have seen the tomb of William, the seventeenth earl, who died in 1611. He had been bred in the new religion, which was preached in that age; but coming to Paris in the reign of Henri III., he was converted by sermons at the Sorbonne. Having abjured these errors, he returned to Scotland. Though full of piety towards God and of fidelity towards his king, he was persecuted for the Catholic faith, and was given his choice either of a prison or banishment. He preferred the latter, and returned to France, where he ended his days in the practice of great devotion. He was so given to prayer, that he used to attend the canonical hours of the abbey church, and he used even to rise at midnight, though the doors of the abbey were always shut at matins. He died greatly honored, and reverenced by all classes, in the fifty-seventh year of his age."—*Kenelm Digby*, "*Broadstone of Honor.*"

In the left transept is a striking statue of St. Francis Xavier by Coustou le jeune, and the tomb of John Casimir, King of Poland, who became abbot of St. Germain in 1669, and died in 1672. The kneeling statue of the king is by Marsy. The relief below, by Jean Thibaut, a Benedictine monk, represents a victory over the Turks. In the left aisle of the nave is a good modern monument erected to Hippolyte Flandrin (1864) by his pupils and admirers.

The columns which supported a baldacchino over the high-altar, and which were brought from the ruins of a Roman town in Africa in the time of Louis XIV., are now part of the decorations of the picture-gallery of the Louvre.

Nothing remains of the splendid shrine of St. Germain, which contained 160 precious stones and 197 pearls.

When Henri IV. was besieging Paris in 1589, and his army was encamped in the Pré aux Clercs, he wished to examine Paris unobserved, and mounted the tower of St. Germain, accompanied by a single monk. "Une appréhension m'a saisi," he said, when he came down, to the Maréchal de Biron, "étant seul avec un moine, et me souvenant du couteau de frère Clément."

The precious library of St. Germain des Prés was spared at first in the Revolution, but perished by fire August 19, 1794, except 10,000 MS., which were added to the Bibliothèque Nationale.

In the garden attached to the church, towards the Boulevard St. Germain, is a *Statue of Bernard Palissy* by Barras (1880).

It was only in the middle of the present century that the twelve monastic cells were destroyed which were devoted to monks employed in literary labor. There it was that Jordan visited the learned Montfaucon in 1733, and found him "un vieillard octogénaire, plein de politesse et d'honnêteté, d'une humeur douce et gaie," occupied over some old Greek MSS. which had just arrived.

The abbot's palace, built by Cardinal de Bourbon in 1586, still exists in the *Rue de l'Abbaye*, opposite the Rue de Furstemberg. A mutilated cardinal's hat may still be seen on a shield on the pavilion at the angle.

"The architecture of brick and stone, decorated with buttresses, pilasters, and pediments, has the merit of pleasing the eye by the harmony of its colors and the picturesqueness of its disposition. At the top of a pavilion, a seated female figure holds an escutcheon, with the arms of the founder. The edifice is mostly inhabited by working people. In front of the Abbot's Palace, some very plain buildings, still partly preserved, served for

stables, granaries, rooms for the servants of the establishment, the office of the steward, &c."—*F. de Guilhermy.*

"Louis XIII. gave to the widow of the Duke of Lorraine the Abbey of St. Germain des Prés, and she was named abbess of a convent of monks. I stop here with my examples of the ancient abuses."—*Dulaure.*

The Boulevard St. Germain has swallowed up the site of the Prison de l'Abbaye, rebuilt in the XVII. c. at the southeast angle of the enclosure. Here Mme Roland wrote her memoirs, and Charlotte Corday spent her last days. The prison is also connected with some of the most agonizing scenes of the Revolution, especially during the massacres of September. It existed, as a military prison, till 1854.

"On Sunday, September 2, our turnkey served our dinner earlier than usual. His wild looks, his haggard eyes, made us anticipate something disastrous. At two o'clock he returned, and we gathered around him; he was deaf to all our questions; and after he had, contrary to his ordinary habit, collected all the knives which we had taken pains to place in our napkins, be abruptly ordered the nurse-tender of the Swiss officer Reding to leave.

"If this turnkey had not been informed of what was to take place, why these precautions? A municipal officer had previously taken the names of the prisoners, and it was in the middle of the night that this list was made.

"The prisons being surrounded, four or five of these wretches who called themselves judges of the people, installed themselves beside the wicket, and ordered the prisoners to appear before them.

"By the glare of two torches, I beheld the terrible tribunal which was to give me life or death. The president, in a gray dress, sabre by his side, was standing leaning against a table on which were papers, a writing desk, some pipes and some bottles. This table was surrounded by ten persons, sitting or standing, two of them in their shirt-sleeves with aprons; others were sleeping on the benches; two men in blood-stained shirts, with sabres in their hands, guarded the door, and an old turnkey had his

hand on the bolts. In front of the president, three men were holding a prisoner who seemed about sixty years old.

"I was placed at the corner of the wicket; the guards crossed sabres before my breast, and warned me that, at the slightest movement to escape, I should be stabbed.

"These men, drinking, smoking, or sleeping in the midst of the cries of their fellow-men, pitilessly slaughtered, and of the fury of those whose thirst for blood was increased in proportion as it was shed, presented a picture as yet unknown in the history of the human heart. I do not believe that, before our Revolution, any man had seen such a spectacle.

"The judges had a list of all the prisoners, with their descriptions, containing, by the side of their names, the reasons of their imprisonment; the members of the Committee of the Commune, the municipals and other persons initiated into these frightful mysteries, had added notes, more or less fatal, that indicated to the executioner-judges the course they ought to follow. After a brief examination, often dispensed with, especially in the case of some unfortunate priests who had not taken the oath, the two assassins to whom the custody of the prisoners had been confided, pushed them into the street, crying, '*A la Force!*' if the Abbaye was the scene of trial, and '*A l'Abbaye!*' if they were to be massacred at the prison of La Force, and they fell into the midst of sabres, pikes and clubs, which crushed and mutilated them all at once, in the most horrible manner.

"At ten in the evening, the Abbé l'Enfant, the king's confessor, and the Abbé Chapt de Rastignac, appeared in the tribune of the chapel which served as our prison, to which they entered by a door opening on the stairs. They announced to us that our last hour approached and invited us to prepare ourselves to receive their benediction. An indefinable electric movement sent us all to our knees, and with hands folded, we received it. . . . On the eve of appearing before the Supreme Being, kneeling before two of his ministers, we presented a spectacle beyond description. The age of the two old men, their position above us, death floating over our heads and encircling us on all sides, all gave this ceremony a mournful but august color; it brought us near to God, it gave us courage; all reasoning faculties were suspended; the coldest and most incredulous received as great an impression as the most ardent and most susceptible. Half an hour afterwards, the two priests were murdered; we heard their cries. . . .

"Our most important occupation was studying what position we ought to take to receive death with least pain when we were conducted to the scene of the massacres. We sent, from time to time, some of our comrades to the window of the turret to tell us what was the attitude assumed by the unfortunate victims, and to deduce, from their report, the one we ought to take. They reported that those who stretched out their hands suffered much longer, because the sword strokes were deadened before reaching the head; that in some cases, the hands and arms fell before the body did, and that those who put their hands behind their backs, suffered much less. Such were the horrible details that we discussed."—*Saint-Méard*, "*Relation des massacres de Septembre.*"

"The massacres lasted at the Abbaye from Sunday evening to Tuesday morning; at La Force, longer; at Bicêtre, four days, &c. I owe to my detention in the first of these prisons details which make one shudder, and which I have not the courage to trace. One fact, however, I cannot pass over in silence, because it tends to prove that it was a carefully prepared scheme. There was in the Faubourg St. Germain a house of detention in which prisoners were kept when the Abbaye was too crowded to receive them, and the police chose, for the transfer, the Sunday evening just before the general massacre; the murderers were ready, and rushed on the carriages, five or six fiacres, and stabbed and slew, with swords and pikes, in the midst of the street, those who were in them, to the terrible sound of their death cries. All Paris was witness of these horrible scenes perpetrated by a small number of executioners; there were only fifteen at the Abbaye, at the door of which, in despite of all the requisitions made to the commune and the commandant, only two nationals formed the whole defence. All Paris let these things be done. All Paris was accursed in my eyes, and I shall not hope to see liberty established among cowards, insensible to the last outrages that could be committed against nature and humanity, cold spectators of murders which the courage of fifty armed men could have easily prevented."—*Bertrand de Moleville*, "*Annales.*"

A little south, by the *Rue du Four*, we find the *Carrefour de la Croix Rouge*, a spot where six streets now meet, but which, in the XVI. c., was considered the extreme limit of the town towards the country. The *Rue du Cherche-Midi* commemorates in its name a sundial with a

representation of two persons looking for noon at two o'clock: at No. 19 (left) a quaint relief represents this. No. 37 (left) is the old *Hôtel de Toulouse*, with a noble gateway. The *Rue du Dragon* was formerly the Rue St. Sépulcre.

Returning to the Carrefour de la Croix Rouge, we find near the entrance of the Rue de Sèvres, on the right, the *Abbaye aux Bois*, belonging to a convent of nuns of Notre Dame des Bois. The church has a Madonna and Dead Christ by *Lebrun*. In this convent the great ladies of the faubourg were in the habit of going into retreat in the last century, but rather to enjoy the interests of a kind of literary club than for religious exercises. Then, also, the Abbaye aux Bois was the most fashionable place of female education in Paris. The Journal of Hélène Massalska, Princesse de Ligne, shows how the noble young ladies were then taught to be efficient mistresses of a household by themselves learning cooking, washing, housemaid's work, &c., in the convents. In later days, owing to want of ready money, the convent has sold several of its exterior apartments. Mme Récamier inhabited three different apartments there at three different times; Mrs. Clark and her daughter, afterwards the well-known Mme Mohl, went to live there in 1831; and here Chateaubriand read aloud his *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*, before their publication, desiring, in his lifetime, "escompter les louanges" which he expected, but hardly received.

Turning (right) down the Rue du Bac, on the left (No. 138) is the *Hospice des Ménages*, formerly des Petites Maisons, instituted in 1407, and renewed in the XVII. c. It is used for old people. The chapel, open from 2 to 3, and picturesque with its many kneeling sisters, contains many inscriptions, the oldest of 1587. The *Rue du Bac*

takes its name from a ferry-boat (Bac), formerly established at its extremity, for crossing the Seine.

At No. 120 was the well-known salon of Mme Mohl, who died here in February, 1882. Chateaubriand lived on the ground floor, and his last days were spent here.

"M. de Chateaubriand, like an old oak struck by lightning, beautiful in its decay, sat, seemed to listen, and smiled when one of his old favorites entered. Mme Récamier went to him every day at the hour he used to come here. Though blind and nervous, she never missed a day in coming to the Rue du Bac. Since her blindness she had been unable to walk in the street, and as the coaches were in danger [1848] of being taken and piled up for barricades, the drivers were unwilling to go out.

"Before the terrible days of June, M. de Chateaubriand had taken to his bed, to rise no more. Mme Récamier would leave the room to conceal her tears. His eyes followed her, but he scarcely ever spoke; not once after extreme unction had been administered. She could not see him, and his silence seemed cruel. She dreaded his dying in the night, when it might be impossible to send for her in time, and it was a comfort to her that he had a friend living upstairs [Mme Mohl] who could give her a room, where she spent three nights. On the morning of July 3, at about seven, she was called down; in about an hour all was over.

"The current of her life was dried up. She wished for nothing in the world but to be good enough to die."—*Mme Mohl*, "*Mme Récamier*."

No. 128 Rue du Bac, at the angle of the Rue de Babylone, is the *Missions Etrangères*, with the *Church of St. François Xavier*, containing (left of entrance) a monument to "thirteen venerable servants of God," including Bishops Dufresse and Dumoulin Borié and nine Chinese missionaries, beheaded and strangled in Cochin China, 1815–1840; also the monument of Jean Théophane Venard, beheaded at Tong-King, February 2, 1861. A little garden, on the right of the church, leads to *La Chambre des Martyrs*, surrounded by terrible memorials of the tortures suffered by the martyred missionaries, the blood-stained clothes in

which they died, and curious Chinese pictures of their executions.

No. 140 (left) Rue du Bac, is the *Hôtel du Chatillon*, built by Mansart, and has two very rich portals. On the opposite side of the street is the huge shop of the *Bon Marché*, a very characteristic sight of modern Paris.

We are now in the centre of the last-century hotels of the aristocratic faubourg. "Faire monter un hotel" was the ambition of every Frenchman of good family before the great Revolution. Then, when the aristocracy were forbidden to have armorial bearings of any kind, they plastered over those above their doors, and put a veil of paint upon those of their carriages, as if to indicate that the existing season was only one of passing cloud. Indeed, one nobleman, who feared that his conduct might be misunderstood, inscribed as his device instead, "Ce nuage n'est qu'un passage." But almost all the aristocratic characteristics of the Faubourg are now a tale of the past.

"Le faubourg Saint Germain n'est plus à cette heure qu'un nom, le nom d'une ruine, le nom d'une chose morte. Il n'a plus ni caractère ni accent qui lui soient propres. Il ne garde plus d'autres supériorités que celle qu'il partage avec la bourgeoisie." —*Daniel Stern.*

There is very little variety in the characteristics of the hotels: they have almost all the same curtain wall in front, with either a double or single *porte cochère*, and are adorned with caryatides, pilasters, and garlands, of much the same description. They will be of little interest to passing travellers. We will note the best, only retracing our steps where it cannot be avoided.

The Rue du Bac now crosses the *Rue de Varennes*, a long street, in which we may notice No. 53 as the *Hôtel*

Monaco or *Hôtel de Matignon*, built by Brongniart for Madame Adélaïde, sister of Louis Philippe, and belonging now to the Duc de Galliera; General Cavaignac resided here when head of the executive power in 1848. No. 69 is the *Hôtel d'Orsay*. No. 77 is the XVIII. c. *Hôtel de Biron*, built for Peiréne de Moras, a barber enriched by legal speculations. No. 78 was erected by the Régent d'Orléans for the actress Desmares, and was afterwards used as the Ministère de Commerce. Into the Rue de Varennes on the left falls the *Rue Vanneau*, where No. 14 (right) is a restored house of the time of François I., and No. 24 is the *Hôtel de Canaleilles*.

Continuing the Rue du Bac, it is crossed by the *Rue de Grenelle*, where, a few steps to the right, is the handsome *Fontaine de Grenelle*, constructed (1739–43) for Louis XV. Its reliefs and figures are by Bouchardon.

We must see more of the Rue de Grenelle, but, for an instant, continue the Rue du Bac to the Boulevard St. Germain, where, immediately on the south, is the *Hôtel de Luynes*, which was built by Pierre Lemuet for Marie Rohan-Montbazon, Duchesse de Chevreuse. Its gates are very handsome specimens of iron work.

"This beautiful house still belongs to the family of de Luynes, and, more than any other, it recalls the old hotels where the great lords of other days, the born protectors of art, loved to assemble books, pictures, and curiosities of every kind."—*De Guilhermy*.

Opposite the Hôtel de Luynes is the approach to the *Church of St. Thomas Aquinas*, which answers, as a temple of Hymen in Paris, to what St. George's, Hanover Square, was till recently in London. It belonged to the convent of "Jacobins du Faubourg St. Germain," founded by Cardinal Richelieu, and was built (1682–1770) from designs

of Pierre Bullet. Of later construction, by Frère Claude, a monk of the convent, in 1787, is the portal, before which republican France generally affords a few spectators "pour voir monter et descendre des duchesses." The ceiling of the sanctuary representing the Transfiguration, is a great work of *Lemoine.*

"La plus grande partie des demoiselles bien élevées se soumettent à l'hymen sans que l'amour s'en mêle, et elles n'en sont pas fâchées. Elles sentent que c'est par le mariage qu'elles sont quelque chose dans le monde; et c'est pour être établies, pour avoir un état qu'elles se marient. Elles semblent sentir qu'un mari n'a pas besoin d'être amant. A Paris ce même esprit règne parmi les hommes, et voilà pourquoi la plupart des mariages sont des liens de convenance. Les Français sont jaloux de leurs maîtresses, et jamais de leurs femmes."—*Casanova, "Mémoires."*

The Boulevard St. Germain has swallowed up a great part of the *Rue St. Dominique*, but some of the street still remains. Its most noticeable houses are No. 62, *l'Hôtel de la Duchesse douairière d'Orléans*, once inhabited by Cambacérès; No. 113, the *Hôtel de Grammont*, and No. 115, the *Hôtel de Périgord*, of Prince Demidoff.

The Rue du Bac next crosses the *Rue de l'Université*, where, a little to the right, No. 15, is a good XVII. c. hotel, and No. 13, the *Hôtel d'Aligré*, now a museum of marine charts.

Returning, as we came, to the *Rue de Grenelle*, we should now follow it (turning right) to the end. No. 106 (right) was the old convent of *Notre Dame de Pentémont* or *du Verbe Incarné*, founded 1643; its admirable domed chapel remains. Mme de Beauharnais, afterwards the Empress Josephine, lived for several years in this convent, after the birth of her daughter Hortense. No. 101 (left), the ancient *Hôtel Conti*, is now the Ministère des Postes.

No. 116 (right), the *Hôtel Forbin, Janson*, or *de Brissac*, has a fine entrance; it is now the Mairie du VII^me^ Arrondissement.

The Rue Casimir Périer leads (right) to the *Church of St. Clotilde*, a large cruciform gothic building erected in 1846–1857, from plans of Gau. The design of building this church (in the place of a little church dedicated to St. Valère) originated with Queen Marie Amélie. The interior is exceedingly handsome. In the apse are a number of reliefs representing the story of St. Clotilde. The *Place de Belle-chasse*, in which the church stands, occupies part of the Pré aux Clercs, the jurisdictions of which was long disputed by the University and the Abbey of St. Germain.

The last cross street of the Rue de Grenelle, is the *Rue de Bourgogne*, in which, at the angle of the Rue St. Dominique, is the *Hôtel Béranger*, where Adrienne Lecouvreur was buried by some faithful friends, the offices of the Church having been refused to her.

At the end of the Rue de Grenelle, on the right, is (No. 142) the XVIII. c. *Hôtel de Bezenval;* and on the left (No. 127) the *Hôtel du Châtelet*, of the time of Louis XV., now the *Palais Archiépiscopal.*

We emerge from the Rue de Grenelle opposite the gardens to the north of the magnificent *Hôtel des Invalides* (open daily from 11 to 4), planned by Henri IV., and begun by Louis XIV. in 1671, as a refuge for old soldiers, who, before it was built, had to beg their bread on the streets.

"The Hôtel des Invalides, the work of the architect Libéral Bruant, answers, both in its character and its military ornamentation, to its noble purpose. It was finished in 1674. The church, commenced by Bruant and completed by Mansart, was not finished till thirty years later. To the latter we owe the

dome, covered with azure and gold, and crowned by a bold spire, one of the most striking ornaments of Paris. The details and ornaments of the dome show the decay of taste which became less and less pure towards the end of the reign; but the general view is striking, and no building in Paris, except Notre Dame, produces at a distance such an imposing effect."—*Martin*, "*Hist. de France.*"

"We feel that a nation that built such palaces for the old age of its armies, has received the power of the sword as well as the sceptre of art."—*Chateaubriand.*

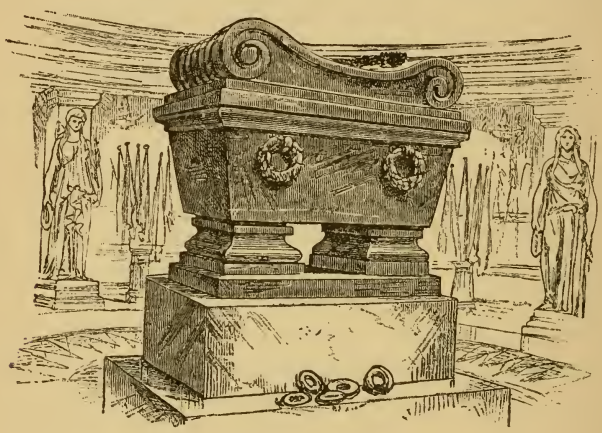
"The Hôtel des Invalides is the most noble spot on the earth. I would, if I were a prince, have rather built this establishment than have gained three battles."—*Montesquieu.*

The institution is under the management of the Minister of War, and nothing can be more comfortable than the life of its inmates. The number of these is now small; in the time of Napoleon I., when the institution was called the "Temple of Mars," it was enormous.

On the terrace in front of the building are a number of cannon, trophies taken in different campaigns. Standing before the hotel is the statue of Prince Eugène. On either side of the entrance are statues of Mars and Minerva by Coustou jeune. In the tympanum of the semicircle over the centre of the façade is Louis XIV. on horseback, with the inscription: "Ludovicus magnus, militibus regali munificentia in perpetuum providens, has aedes posuit, an 1615." Behind the façade is a vast courtyard surrounded by open corridors lined with frescoes of the history of France: those of the early history on theleft by *Bénédict Masson*, 1865, have much interest. In the centre of the façade opposite the entrance is the statue of Napoleon I. Beneath this is the approach to the *Church of St. Louis*, built 1671–79, from designs of Libéral Bruant, and in which many banners of victory give an effect of color to an otherwise colorless building.

"Here are the colors captured from the armies of all Europe during the Revolution and the Empire. In 1814 the allies hurried to this temple of glory to retake the prizes of their long and numerous defeats: but the old warriors whom Napoleon had made their guardians knew how to withdraw them from their search. 'If we cannot preserve these banners,' said the Invalides, 'we will burn them and swallow the ashes.'"—*Touchard-Lafosse*, "*Hist. de Paris.*"

Against the walls are monuments to marshals or governors of the Invalides—the Duc de Coigny, Duc de



TOMBEAU NAPOLÉON.

Conegliano (Moncey), Duc de Reggio (Oudinot), Marshal Jourdan, Duc de Malakoff (Pélissier), &c.

The *Tombeau Napoléon*, under the magnificent dome of the Invalides, which was added to the original church by Jules Hardouin Mansart, and is treated as a separate building, is entered from the Place Vauban at the back, or by the left cloister and a court beyond. It is only open to the public on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, from 12 to 3, but should on no account be left unseen.

On the façade are statues of Charlemagne by Coysevox, and St. Louis by Nicolas Coustou.

On entering the vast interior, a huge circular space is seen to open, beneath the cupola painted by *Charles de Lafosse* and *Jouvenet*, and, in it, surrounded by caryatides and groups of mouldering banners, the huge tomb of Finland granite, given by the Emperor Nicholas. Hither the remains of the great Emperor were brought back from St. Helena by the Prince de Joinville, in 1841, though Louis Philippe, whilst adopting this popular measure as regarded the dead, renewed the sentence of exile against the living members of the Bonaparte family.

"The name *Napoleon* glitters on the cover in pretty large letters. 'In what metal are these letters?' I asked. He replied, 'In copper, but they will be gilded.' 'These letters,' I replied, 'ought to be in gold. Before a hundred years have elapsed the copper letters will be oxydized and have eaten into the wood of the coffin. How much would letters in gold cost the State?' 'About twenty thousand francs, sir.' That same evening I went to M. Thiers, then president of the council, and told him the matter. 'You are right,' said M. Thiers; 'the letters shall be in gold. I will give the order at once.' Three days afterwards came the treaty of July 15. I do not know whether M. Thiers gave the orders, or whether they were executed, or whether the letters at present on the coffin are letters in gold."—*Victor Hugo*, "*Choses vues.*"

Four smaller cupolas encircle the great dome. In the first, on the right, is the tomb of Joseph Bonaparte. On the left are the tombs of Jerome Bonaparte, with a statue, and of his eldest son and the Princess Catherine of Wurtemberg. The other two cupolas are still empty: when ever-changing France again changes her idols, and the dynasty of the Bonapartes is once more in the ascendant, they will probably be occupied, amid universal acclamation, by the tombs of Napoleon III. and his ill-fated and heroic son.

The transept contains the tomb of Turenne (formerly buried at St. Denis), by Tubi from designs of Lebrun. It represents the hero expiring (at the battle of Salzbach, July 27, 1675) in the arms of Immortality. Upon the violation of the tombs at St. Denis, the body of Turenne had been found in a state of complete preservation, and, whilst the royal remains were scattered to the winds, his were removed to the Jardin des Plantes, and afterwards to the Museum of the Petits Augustins. Napoleon, as first Consul, translated them with great honor to the Invalides, September 22, 1800. In the left transept is the tomb to which the remains of the illustrious Vauban were afterwards transferred. The minister Louvois, under whose auspices the hotel was built, was buried here by order of Louis XIV. in 1692, but afterwards removed to the Capucines of the Rue St. Honoré.

Descending the steps behind the splendid baldacchino, we find black-marble tombs of Marshals Duroc and Bertrand guarding the approach to that of Napoleon I. His own words, taken from his will, appear in large letters over the entrance.

"Je désire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple Français que j'ai tant aimé."

The sentiment, the tomb, and the dome have a unique splendor. A white-marble statue of Napoleon I. by Stuart is in a black-marble chapel. His Austerlitz sword, the crown voted by Cherbourg, and colors taken in his different battles, were formerly shown in a *chapelle ardente.*

"Take away the dome and the Invalides is nothing more than a barrack, a cloister, or a hospital. The dome makes it a palace, a temple—ay, more than a temple. If, at present, there are persons who do not comprehend what purpose the dome of the Invalides serves, for the money it cost, let them go and ask

the old martyrs of the battle-fields, whose resplendent aureole it is, and they will proudly answer, 'It serves for beauty.'"—*Emile Deschamps.*

The *Musée d'Artillerie*, entered from the cloister on the right of the principal court, is only shown on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, from 12 to 4 in winter, and 12 to 5 in summer.

The collection of arms begins with the rude flint weapons found in the valley of the Somme, and the caverns of Aurignac and Moustier. Then comes the age of polished-flint weapons, found in the lake cities of Switzerland, &c. The age of bronze succeeds, of which one of the finest specimens is a bronze sword found at Uzes. The arms introduced by the Romans follow, and the gradual changes which led to the steel armor of the XIV. c. The collection of bows and cross-bows is full of interest, as well as that of firearms from their earliest infancy.

The collection of plans of fortresses, in relief, executed under Louis XIV. and Louis XV., is interesting to the archæologist as showing (as at Arras, St. Omer, Besançon) many buildings of the middle ages which have ceased to exist. Amongst the historic arms preserved here are the helmet of Henri IV., the sword of Duguesclin, and the cuirass of Bayard.

The great barracks behind the Invalides formerly contained the military school now at St. Cyr. They face the end of the *Champ de Mars*, an immense open oblong space used for reviews, and temporarily occupied by the great Exhibitions of 1867 and 1878. It was formed in 1790 for the famous Fête de la Fédération (July 14), when the Autel de la Patrie was erected in the centre, and Louis XVI. took an oath there to observe the new constitution.

Here also Napoleon I. held the famous Champs de Mai before the battle of Waterloo.

"Le Champ de Mai avait eu cela de remarquable qu'il avait été tenu au mois de juin et au Champ de Mars."—*Victor Hugo.*

At the entrance of the Quai d'Orsay (No. 103) is the temporary *Garde-Meuble* (open on Sundays and Thursdays from 10 to 4), containing a vast collection of tapestries, curious furniture, and jewels which belonged to the Crown. Many of the latter were put up to public auction in 1887. Amongst the jewels reserved is the diamond known as "Le Régent," purchased by Régent Philippe d'Orléans, and valued at 12,000,000 fr.

Returning by the Quai d'Orsay, on the site formerly called La Grenouillière, we find, opposite the Pont des Invalides, the *Manufacture des Tabacs*, shown on Thursdays only from 10 to 12 and 1 to 4. It employs 200 workpeople, and manufactures 6,200 tons of tobacco annually.

Near the Pont de Solferino is the *Palais de la Légion d'Honneur*, built (1786) by Prince Salm-Kyrburg, and interesting as the scene of Mme de Staël's receptions during the Directory.

Opposite the Pont de la Concorde is the *Palais du Corps Législatif*, or *Chambre des Députés* (open from 9 to 5). This palace, originally Palais Bourbon, was built by the Prince de Condé (1789), the first Hôtel de Condé, on the site now occupied by the Odéon, and the second hotel, near St. Germain l'Auxerrois, having been destroyed. Confiscated in 1790, it became known as "Maison de la Révolution." From 1805 to 1870 it was used as a parliament-house, the State having bought the property from the Prince de Condé at the Restoration. It is here that Benjamin Constant, Casimir Périer, Guizot, Thiers, Berryer, Lamartine, Montalembert, and Jules Favre, have in turn

displayed their eloquence, and it was also in the *Salle du Corps Législatif* that, in 1848, the Duchesse d'Orléans presented herself with her two little boys to claim the regency, and was met by the words "Too late."

"The large door opposite the tribune on a level with the highest seats of the hall, is opened. A woman, the Duchess of Orleans, appears. She is in mourning; her veil, half turned back on her bonnet, displays her countenance, marked with an emotion and a sadness that enhance its youth and beauty. She holds in her right hand the young king, who stumbles on the steps, and in her left the little Duke of Chartres, children to whom their downfall is but a show. The Duke de Nemours walks by the side of the Duchess of Orleans, loyal to the memory of his brother in the persons of his nephews. Some generals in uniform, some officers of the National Guard, follow the steps of the princess. She saluted the assembly with timid grace; it remained motionless. She seated herself between her two children at the foot of the tribune, an innocent defendant before a tribunal without appeal, which is about to hear the cause of royalty pleaded. At that instant the cause was won in the eyes and hearts of all."—*Lamartine*, "*Révolution de* 1848."

The handsome façade towards the Seine has a corinthian portico by Poyet (1804–7). When the Chamber is sitting, visitors are only admitted to the Salle des Séances, for which they require a ticket from a deputy or from the Secrétaire de la Questure.

CHAPTER IX.

LUXURIOUS MODERN PARIS.

The Place Vendôme and Place de la Concorde. The Champs Elysées and Bois de Boulogne. The Faubourg St. Honoré and the Madeleine.

TURNING west along the Rue de Rivoli, the street—which commemorates the Battle of Rivoli—always wears a festive aspect. On the right are arcades, containing some of the shops most frequented by foreigners; on the left, railings, formed by gilt-headed spears, enclose the radiant gardens of the Tuileries.

"The city swims in verdure, beautiful
As Venice on the waters, the sea swan.
What bosky gardens, dropped in close-walled courts,
As plums in ladies' laps, who start and laugh;
What miles of streets that run on after trees,
Still carrying the necessary shops,
Those open caskets, with the jewels seen!
And trade is art, and art's philosophy,
In Paris." *Mrs. Browning, "Aurora Leigh."*

The *Rue St. Roch* was, till recently, known as the Rue du Dauphin—a name of historic value. The street was originally closed at night by a grille on the side of the Tuileries, and it was known as Le Cul-de-Sac de St. Vincent till 1744. Then, Louis XV., as a boy, spent some time at the Tuileries, and St. Roch being the parish church of the Court, he went thither for his daily devotions. Dur-

ing the first mass which he heard there, the citizens, being good courtiers, scratched out part of the old inscription and altered it, and as the little prince returned to the palace he read "Cul-de-Sac du Dauphin."

The *Rue Mont Thabor* crosses the site of the most important of the four convents of Les Capucins at Paris, founded (1575) by Catherine de Medicis. Alfred de Musset died in the Rue Mont Thabor, May 1, 1857.

"Insomnia had always been his implacable enemy. At one in the morning I saw him suddenly sit up with his right hand on his breast, seeking the place of the heart, as if he had felt some extraordinary trouble in that organ. His face took a strange expression of astonishment and attention. His eyes opened beyond measure. I asked him if he was in pain; he made a sign that he was not. To my other questions, he only replied, laying his head on his pillow, 'Sleep! . . . at last I am going to sleep.' It was death."—*Paul de Musset.*

The *Rue de Castiglione*—commemorating the victory of Bonaparte over the Austrians (August 5, 1796), and occupying the site of the old monastery of the Feuillants, leads (right) to the *Place Vendôme*, a handsome old-fashioned octagonal square, begun under Louis XIV. (the king himself furnishing the leading ideas of the plan), and finished by the Ville de Paris, from designs of Jules Hardouin Mansart. The square was first called Place des Conquêtes, then Place Louis le Grand, finally Place Vendôme, from the Hôtel of the Duc de Vendôme (son of Henri IV. by Gabrielle d'Estrées), which once occupied this site. A bronze statue by Girardon at first ornamented the centre of the square. It represented Louis XIV. "in the habit of a Roman emperor, and on his head a large French periwig *à la mode.*"[1] This statue was destroyed by the people on August 14, 1792—the day on which Louis XVI.

[1] Lister's *Travels in France*, 1698.

and his family were removed from the Chancellerie in this square to the Temple. "The king saw this destruction as he passed, but showed no emotion."[1]

"The king's carriage was for some time stopped in the middle of the Place Vendôme; they wished him to contemplate at leisure the equestrian statue of Louis le Grand, hurled from its pedestal, broken by the people and trampled under foot. "Such is the treatment of tyrants," the raging populace cried unceasingly."—*Hue*, "*Mémoires*."

The bronze figures which ornamented the base of the statue are still to be seen in the Louvre. During the Revolution the name of the square was changed to Place des Conquêtes, then to Place des Piques. The *Column* was erected by Napoleon I., in imitation of that of Trajan at Rome, and is covered with bas-reliefs representing his German campaign, from designs of Bergeret, cast from Austrian cannon. At the top was originally placed a statue of the Emperor by Chaudet, which was pulled down after the allies entered Paris and melted down to make part of the second bronze horse of Henri IV. on the Pont Neuf. A second statue by Seurre, made from cannon taken in Algeria (magnanimously erected by Louis Philippe in 1833), was replaced in 1863 by a copy from the first statue by Chaudet. On May 16, 1871, the ridiculous Communists threw down the whole column, though it was able to be rebuilt from the fragments (in 1874) as it is now seen. The height is 135 feet. The proprietor of the Hôtel du Rhin had offered the Communists 500,000 fr. if they would spare the column, and those robbers had answered, "Donnez un million et l'on verra!"

Up to 1870 the railings around, and the base of this column in honor of Napoleon, were always hung with

[1] Beaulieu, *Essais historiques*.

wreaths of immortelles: now all is bare, but Parisians are apt to change the historic objects of their idolatry according to—circumstances.

"La gloire de l'empire! . . . . Eh quoi! quand elle est chantée par des voix comme Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Chauteaubriand, Casimir Delavigne, toutes nos sommités littéraires, une voix s'en viendrait murmurer au bas des aigles triomphantes de la colonne! . . . . 'Ah! silence! silence!'"—*Mémoires de la Duchesse d'Abrantès.*

The Hôtel du Rhin was the residence of Napoleon III. as Deputy to the National Assembly in 1848.

From the Place Vendôme the handsome *Rue de la Paix* (formerly Rue Napoléon), dating from 1807, leads to the Place de l'Opéra. It occupies the site of the convent of the Capucines (founded under Henri IV.), in which Louise de Lorraine, widow of Henry III., Mme de Pompadour, Louvois (minister of war to Louis XIV.), and the Duc de Créqui, were buried.[1]

In the Rue St. Florentin, the *Hôtel de la Vrillière*, also called Hôtel de l'Infantado, was built for the minister M. de St. Florentin, who gave a name to the street. It was afterwards inhabited by the Spanish grandee who at one time gave a name to the house, then by M. de Talleyrand, who received the Emperor Alexander there in 1814.

"Sans cœur et sans talent, beaucoup de suffisance,
A la Banque, à la Bourse, escroquant dix pour un,
Dans ses propos rompus outrageant la décence,
Tel était autrefois le pontife d'Autun.
Plus heureux aujourd'hui, sa honte est moins obscure;
Froidement, du mépris il affronte les traits;
Il enseigne le vol et prêche le parjure,
Et sème la discorde en annonçant la paix.
Sans cesse on nous redit qu'il ne peut rien produire,

[1] The monument of Queen Louise is now at St. Denis; that of Louvois, at the hospital of Tonnerre; that of the Duc de Créqui, at St. Roch.

Et que de ses discours il n'est que le lecteur ;
Mais ce qu'un autre écrit, c'est d'Autun qui l'inspire."
Mme de Montrond.

"We shall see the Bishop of Autun, Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord, serve with an equal convicton of loyalty, the directory, the consulate that overthrew the directory, the empire which overthrew the consulate, the restoration which overthrew the empire, and the revolution of July which overthrew the restoration. There are strange dispensations of morality for political convictions."—*Touchard-Lafosse*, "*Hist. de Paris.*"

"The palace, which is in a noble, rich and sombre style, was, for a long time, called *Hôtel de l'Infantado ;* to-day it bears on its front, above the principal door, *Hôtel Talleyrand.*

"He was a strange, redoubtable and important personage ; his name was Charles Maurice de Périgord ; he was noble like Macchiavelli, a priest like Gondi, unfrocked like Fouché, witty as Voltaire, and lame as the devil. It might be said that everything about him was lame ; his nobility, which he made the handmaid of the republic ; his priesthood, which he dragged in the Champ de Mars, and then flung into the gutter ; his marriage, which he broke by a score of scandals and a voluntary separation ; his intellect, which he dishonored by baseness.

"Into this palace, like a spider into its web, he drew and kept in succession, heroes, thinkers, great men, conquerors, kings, princes, emperors ; Bonaparte, Sieyès, Mme de Staël, Chateaubriand, Benjamin Constant, Alexander of Russia, William of Prussia, Francis of Austria, Louis XVIII., Louis Philippe, all the golden and radiant flies which buzz in the history of these last forty years. All this glittering swarm passed in succession through that sombre doorway which bears inscribed on its architrave, *Hôtel Talleyrand.*"—*Victor Hugo*, "*Choses vues.*"

In the *Rue de Luxembourg* is the church of *L'Assomption*, built (1670–76) for a convent of Augustinian nuns, now a barrack. Robespierre lived long opposite this church, at No. 396 Rue St. Honoré, in the house of the carpenter Duplay (destroyed by the Rue Duphot). All that was human in his character was bestowed upon the family of his host: for them chiefly he showed the grimace meant for a smile on the pinched countenance which

made Mirabeau compare him to "*un chat qui a bu du vinaigre.*"

Where the Rue Royale opens towards the Madeleine, we pass the *Ministère de la Marine et des Colonies*, built (1760–68) by Gabriel, and gutted during the Commune, and reach the *Place de la Concorde*, stately and beautiful with its obelisk, fountains, and statues, its delightful views down green avenues to the Louvre on the east, and the Arc d'Etoile on the west, and towards the magnificent church of the Madeleine on the north, and the Chambre des Députés on the south. The square was made under Louis XV., and was decorated with his equestrian statue by Bouchardon, placed on a pedestal surrounded by bas-reliefs and allegorical figures of the Virtues by Pigalle, which immediately drew forth the epigram—

> "Oh! la belle statue! oh! le beau piédestal!
> Les vertus sont à pied, le vice est à cheval,"

followed a few days later by—

> "Il est ici comme à Versailles:
> Il est sans cœur et sans entrailles."

The Legislative Assembly demolished the statue in the Place Louis XV. (1792), and replaced it by a statue of Liberty. Soon, however, the square took the name of Place de la Révolution, when the expression *guillotiner* effaced that of *lanterner*, and, under the Reign of Terror, the scaffold was permanently established here. Thus the most terrible memories of the great Revolution are concentrated on this spot, where 2,800 persons perished between January 21, 1793, and May 3, 1795. The fountain on the south side, decorated with figures emblematic of Marine Navigation, marks the exact spot where Louis XVI. died, January 21, 1793.

"The deepest silence reigned on all sides. On arriving at the Place de la Revolution, the king repeatedly commended his confessor to the care of the lieutenant, and descended from the carriage. He was at once placed in the hands of the executioner; he took off his coat and necktie himself, and remained covered by a simple vest of white flannel. He objected to his hair being cut, and, above all, to being tied. A few words from his confessor decided him at once. He mounted the scaffold, and walked to the left side; his face was very red, and for some minutes he looked at the objects around him; then he asked if the drums would not stop beating; he wished to speak, but several voices cried to the executioners, who were four in number, to do their duty. Nevertheless, while they were putting the straps on him, he pronounced distinctly these words: 'I die innocent, I pardon my enemies, and I hope my blood will be useful to the French and appease the anger of God.' At ten minutes past ten o'clock, his head was separated from his body, and then shown to the people. On the instant cries of '*Vive la République!*' were heard from all sides."—*Les Révolutions de Paris.*

"When they reached the place of execution and they offered to tie his hands, the king resisted, and said, 'C'est trop,' but on Mr. Edgeworth's reminding him how acceptable the humiliation would be in the eyes of God, and citing his Saviour's example, he held both his hands out, and suffered them to be tied. When on the scaffold, the trumpets and drums sounded according to their orders, the king bowed, as desiring leave to speak. Every instrument ceased; all was silence and attention. The king said, 'I die innocent; I forgive my enemies, and pray God to avert His vengeance for my blood, and to bless my people.' He took two turns on the scaffold, and then prepared himself for death. Mr. Edgeworth was kneeling by him, and in the excess of feeling had lost all recollection, till he was roused by the words, '*the head of a traitor,*' and, looking up, saw his sovereign's head streaming over him in the monster's hands."—*Journal of Miss Ann Porter, Nov.* 3, 1796, *after meeting the Abbé Edgeworth, confessor of Louis XVI.*

"The king showed himself, in the presence of the scaffold, what he had always been in the midst of the howlings of a furious multitude, and amid the outrages of his imprisonment. He was sublime in his calmness, his resignation, and his courage. His august firmness did not abandon him, either during his farewells to the queen and his children, or on the platform of the scaffold.

He protested his innocence, and prayed God not to let his blood fall on France. But his voice fell only on the deaf ears of soldiers who surrounded the scaffold on all sides."—*Balzac*, "*Six rois de France.*"

"Can this be the same individual, crowned and consecrated at Rheims, mounted on a dais, surrounded by all the great of the realm, all kneeling before him, greeted with a thousand acclamations, almost adored as a god; whose look, voice, and gesture had the accent of command; satiated with respect, honor and enjoyment; separated, so to speak, from the human race; can this be the same man whom I see pulled about by the headsman's four assistants, stripped by force while the drums drown his voice, bound to a plank still struggling, and receiving so awkwardly the stroke of the guillotine, that it was not his neck but the occiput and lower jaw that were cut in a horrible manner?

"His blood flows: the joyous cries of eighty thousand armed men strike the air and my ears; they are repeated along the quays; I see the scholars of the Four Nations fling their hats in the air; his blood flows, and it is who shall dip into it his finger-tip, a feather, a bit of paper; one man tastes it, and says, 'It is horribly salt.' An executioner, at the edge of the scaffold, sells and distributes little packets of his hair; a man buys the string that bound them; every one takes away a little piece of his clothes, or a bloody vestige of this sanguinary tragedy. I saw the people march away, arm-in-arm, laughing, chatting, just as if returning from a fête."—*Mercier*, "*Le nouveau Paris.*"

The king was taken to death in a carriage, the queen in a cart.

"It was midday, October 16th, 1793. The guillotine and the people were impatient of waiting, when the cart, with Marie Antoinette, arrived at the Place de la Révolution. The widow of Louis XVI. stepped down to die where her husband had died. The mother of Louis XVII. turned her eyes for a moment to the Tuileries, and became paler than she had been before. Then the Queen of France mounted the scaffold and went to her death.

"'*Vive la République!*' cried the people. Sanson displayed the head of Marie Antoinette to the people, while beneath the guillotine the gendarme Mingault dipped his handkerchief in the blood of the martyr."—*Goncourt*, "*Hist. de Marie-Antoinette.*"

On October 31, 1793, the weird death procession of the Girondins reached the Place.

"At the first step from the Conciergerie the Girondins sang with one voice and as a funeral march, the first verse of the Marseillaise, emphasizing with significant energy the lines susceptible of a double meaning:

'*Contre nous de la tyrannie*
L'étendard sanglant est levé.'

From that moment they ceased to think of themselves, but were occupied with the example of a republican death, which they wished to leave to the people. Their voices never sank a moment at the end of a strophe, but to be raised more energetic and more sonorous at the first line of the succeeding strophe. Their march and their death-agony were but a song. There were four in each cart; one only had five of them. The body of Valazé was in the last cart; the head, uncovered and jolted by the uneven pavement, bobbed up and down, beneath the looks and on the knees of his friends, who were obliged to close their eyes to avoid the spectacle of that livid face. Still they sang like the others. When they arrived at the foot of the scaffold, they embraced each other in token of communion in liberty, in life, and in death. Then they resumed the funeral chant to strengthen each for his doom, and to send, till the last moment, to the ears of him who was undergoing execution, the voices of his companions in death. All died without weakness; Sillery, with irony, for on his ascending the platform he walked round it, saluting the people, right and left, as if to thank them for the glory of the scaffold. Every fall of the axe reduced the number of voices by one; the ranks at the foot of the scaffold grew thinner; one solitary voice continued the Marseillaise; it was that of Vergniaud, the last to die. These final notes were his last words. Like his companions, he did not die, he vanished in enthusiasm, and his life, begun by immortal speeches, ended in a hymn to the eternity of the Revolution.

"One and the same tumbrel took away the decapitated bodies; one and the same grave covered them by the side of that of Louis XVI."—*Lamartine*, "*Hist. des Girondins.*"

Even in that cruel time, sympathy was aroused by the death of Mme Roland, on November 10, 1793.

"Many carts full of victims bore that day their loads of condemned to the scaffold. Mme Roland was placed in the last, by the side of a weak and infirm old man named Lamarche, who had been the director of the manufacture of assignats. She was dressed in a white robe, a protestation of innocence with which she wished to strike the people. Her beautiful black hair fell in waves to her knees. She bent with filial tenderness over her companion in death; the old man wept. She spoke to him, and exhorted him to firmness; she even tried to cheer the funereal ride, and succeeded in making him smile.

"The scaffold was erected by the side of the colossal Statue of Liberty. Arriving there, Mme Roland descended. When the executioner took her by the arm to make her mount the scaffold first, she had one of those inspirations of devotion which a woman's heart alone can conceive or reveal in such an hour. 'I ask of you only one favor; it is not for myself,' she said, resisting slightly the arm of the executioner; 'grant it to me!' Then turning to the old man, 'Go up first,' she said to Lamarche; 'the shedding of my blood before your eyes will cause you to suffer death twice; you ought not to have the pain of seeing my head fall.' The executioner consented. After the execution of Lamarche, which she heard without paling, she mounted the scaffold with a light step, and, inclining towards the Statue of Liberty, as if to confess her faith in it while dying for it, she cried: 'O liberty! O liberty! What crimes are committed in thy name!' She then gave herself into the hands of the executioner, and her head fell into the basket."—*Lamartine*, "*Hist. des Girondins.*"

May 9, 1794, saw the execution of Madame Elizabeth.

"Madame Elizabeth was seated in the same cart with Mmes de Sénozan and de Crussol-Amboise, and conversed with them during the passage from the Conciergerie to the Place Louis XV. To the laments which escaped some of the condemned, she replied by touching exhortations. . . . On their arrival at the Place de la Révolution, Madame was the first to alight. The executioner, as if to assist her, extended his hand; she looked aside, and did not rest on the arm offered to her. The victims found at the foot of the scaffold a bench, on which they had to sit. No one displayed weakness. Encouraged by the presence and the looks of the sister of Louis XVI., each of the condemned resolved to rise resolutely when his name was called, and to accomplish his task with firmness. The first name pronounced

by the executioner was that of Mme de Crussol. She rose at once and bowed to Madame Elizabeth, and in testimony of the respect and love with which the princess inspired her, asked permission to embrace her. 'Willingly and with all my heart,' the princess replied, with that expression of affability which was so natural to her; and the royal victim held her face forward and gave her the kiss of farewell, of death, and of glory. All the ladies followed and obtained the same testimony of affection. The men too did themselves the honor of testifying their respect for Madame Elizabeth; each, in his turn, bent to her the head which a minute afterwards would fall beneath the knife of the guillotine. . . . During all the time that the sacrifice lasted, the holy woman, who seemed to preside there, never ceased saying the *De profundis*. Awaiting her death she prayed for the dead. She was reserved to be the last to perish. When the twenty-third came and bowed before her, she said to him, 'Courage and faith in the mercy of God!' Then she rose herself to be ready for the executioner's summons; she mounted the steps of the scaffold with a firm foot, and looking towards heaven, placed herself in the hands of the executioner. Her neckerchief fell to the ground at the moment when she was being bound to the fatal plank, and displayed a silver medal. To the executioner's man, thinking it his duty to take from her this emblem of piety, she said, 'In the name of your mother, monsieur, cover me up.' This was the last word of Madame Elizabeth."—*A. M. de Beauchesne.*

On July 28, 1794, Robespierre paid the penalty of his crimes.

"In place of occupying the throne of a dictator, Robespierre was half reclined on a cart, which bore his accomplices, Couthon and Henriot. Around him was a roar and a tumult of a thousand confused cries of joy and mutual congratulations. His head was wrapped up in a dirty and bloody piece of linen; only his pale and ferocious half-face was visible. His companions, mutilated and disfigured, were less like criminals than wild beasts caught in a trap, which could not be captured without crushing some part of their limbs. A burning sun did not prevent the women from exposing the lilies and roses of their cheeks to its rays; they wished to see the executioner of their fellow-citizens. The horsemen, escorting the cart, brandished their sabres and pointed to him with the naked blades. The pontiff-king no longer dragged the Convention after him at ten paces distance;

he seemed to retain life only to attest divine justice and its terrible vengeance on hypocritical and bloodthirsty men.

"The people made him stop near the place of execution, before the house where he lodged, and a group of women then performed a dance amid the clapping of hands of the crowd. One of them took this opportunity to address him by voice and gesture, crying, 'Thy punishment makes me drunk with joy; go to hell with the curses of all wives and mothers of families.' He remained dumb.

"When he mounted the scaffold, the executioner, as if animated by the public hatred, roughly tore the bandages from his wounds; he uttered a scream like a tiger; the lower jaw fell down from the upper one, and, as the blood came out in jets, made this human head into the head of a monster, the most horrible that could be painted. His two companions, not less hideous in their torn and bloody clothes, were the acolytes of the great criminal whose sufferings did not inspire the slightest pity in any one. Although he was mortally wounded, public vengeance demanded from him a second death, and crowds ran not to lose the instant which he had made so many others experience. The applause lasted for fifteen minutes.

"Twenty-two heads fell with his. The next day, seventy members of the Commune went to join the chief whom they had chosen; they were men who had entered our cells to take away our food and deluge us with humiliations. The following day, twelve other members of the Commune paid with their heads for their complicity with the chief of the conspirators, but these ignoble and vulgar heads of dull satellites had no name; that of Robespierre alone was taken into account."—*Mercier*, "*Le nouveau Paris.*"

The *Obelisk* of the Place de la Concorde, brought from Luxor, and given to France by Mahomet-Ali, was erected here under Louis Philippe, in 1836. It is covered with hieroglyphics celebrating Rameses II., or Sesostris, who reigned in the fourteenth century before Christ. The history of its transport from Egypt is represented upon the pedestal.

It was at the foot of this obelisk, on the spot where Louis XVI. died, that Louis Philippe and Marie Amélie,

flying on foot by the gardens before the popular invasion of the Tuileries, on February 24, 1848, waited in agony for their carriages (which were being burnt at that moment by the insurgents in the Place du Carrousel) and eventually were rescued by a private brougham.

Eight allegorical statues typify the great cities of France —Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Nantes, Lille, Strasbourg, Rouen, and Brest. Since that city has ceased to be French, the statue of Strasbourg (by Pradier) has always been draped in mourning!

At every hour of the day the Place de la Concorde is beautiful and imposing.

"It was four o'clock; the lovely day was ending in a golden haze of sunlight. To right and left, towards the Madeleine and the Corps Législatif, the lines of houses touched the sky, while in the garden of the Tuileries the round summits of the great chestnut trees towered aloft. Between the two green borders of the side alleys, the avenue of the Champs Elysées soared till lost to sight beneath the colossal gate of the Arc de Triomphe, wide-gaping on infinity. A double current of crowd, a double stream rolled on, furrowed with the living tracks of equipages, and studded with the fleeting waves of carriages, which the reflection of a panel or the gleam from the glass of a lamp seemed to whiten into foam. Below, the Place, with its immense foot-paths and causeways, as wide as lakes, was filled by this continuous tide, crossed in all directions by flashing wheels, and peopled with black spots that were men; and the two fountains flowed and exhaled freshness into this burning life."—*Zola*, "*L'Œuvre.*"

Two groups of sculpture by Guillaume Coustou, known as *Les Chevaux de Marly*, decorate the entrance to the noble promenade originally called "Le Grand Cours," but which has been known as *Les Champs Elysées* since the time of Louis XV. It extends from the Place de la Concorde to the Arc de l'Etoile, and is the favorite afternoon walk of the fashionable world of Paris, where the *badaud*, or French cockney, is seen in perfection.

"There is not one blade of grass in all these Elysian Fields, nothing but hard clay, often covered with white dust. This gives the whole scene the air of being a contrivance of man, in which Nature has either not been invited to take any part, or has declined to do so. There are merry-go-rounds, wooden horses, and other provision for children's amusement among the trees; and booths, and tables of cakes, and candy women, and restaurants on the borders of the wood."—*Hawthorne*, "*Note-Books.*"

Behind the principal avenues are ranges of exhibition booths, and cafés-concerts, which attract a humbler crowd. Here idolizing parents will stand for hours to watch their *petits bonshommes* caracolling on wooden horses, while *la bonne*, in a snowy cap, holds the babies. Here the sellers of *souplrs* and *gâteaux de Nanterre* drive a busy trade.

"Paris is the only city of the world where you will meet the sights which make the boulevards a continual drama, played by the French people for the benefit of art."—*Balzac*, "*Le Cousin Pons.*"

"Look! everything is flying, fleeing, and buzzing. Here are the light calèches with four horses, manes floating, nostrils dilated, calèches with women so delicate and so perfumed, so rosy and so white, that one would call them, so quick do they pass, fragrant baskets of flowers. Here are the tilburys, with their share-brokers, perched on double cushions; they love to fall from a good height, your share-brokers! Here are English horses, French horses, Arab horses, all proud, all prancing, all with heads held high, a rosette at the ear, and a fool on the back. Here is noise and dust, show and laughter, admiring women and admiring dolts; here are glances of love cast in passing, plumes that fly away, equipages that cross each other; here is coquetry and rivalry, here is gold, here is sun, here is everything. . . . Everything, alas! except happiness."—*Amédée Gratiot.*

"Vanity and economy, which seem as if they ought to be eternally at war, are, in the life of a Parisienne, two forces in equilibrium, that walk submissively with fraternal steps towards the end assigned them. . . . 'We must make an appearance,' says the one. . . . 'At little expense,' adds the other. . . . There is no concession they will not mutually make to obtain this complex result."—*E. Raymond.*

"The promenade, properly so called, of the Champs Elysées stops at the Rond Point; farther on, it is merely a wide avenue bordered on two sides by fine houses of grand appearance, and rising slowly in a gentle slope to the Arc de l'Etoile. In the morning nobody is seen in the Champs Elysées, in the afternoon all the world; but on one particular day this great avenue presents an appearance of striking character and originality. That day is Sunday.

"Then, from two o'clock, the space between the Horses of Marly and the Arc de Triomphe disappears beneath a moving mass of vehicles of all sorts. Calèches harnessed à la Daumont are mingled with fiacres. Landaus with armorial bearings on their panels drive alongside carts with awnings. Coupés and mylords, carrioles and baskets meet there; and in this confusion of vehicles of all shapes and forms, the omnibuses, like lofty ships, pass to and fro, slowly.

"In this coming and going, where the movement and duration tire the eye, all classes of society are represented, the millionaire and the workman. The man who has won his rank and fortune by laborious efforts, shoulders the heir of a great name."—*Amédée Achard.*

Chateaubriand saw the royal captives of Versailles brought into Paris by the Champs Elysées.

"On the 5th October, 1789, I ran to the Champs Elysées; the first things I saw were cannons on which harpies, thieves and prostitutes were mounted astride, making the most obscene remarks and the most immodest gestures. Then, in the midst of a horde of all ages and both sexes, the body-guard marched on foot, having exchanged hats, swords and belts with the National Guards, and each of their horses carried two or three fishwomen, dirty bacchanals, drunk and dishevelled. The deputation of the National Assembly came next, the king's carriages followed, and rolled on in the dusty obscurity of a forest of pikes and bayonets. Rag-pickers in tatters, butchers with their bloody aprons and their knives in their belts, their shirt-sleeves rolled up, walked at the doors; other monsters had climbed to the roof, others perched on the footboard of the lackeys and the drivers' seats. Guns and pistols were discharged, and cries were raised of *Vive le boulanger, la boulangère et le petit mitron!* In place of the oriflamme in front of the son of St. Louis, the Swiss halberts raised aloft the heads

of two body-guards, curled and powdered by a barber of Sèvres." —"*Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe.*"

On the left of the Champs Elysées is the *Palais d'Industrie*, built (1852–55) for the Great Exhibition, and used since for the annual Exhibitions of Painting and Sculpture, open daily from 8 to 6, except on Mondays, when it opens at 12 (admission, 1 fr.; free on Saturdays after 10, and Tuesdays from 12 to 6). Beyond this, the *Avenue Montaigne* branches off (left), containing the quaint *Hôtel Pompéien*, built (1860) for Prince Napoleon. The Avenue d'Antin leads to the river, where, at the angle of the Rue Bayard and Cour de la Reine—nearly opposite the Pont des Invalides—is the quaint *Maison de François I.*, built by that king (in 1523) at Moret, near the forest of Fontainebleau, for his sister Marguerite, purchased by a private individual, transported hither in 1827, and rebuilt, stone for stone. It bears medallions of Louis XII., Anne de Bretagne, François II., Marguerite de Navarre, Henri II., Diane de Poitiers, and François I. All the sculptures are attributed to Jean Goujon. On the back of the house, which is a perfect square, is inscribed—

> "Qui scit frenare linguam sensumque domare,
> Fortior est illo qui frangit viribus urbes!"

Voltaire, returning to Paris from Berlin, lived with the Marquis de Villette, at the corner of the *Rue de Beaune*, and died there, May 30, 1778.

From the *Rond Point*, the *Avenue Kleber* leads to the *Place du Trocadéro*. George, King of Hanover, lived in the corner-house of the Rue de Presbourg and Avenue Kleber, and there he died, June 12, 1878. The *Palais du Trocadéro*, built in the Oriental style (in 1878), is of the same character internally as the Crystal Palace at Syden-

ham. It contains a *Musée de Sculpture Comparée* or *des Moulages*, and an *Ethnographical Museum*. There are fine views from the galleries and balconies. Zola describes a sunset as seen from here.

"Paris, that morning, displayed a charming laziness in awakening. A vapor, following the valley of the Seine, bathed both banks. It was a light, almost milky haze which the sun, as it gradually grew brighter, lighted up. Nothing could be seen of the town beneath that floating muslin, gray as time. In the folds, the cloud thickened into a bluish tint, while on the broader spaces were delicately transparent gleams, where a golden dust indicated the lines of streets; and, higher up, domes and spires pierced the fog, rearing up their gray outlines, still wrapped in drifts of the mist which they penetrated. At times, flakes of yellow smoke were detached as by the heavy stroke of the wing of some giant bird, and then melted into the air that seemed to swallow them up. Above this immensity, and this cloud, lowering and sleeping over Paris, a pure sky of a tender blue, almost white, spread out its deep vault. The sun rose in a haze softened by its rays. A white cloud, white with the vague whiteness of infancy, burst into showers, and filled the space with its warm quiverings. It was a feast, the sovereign peace and tender gaiety of the infinite, while the city, smitten with golden darts, lazy and sleepy, did not make up her mind to show herself under her lace.

"At the horizon, long shudders coursed over the sleeping lake. Then, suddenly, this lake seemed to give way, gaps were visible, and from one end to the other, a crack announced the break up. The sun, still higher, in the triumphant glory of his beams, victoriously attacked the fog. Gradually the great lake seemed to sink as if some invisible drain had emptied it. The vapors, just now so deep, became thinner and transparent as they assumed the bright colors of the rainbow. All the left bank was of a tender blue, slowly deepening into violet on the side of the Jardin des Plantes. On the right bank, the quarter of the Tuileries had the pale rose tint of flesh color, and towards Montmartre, there was, as it were, the glare of flame, carmine flushing into gold, and then, farther away, the working faubourgs exhibited their dull brick tones, bit by bit, passing into the bluish gray of the slates. Even yet one could not distinguish the city, trem-

drawing a second pistol from his pocket. The Emperor, without a sign of fear or emotion, quietly rode on to overtake the Empress, and assure her himself of his safety. It had been near this that the people fired upon Louis Philippe in his flight, and killed two horses of the escort.

The Champs Elysées are closed by the huge *Arc de l'Etoile*, one of the four triumphal arches which Napoleon I. intended to erect in commemoration of his victories, and which he began from designs of Chalgrin, in 1806, though the work was not completed till 1836, long after founder and architect had passed away. It is the largest triumphal arch in the world; the arch itself being 90 feet high and 45 feet wide. The groups of sculpture which adorn it are by Rude, Cortot, and Etex: that by Rude, of the Genius of War summoning the nation to arms, is the best. There is, however, nothing fine about the Arc de l'Etoile except its size. The arch itself is far too narrow for its height, and the frippery ornament along the top of the structure destroys all grandness of outline. The hugeness of the building is in itself a disfigurement, and, like the giant statues in St. Peter's at Rome, it puts all its surroundings out of proportion.

Perhaps more than any other monument in Paris, this arch seems erected to show the instability of thrones and the fleeting power of man: yet Victor Hugo wrote of it—

"Quand des toits, des clochers, des ruches tortueuses,
Des porches, des frontons, des dômes pleins d'orgueil
Qui faisaient cette ville, aux voix tumultueuses,
Touffue, inextricable et fourmillante à l'œil,

Il ne restera plus dans l'immense campagne
Pour toute pyramide et pour tout Panthéon,
Que deux tours de granit, faites par Charlemagne
Et qu'un pilier d'airain fait par Napoléon,

Toi! tu compléteras le triangle sublime . . ."

From the arch, the *Avenue de Neuilly* leads to the village of that name. About 1 *k.*, opposite the entrance to the Bois de Boulogne called Port Maillot, is the *Chapelle St. Ferdinand* (shown daily), enclosing the room in which Ferdinand, Duc d'Orléans, died from injuries received in trying to jump from his carriage, at this spot, when its horses were running away.[1] The touching cenotaph of the duke (who is buried with his family at Dreux) is by Trinqueti from designs of Ary Scheffer. The angel on the right is one of the last works of the Princess Marie. The prie-dieu in the chapel are all embroidered by different members of the Orléans royal family. A Descent from the Cross, by Trinqueti, from designs of Ary Scheffer, occupies a niche behind the high-altar. A picture by *Jacquand* represents the touching scene on this spot during "Les Derniers Moments du Duc d'Orléans." His august mother, the Queen Marie Amélie, has left an account of them.

"We entered the tavern, and there, in a little room, on a mattress stretched on the floor, we found Chartres, whom the doctor was just then bleeding. . . . I went for a moment into the little room to the right, where I flung myself on my knees, and prayed to God from the bottom of my soul that if he demanded a victim he would take me, and save our dear child. Soon after Doctor Pasquier came. I said to him, 'Monsieur, you are a man of honor; if you believe the danger imminent, I beg you to tell me, so that my child may receive extreme unction.' He bowed his head and said, 'Madame, it is time.' The curé of Neuilly entered, and administered the sacrament, while we knelt around the bed, weeping and praying. I took from my neck a small cross containing a piece of the true cross, and placed it in the hand of my poor child, that God the Saviour might have pity on him during his passage to eternity. . . . M. Pasquier rose and whispered to the king. Then this venerable and unfortunate father, his face bathed in tears, knelt by his eldest son, embraced him tenderly, and cried, 'Oh, if it were I in his place!'

[1] The road was then called Chemin de la Révolte.

"I also drew near and kissed him thrice, for myself, for Hélène, and for his children. I put to his mouth the little cross, the sign of our redemption, and then placed and left it on his heart. All the family in succession embraced him, and each returned to his place. His respiration became uneven, it was interrupted and resumed twice, and I then asked the priest to return and say the prayers for the dying. He had scarcely knelt down and made the sign of the cross, when my dear child gave a last, deep inspiration, and his soul, so beautiful, good and generous, and noble, quitted his corpse. The priest, at my request, said a *De profundis;* the king wished to remove me, but I entreated him to let me kiss, for the last time, this beloved son, the object of my deepest affection. I took that beloved head in my hands, and kissed the pale and discolored lips. I placed on them the little cross, and removed it as I said a last farewell to him whom I loved so much, whom perhaps I loved too much. The king led me into the next room. I flung myself on his neck, and we were wretched together; our irreparable loss was common to both, and I suffered as much on his account as on my own. There was a crowd in the little room. I wept, and talked, and was beside myself.

"At the end of some minutes it was announced that all was ready. The corpse was placed on a bier, covered by a white sheet. It was borne by four men of the house, and steadied by two gendarmes. We left by the carriage door of the stables; an immense crowd was outside. Two battalions of the 2d and the 17th 'light,' who had with him passed the Iron Gates, and forced the pass of Mouzaïa, lined the road, and escorted us. We all followed on foot the inanimate corpse of this well-loved son, who a few hours before had come by this road full of health, strength, happiness, and hope, to embrace his parents, who were now plunged into the deepest woe."

Victor Hugo narrates how—

"For the dying Duke of Orleans, a mattress was hurriedly placed on the ground, and a pillow was made of an old straw arm-chair turned over.

"A cracked stove was behind the prince's head. Pots and pans and coarse earthenware furnished some shelves along the wall. Some big shears, a fowling-piece, some twopenny colored pictures, nailed up at the four corners, represented Mazagran, the Wandering Jew, and the attempt of Fieschi. A portrait of

Napoleon, and one of the Duke of Orleans (Louis Philippe) as colonel-general of hussars, completed the armaments of the wall. The floor was of red bricks, not painted. Two old chests stood at the left of the prince's death-bed."—"*Choses vues.*"

The *Bridge of Neuilly*, twice rebuilt since, was originally erected by Henri IV., who was nearly drowned in crossing the ferry here with Marie de Medicis. Here, also, Pascal had that narrow escape of being drowned by runaway horses, which led to his renunciation of the world.

The Château de Neuilly, built by the Comte d'Argenson in 1740, and afterwards inhabited by Talleyrand, Murat, and Pauline Bonaparte, was given by Louis XVIII. to his cousin the Duc d'Orléans. Almost all the children of Louis Philippe were born there, and there, in 1830, he accepted the French crown. The château was the scene of most of the happy events of the family life of Louis Philippe, and in its chapel the king and queen watched, from his death to his funeral, beside the body of their beloved eldest son.

"Louis Philippe was a king who was too much a father, and this incubation of a family, which is intended to produce a dynasty, is frightened at everything, and does not like to be disturbed. Hence arises excessive timidity, which is offensive to a nation which has July 14th in its civil traditions, and Austerlitz in its military annals. However, when we abstract public duties which should ever be first fulfilled, the family deserved Louis Philippe's profound tenderness for it. This domestic group was admirable, and combined virtue with talent. One of the daughters of Louis Philippe, Marie d'Orléans, placed the name of her race among artists as Charles d'Orléans had done among the poets, and she produced a statue which she called Joan of Arc. Two of Louis Philippe's sons drew from Metternich this demagogic praise: 'They are young men whose like can be found nowhere, and such princes as were never seen before.'"—*Victor Hugo*, "*Les Misérables.*"

During the crisis of 1848, the French pillaged and

plundered the home of their king, and 600,000*l.* worth of his private property was destroyed by the robbers of the Revolution, though the private charities of Louis Philippe and Marie Amélie during their seventeen years' reign had amounted to 21,650,000 fr. or 800,000*l.*, and those of the Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans to an annual sum of nearly 20,0000*l.* A cruel decree of Louis Napoleon compelled the royal family to sell their estates in 1851. Since that time the royal park of Neuilly has been cut up for avenues of villas. Nothing remains of Villiers, the residence of the last Duke of Orléans, except a pavilion on the Place de Villiers-la-Garenne. The Palace of Madame Adélaïde, sister of Louis Philippe, was (in 1863) occupied by the Conservatoire de Notre Dame des Arts, and is now a school.

From the Arc de l'Etoile several long and rather dreary avenues lead to the Bois. That called *Avenue du Bois de Boulogne* (formerly de l'Impératrice) is the most animated, but the *Aveuue d'Eylau* leads more directly to the gate of the Bois called *Porte de la Muette.* The heights of Mont Valérien are always a fine feature, rising behind the woods. At the corner of the Avenue Malakoff and that of the Bois de Boulogne is the house of Dr. Evans, the American dentist, where the Empress Eugénie spent the first night (September 4-5, 1870) after her flight from the Tuileries.

The *Bois de Boulogne* is part of the ancient forest of Rouvray [1]—of which Louis XI. made his barber, Olivier le Daim, Grand-Forester (*gruyer*)—where Henri II. and Diane de Poitiers loved to give hunting fêtes, and where Louis XV. held orgies in the Château de la Muette which Charles IX. had built. The name was changed after pilgrims in 1319) had erected a church in honor of Notre Dame de Boulogne in the neighboring village of Menus-les-St.-Cloud, which

[1] Roveritum, Rouvret, Rouvrai.

forthwith took the name of Boulogne. Ceded to the town of Paris by Napoleon III., the Bois has ever since been the favorite play-ground of the Parisians, and in this "nature si artistement mondaine"[1] all that is possible of luxury of equipages and toilette may be seen especially from 3 to 5 in winter, and 5 to 7 in summer.

"Of course we drove in the Bois de Boulogne, that limitless park, with its forests, its lakes, its cascades, and its broad avenues. There were thousands upon thousands of vehicles abroad, and the scene was full of life and gaiety. There were very common hacks, with father, mother, and all the children in them; conspicuous little open carriages, with celebrated ladies of doubtful reputation in them; there were dukes and duchesses abroad, with gorgeous footmen perched behind, and equally gorgeous outriders perched on each of the six horses; there were blue and silver, and green and gold, and pink and black, and all sorts and descriptions of startling liveries out.

"I will not attempt to describe the Bois de Boulogne. I cannot do it. It is simply a beautiful, cultivated, endless, wonderful wilderness. It is an enchanting place. It is in Paris now, but a crumbling old cross in one portion of it reminds one that it was not always so. The cross marks the spot where a celebrated troubadour was waylaid and murdered in the fourteenth century. It was in this park that the fellow with the unpronounceable name made the attempt on the Russian Czar's life with a pistol. The bullet struck a tree. Now, in America that interesting tree would be chopped down and forgotten within five years, but it will be treasured here. The guides will point it out to visitors for the next 800 years, and when it decays and falls down they will put up another there and go on with the old story just the same."—*Mark Twain*, "*The Innocents Abroad.*"

"The Bois de Boulogne is still Paris; the Paris of fêtes and promenades, the Paris of green trees and country pleasures, the Paris of duels and amours. In the morning, a duel and breakfast; at two o'clock, a stroll and ennui; in the evening, dinner and intrigue. There are people who live in Paris, have their houses and pay taxes in Paris, whose whole existence is passed in the Bois de Boulogne."—*Amédée Gratiot.*

"You who have seen the Bois de Boulogne in its days of

[1] Zola, *La Curée.*

splendor, with its alleys thronged by brilliant horsemen and sumptuous equipages that seem to glide beneath domes of verdure; you who have followed these heroes of fashion, with their elegant yet simple dress, and their noble, easy and graceful bearing, retrace for us with bright colors, that youth devoted solely to luxury and pleasure, which shows itself wherever vanity can exhibit her pomp, or idleness can display her ennui.

"Grace, folly, wit, and debt are still the heritage of the young Frenchmen of our days. The nineteenth century need not blush before its ancestors; there is always the same amiable frivolity of character, the same ease of manner, the same love of luxury and adornment of which our predecessors were accused. I recognize the worthy sons of the men, who, according to the saying of a great king, "wore on their backs their farms and their timber trees.'"—*Balzac*, "*Esquisses parisiennes.*"

Entering the Bois by the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, the *Route de Suresnes* soon leads us to the *Lac Supérieur.* On the further side of the lake, between it and the Pré Catelan, is the *Parc aux Daims.* Beyond the *Lac Supérieur* is the *Butte Mortemart*, a hillock whence there are views towards the heights of Issy, Meudon, Bellevue, St. Cloud, Suresnes, and Mont Valérien. Between this and the Porte d'Auteuil is the *Champ de Courses* for steeple-chases. On the further side of the Bois, reached most quickly by taking the direct road from the *Carrefour des Cascades* between the two lakes, is the plain of *Longchamp*, divided into a *Hippodrome* and *Champ d'Entraînement*, between which are to be seen some small remains of the *Abbaye de Longchamp*, founded (1256) by St. Isabelle of France, sister of St. Louis, who passed the rest of her life and was buried (1269) within its walls. The sanctity acquired by the abbey from the miracles wrought at her tomb called many princesses to take the veil there, and Philippe le Long died (in 1321) whilst he was the guest of the convent, of which his daughter, Blanche de France, was the abbess. In the XVI. c., however, Longchamp began to

lose its saintly reputation. Henri IV. made love to one of its nuns, Catherine de Verdun, and in 1652 St. Vincent de Paul complained bitterly to Cardinal Mazarin of the irregularities of the convent and the luxury of its sisters, ill befitting those who bore the name of "Sœurs mineures encloses de l'Humilité Notre Dame." After this, Longchamp fell into disrepute, and the tomb of Isabelle was deserted, till the nuns reconquered their popularity by the splendor of their musical services, in which they were greatly aided by the famous opera-singer, Mlle Le Maure, who took the veil in the convent in 1727. From that time till the Revolution all the most distinguished persons in Paris frequented the church, and the "promenade de Longchamp" became an established fashion.

The *Hippodrome of Longchamp* is the principal race-course in the neighborhood of Paris. The Grand Prix of 100,000 fr. is contended for in the beginning of June, and answers to the English "Derby."

Near the *Carrefour de Longchamp* are the *Grande Cascade* and the *Mare de Longchamp*, fed by a stream from the *Mare aux Biches*. From the Carrefour, the *Route de la Longue Queue* leads to the Porte de Madrid by the *Château de Bagatelle*, occupying the site of a villa of Mlle de Charolais (daughter of Louis, Prince de Condé), whose fancy for being painted as a monk drew forth the lines of Voltaire—

"Frère Ange de Charolais,
Dis-nous par quel aventure
Le cordon de Saint François
Sert à Vénus de ceinture."

Bagatelle afterwards became the property of the Comte d'Artois, brother of Louis XVI., who laid a wager with Marie Antoniette that he would build a château there in the space of a month, and won it, inscribing "Parva sed

apta" over the entrance. Sold at the Revolution, Bagatelle was afterwards restored to the Duc d'Artois, who gave it to the Duc de Berry, who often resided there. It now belongs to Sir Richard Wallace.

Crossing the Allée de Longchamp, by the café-restaurant called Pré Catelan, we may reach the *Croix Catelan*—a stone pyramid replacing a cross raised by Philippe le Bel to Arnauld de Catelan, a troubadour from Provence, murdered, with his servant, by the military escort which the king had given him, because they fancied that the chest of liqueurs which he was taking to the king was full of jewels: the murderers were burnt alive.

Towards the north end of the Bois is the restaurant of *Madrid*, occupying the site of the villa which François I. built on the model of that in which he lived as the captive of Charles V. Its rich decorations of plaques of Palissy-ware, gave it the name of Château de Faïence.

"Madrid was built by Francis I., and called by that name to absolve him of his oath that he would not go from Madrid, in which he was prisoner in Spayne, but from whence he made his escape."—*John Evelyn*, 1644.

Here François I. was greatly tempted to retaliate for his own captivity by imprisoning Charles V. during his visit to France in 1539.

"Triboulet, le bouffon de François I^er^, avait inscrit le nom de Charles V. sur son *Journal des fous*, où il se plaisait à inscrire toutes les personnes qui commettaient quelque action imprudente, irréfléchie ou dangereuse. Un jour que ce jovial personnage, dans le langage approprié à sa profession, parlait à son maître de l'empereur, 'Sire,' disait-il, 'votre majesté a fait bâtir le château de Madrid près du village de Boulogne; pourquoi ne prierait-elle pas messire Charles d'y prendre un logement? . . . Madrid pour Madrid, la différence ne serait que dans le fossé qui entoure le château.' 'Et si je laisse passer l'empereur,' répondit le roi, en riant, 'que feras-tu?' 'Ce que je ferai, sire? Tenez,

voilà le nom de Charles-quint sur mon journal des fous : eh bien, je l'effacerai, et mettrai le vôtre à sa place.' "—*Touchard-Lafosse, "Hist. de Paris."*

It was at Madrid that François I. first caused ladies to become a necessary part of his Court, because "une cour sans femmes est une année sans printemps, et un printemps sans roses." Henri II. and Diane de Poitiers frequently resided at Madrid. Charles IX. was here with Mlle de Rouet, daughter of Louis de la Baraudière, and Henri III. collected a menagerie here, and settled the château Madrid upon his sister Marguerite, first wife of Henri IV., who spent much of her last years there, after her divorce. Louis XVI. ordered the demolition of the château. Its loss is more to be regretted than that of any building of its period, for it was as elegant as it was palatial.

To the left lies the *Jardin d'Acclimatation* (with entrances near the Porte de Sablons and Porte de Neuilly: admission, week-days 1 fr., Sundays 50 c.), pleasant zoological gardens, crowded on fine Sundays, when elephants and camels laden with people stalk about the drives, and children are driven in llama and even in ostrich carts. The collection of dogs is a remarkable one.

Re-entering Paris by the Arc de Triomphe, the Rue de l'Oratoire (on the left in descending the Champs Elysées) leads to the *Parc Monceaux*, a pretty public garden, originally planted from plans of Carmontel for Philippe d'Orléans (father of Louis Philippe) on a site once occupied by the village of Monceaux. The enormous sums which the duke spent here gave the place the name of "folies de Chartres."

> "J'en atteste, O Monceaux, tes jardins toujours verts ;
> Là, des arbres absents les tiges imitées,
> Les magiques berceaux, les grottes enchantées,
> Tout vous charme à la fois."—*Delille.*

Confiscated at the Revolution, Monceaux was given back to the Orleans family by Louis XVIII., and was in their possession till the decrees of 1852. It is now one of the prettiest gardens in Paris, and is surrounded by handsome houses. The artificial pool called *La Naumachie* is backed by a colonnade said to be part of that erected by Catherine de Medicis on the north of the church of St. Denis, to receive her own tomb and that of Henri II.

The *Boulevard de Monceaux* passes over the site of the cemetery where the saintly Madame Elizabeth was buried in an unmarked grave, with all the aristocratic victims of the Revolution who perished with her.

All the streets in this district are featureless and ugly. In the *Boulevard Malesherbes* (a little south) is the great *Church of St. Augustin*, built 1860-68—a climax of vulgarity and bad taste, in which the use of cast iron has its horrible apotheosis.

Almost all the houses in this, as indeed in most parts of Paris, are let in apartments, all depending upon the same all-important individual, the concierge, or porter at the entrance, upon whose character much of the comfort of the inmates depends; he may be either a self-important and arrogant tyrant, or a long-suffering friend—the civilest person in the world, who will say, "Je serai toujours aux ordres de monsieur, à minuit, comme à midi."

"A Paris, chaque maison est une petite ville; chaque étage, un quartier. Toutes les classes de la société s'y résument à la fois.

"Le portier de Paris est l'être important d'une maison. C'est le ministre du propriétaire; l'intermédiare entre ceux qui paient et celui qui reçoit. Il écoute les plaintes, et les transmet. Il est chargé aussi quelquefois, et par circonstances extraordinaires, d'être le juge de paix de la maison."—*Jacques Raphael.*

Returning to the *Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré*, and

turning eastwards, we pass, on the left, the doric *Church of St. Philippe du Roule*, erected (1769–84) from plans of Chalgrin. At the corner of the Place Beauveau (right) is the *Palais du l'Elysée Napoléon*, built (1718) by Molet for the Comte d'Evreux. It was inhabited by Mme de Pompadour till her death, and afterwards by her brother the Marquis de Marigny, from whom Louis XV. bought it as a residence for Ambassadors Extraordinary. After this it was the residence of the Duchesse de Bourbon-Condé, till her emigration in 1790. Confiscated in the Revolution, it was sold in 1803 to Murat, who lived in it (as governor of Paris in the beginning of the Empire) till he left France for Naples in 1808. The Elysée was a favorite residence with Napoleon I., who slept there during his last stay in Paris after the battle of Waterloo, and signed his abdication there. In 1814–1815 it was inhabited by the Duke of Wellington and the Emperor of Russia. Then, at the Restoration, this palace, of many changes, passed into the hands of the Duc de Berry, who inhabited it, under the name of Palais Elysée Bourbon, till his murder (February 13, 1820). For a short time the residence of the Duc de Bourdeaux, it was again confiscated, and was chosen as a residence by Prince Louis Napoleon from the time of his proclamation as President of the Republic (December 20, 1849), continuing to be his dwelling till he moved to the Tuileries, after the proclamation of the Second Empire. In the Salle du Conseil of the Elysée he prepared the Coup d'Etat of December 2, 1851.

Behind the palace is the garden where Napoleon I. was walking with his brother Lucien after his return from Waterloo, when—

"The avenue of Marigny was filled with a numerous crowd, attracted by the fatal news of the disaster of Waterloo. The wall

which separated the garden of the Elysée from the avenue was much lower than to-day, and the crowd were separated from Napoleon by a barrier that amounted to almost nothing. On seeing him it burst into frenzied cries of '*Vive l'Empereur!*' Many men approached the garden wall, and extended their hands to him, asking to be led against the enemy. Napoleon waved a salute, gave them a sad and affectionate look, and then having signed to them to be calm, continued his walk with Lucien."—*Thiers*, "*L'Empire.*"

To the east of the Elysée stood the (now destroyed) Hôtel Sebastiani, which, in 1847, was the scene of the terrific murder of the Duchesse de Praslin by her husband.

The *Hôtel Fould* is build in brick and stone, in the style of Louis XIII. The neighboring *Hôtel Furtado* is handsome. The *Hôtel de Marbœuf* is XVIII. c. No. 39 Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré is the *Hôtel Charost*, now the *British Embassy*. It was formerly the residence of Pauline Bonaparte, Princesse Borghese, who here gave herself those airs of self-assertion which caused her brother the emperor to say, "Ces coquines-là croient que je les ai privé du bien du feu roi notre père." Much furniture still remains of her time, and the bed which once belonged to the prettiest woman of France is now occupied by the British ambassador. The garden of this and other stately mansions which line the Champs Elysées embalm the air in spring with the scent of their lilacs.

"Ces premièrs pousses de lilas, fête printanière qui n'est savourée dans toute son étendue qu'à Paris, où, durant six mois, les Parisiens ont vécu dans l'oubli de la végétation, entre les falaises de pierre où s'agite leur océan humain."—*Balzac*, "*La Cousine Bette.*"

On the left the Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré turns north, containing (right) the *Chapelle Expiatoire* erected on the site of the cemetery (belonging to the Madeleine) where Louis XVI. and Marie Antoniette were buried in 1793.

"On the 20th of January, 1793, the executive power charged M. Pécavez, curé of the parish of the Madeleine, to see to the execution of their orders respecting the obsequies of Louis XVI. M. Pécavez, not feeling himself possessed of the courage necessary to discharge such a painful and sad duty, feigned illness, and employed me as his first assistant to take his place, and to watch, on my own responsibility, over the strict execution of the orders given by the executive power.

"When we arrived at the cemetery I enjoined the strictest silence. The body of his Majesty was delivered to us; he was dressed in a vest of white piqué, gray silk breeches and stockings to match. We sang vespers, and recited all the prayers customary at the service for the dead, and, I must speak the truth, all this same populace which had just been rending the air with its shouts, listened with the most religious silence to the prayers offered for the repose of the soul of his Majesty."—*Déposition de M. Renard, le* 20 *Janvier*, 1815, *devant le chevalier d'Ambray, chancelier de France.*

"On the evening of the 16th October, a man, having finished his day's work, wrote out this, which the hands of history cannot touch without a shudder:

"'Memorandum of expenses and interments, by Joly, gravedigger of the Madeleine de la Ville l'Evêque, for the persons put to death by the judgment of the said tribunal:

"'That is to say

1st month . . .
25th ditto.
The Widow Capet. For the bier, 6 livres.
For the grave and the diggers, 25.'"

Goncourt, "Hist. de Marie Antoinette."

The ground was afterwards bought by a M. Descloseaux, who planted it as an orchard, to preserve the royal graves from insult during the Revolution. At the Restoration, the orchard was purchased by the royal family, and the royal remains transported with great pomp to St. Denis. The remains of the other victims of the Revolution, including the Swiss guard buried here, were collected into two large graves, and, at the instigation of Chateaubriand, the Chapelle Expiatoire was built by Louis XVIII.

It contains statues of the king and queen, his will being inscribed on the pedestal of that of Louis, and portions of her last touching letter to Madame Elizabeth on that of Marie Antoinette. A group by François Joseph Bosio (1769–1845), one of the best of the modern classic French sculptors, represents Louis XVI. sustained by an angel; and a group by Jean Pierre Cortot (1787–1843) represents Marie Antoinette supported by Religion. Though well-conceived, neither is successful.

The Rue de la Madeleine will now lead us to the great *Church of the Madeleine*—resembling a magnificent pagan temple—which has frequently changed its destination. It was begun (1764) under Louis XV. as a church, from designs of Constant d'Ivry, whose plans were thrown aside by his successor Couture (1777). The work was stopped by the Revolution, and taken up again in consequence of a decree issued from Posen in 1806 by Napoleon I., who ordered Pierre Vignon to finish the building as a Greek Temple of Victory—"le temple de la Gloire," in honor of the soldiers of the Grand Army. But the Restoration changed everything, and the building was given back to its first destination, though the plan was unaltered, and the church was finished under Louis Philippe in 1832.

"An imitation of the Parthenon, grand and beautiful, whatever may be said, but spoiled by the infamous coffee-house sculptures that dishonor the lateral friezes."—*Balzac.*

"That noble type is realized again
In perfect forms and dedicate—to whom?
To a poor Syrian girl of lowest name—
A hapless creature, pitiful and frail
As ever wore her life in sin and shame!"

R. M. Milnes.

"Glorious and gorgeous is the Madeleine. The entrance to the nave is beneath a most stately arch; and three arches of equal

height open from the nave to the side aisles; and at the end of the nave is another great arch, rising, with a vaulted half-dome, over the high-altar. The pillars supporting these arches are corinthian, with richly sculptured capitals: and wherever gilding might adorn the church, it is lavished like sunshine; and within the sweeps of the arches there are fresco paintings of sacred subjects, and a beautiful picture covers the hollow of the vault over the altar: all this, besides much sculpture, and especially a group above and around the high-altar, representing the Magdalen, smiling down upon angels and archangels, some of whom are kneeling, and shadowing themselves with their heavy marble wings."—*Hawthorne*, "*Note-Books.*"

The interior (only open to visitors after 1, when the morning services are over) contains, under the first pillar—

R. Monument to the Curé Deguerry, murdered at La Roquette by the Communists, May 24, 1871—"mort pour la foi et la justice." He is buried in the crypt.

High-altar. Marochetti: Assumption of the Magdalen.

Behind the Madeleine, a very pretty and popular *flower-market* is held on Tuesdays and Fridays.

It was in the *Rue Royale*, which leads from the Madeleine to the Place de la Concorde, that 132 lives were lost in the terrible accident which took place during the festivities upon the marriage of the Dauphin and Marie Antoinette, May 30, 1774.

Here the barricade erected by the Communists in May, 1871, offered a serious obstacle to the troops which entered Paris from Versailles on the 21st, and was only taken after great slaughter.

Behind the Madeleine, in the *Rue Tronchet*, is the magnificent modern *Hôtel Pourtalès*, by Duban.

CHAPTER X.

INDUSTRIOUS MODERN PARIS.

The Boulevards. The quarters of Montmartre, La Villette, and Belleville. The Bourse. The Bibliothèque Nationale. The Place des Victoires, Bank, and Palais Royal.

WE now enter the Boulevards, which have only really existed since the Revolution. Paris now possesses an endless number of Boulevards, but when *the Boulevard* is spoken of, it means the Boulevard from the Madeleine to the site of the Bastille, in its different and varied divisions.

"Oxford Street gives one aspect of London, Regent Street another, the Strand another; but the Boulevards, running directly through Paris, display the character of the town in all its districts, and the character of its inhabitants in all their classes."—*Henry Lytton Bulwer.*

The paved walks at the sides of the Boulevard are lined with trees, between which, at intervals, are *kiosques*.

Following the *Boulevard de la Madeleine*, and the *Boulevarde des Capucines*, we reach, facing the entrance to the Rue de la Paix, the magnificent *Opéra*, built from designs of Charles Garnier (1861–1875), and adorned with busts of great composers and musicians. The marble staircase is magnificent. (It can be visited on Sundays from 12 to 2.) Four great balls are given at the Opera House during the

Carnival. (Entrance: gentlemen, 20 frs., ladies, 10 frs.) The first opera house in Paris was opened in 1671; but the first opera was the tragedy of *Orphée*, by Jodelle, acted with dancing and singing on the marriage of François II. and Mary Stuart.[1] The next opera we hear of is *Le Ballet comique de la Royne*, given on the occasion of the marriage of the Duc de Joyeuse, favorite of Henri III. The establishment of the opera in France was due, strangely enough, to the persistent efforts of a cardinal—Mazarin.

"C'est à deux cardinaux (Richelieu et Mazarin) que la tragédie et l'opéra doivent leur établissement en France."—*Voltaire.*

Women first appeared as dancers in a ballet in 1681. Before that time their places were filled by men disguised.

"Il faut se rendre à ce palais magique,
Où les beaux vers, la danse, la musique,
L'art de charmer les yeux par les couleurs,
L'art plus heureux de séduire les cœurs,
De cent plaisirs font un plaisir unique."—*Voltaire.*

On the east of the Opéra, the *Rue Chaussée d'Antin* (formerly Chemin de l'Hôtel Dieu, because it was on land belonging to the hospital) leads to the large mongrel *Church of La Trinité*, whence the steep Rue de Clichy ascends to the suburb of *Batignolles*. All this part of Paris is indescribably ugly and featureless.

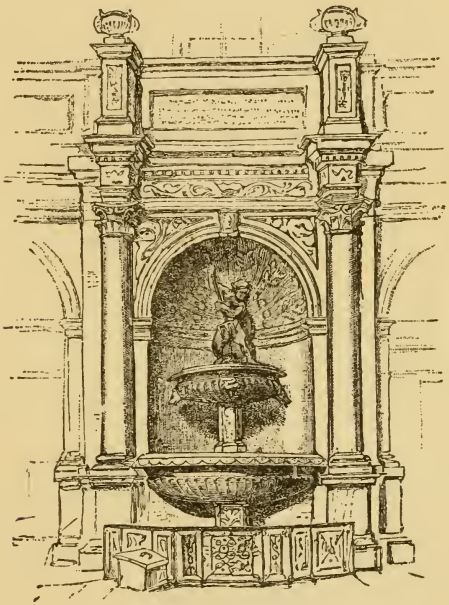
On the right, at the entrance of *Rue Louis le Grand* (No. 30), on the south of the boulevard, is the quaint and picturesque *Pavillon d'Hanovre*, built by Chevotet for the marshal-duke, with money accumulated in the Hanoverian war, and long regarded and looked upon as a model of such small houses in the XVIII. c.

"The reaction of 1795 led to the 'Ball of the Victims' at the pavilion of Hanover. They were balls to which no one was ad-

[1] See Brantôme and *Les Chroniques de l'Opéra.*

mitted but by proving connection with one of the countless families decimated by the Terror, and, difficult as it is to believe without having seen it, the toilets of the women recalled somewhat the bloody apparatus of the scaffold."—*Nodier, Regnier, and Champin, "Paris historique."*

No. 33 Rue Louis le Grand was built by the Maréchal de Richelieu in 1760. No. 9 has two fountains, brought



FONTAINE GAILLON.

from the house of M. d'Etoiles in the Rue du Sentier, and an admirable balustrade from the Hôtel de Boulainvilliers, in the Rue Notre Dame des Victoires. The painter Rigaud lived and worked at the corner of the Rue Louis le Grand and the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs.

The *Rue de la Michodière* (called after a Prévôt des

Marchands in 1777) leads to the *Carrefour Gaillon*, with an admirable fountain erected (1828) from designs of Visconti. The *Rue des Moulins*, which opens just beyond on the left, contains the house (No. 14) of the well-known Abbé de l'Epée (Charles Michel de l'Epée, 1712–89), the friend of the deaf and dumb. The poet Piron lived and died in this street.

The *Boulevard des Italiens*, the gayest street in modern Paris, leads eastwards.

"Sur le boulevard passent des Anglaises longues et anguleuses, des Havanas jaunes, des Espagnols basanés, des Italiennes au teint mat, des Valaques rose-thé, des Allemandes sentimentales mais dodues, des Russes élégantes mais déhanchées. Le marchant de puros de la *Vuelta* de Abayo, aux bijoux massifs et au chapeau à large bord, coudoie le Hongrois en bottes à la Souvarow, et l'ingénieur de New-York, à la longue barbiche, passe-affairé, cachant sous son vêtement un revolver et un projet de canon monstre."—*C. Yriarte.*

This Boulevard is almost exclusively lined by hotels and cafés, the most celebrated being (left), No. 16, Café Riche, and No. 20, Maison Dorée. Lines of men are always seated in front of them in fine weather.

"The persons who are there, every day, seated on chairs, surrendering themselves to the pleasure of analyzing the passers-by, with that smile, peculiar to the Parisians, and which expresses so much of irony, mockery or compassion."—*Balzac*, "*Le Cousin Pons.*"

"At seven in the morning, not a footstep sounds on the flags, not a carriage rolls over the street. The Boulevard awakens about half-past eight, with the noise of some cabs, beneath the heavy tread of some porters with their loads, to the cries of some workmen in blouses going to their shops. Not a single venetian blind moves ; the stores are as tight shut up as oysters. This is a sight, unknown to many Parisians, who believe the Boulevard is always in full dress, just as they believe, with their favorite critic, that lobsters are always red. At nine, the Boulevard washes its feet all along the line, the shops open their eyes and display

inside a frightful disorder. Some minutes afterwards, it is as busy as a grisette, and some second-class intriguers mark its footwalks. About eleven, there are cabs hurrying after lawsuits or payments, attorneys and notaries, carrying bankruptcies in bud, junior share-brokers, compromises, intrigues with pensive faces, successes with buttoned-up overcoats, tailors, shirtmakers, the whole early business world of Paris. The Boulevard is hungry towards noon, it has breakfast ; the Stock Exchange men arrive. Then, from two to five o'clock, its life attains its *apogée*, and gives its great performance *gratis*. Its three thousand shops glitter, and the great poem of window-dressing sings its song of a thousand colors, from the Madeleine to the Porte St. Denis. Passengers, who are artists without knowing it, play for you the part of the chorus in ancient tragedy ; they laugh, make love, shed tears, smile and think deeply. They come like shadows or will-o'-the-wisps. . . . One cannot do two boulevards without meeting a friend or an enemy, an original who causes a smile or a thought, a pauper who begs a penny, a dramatist looking for a subject—all in want, but one richer than the other. Here you observe the comedy of dress. So many men, so many different dresses ; so many dresses, so many characters. In fine days, the women show themselves, but not in full toilets. Full toilets today go to the avenue of the Champs Elysées, or the Bois. Respectable women who walk on the Boulevard have only their whims to gratify or amuse themselves by shopping ; they pass quickly and recognize no one."—*Balzac*, " *Esquisses parisiennes*."

On the right the *Rue de Grammont* is pierced across the site of the magnificent Hôtel Crozat, which had beautiful gardens and terraces.[1]

On the left opens the *Rue Laffitte*, named from the great banker, who laid the foundation of his fortune by attracting the attention of his master through his carefulness in picking up a pin. At the end of this street is the *Church of Notre Dame de Lorette*, built (1823–36) from designs of Le Bas. The interior is very richly decorated by modern French artists, especially Orsel, Perrin, and Roger.

[1] Germain Brice, *Description de Paris*, i. 378.

"Notre Dame de Lorette a la réputation d'être la plus riche et en même temps la plus coquette église de Paris ; on a dit d'elle que c'était un *boudoir religieux*. Mais cette petite église ne mériterait pas une mention à part, si elle ne devait au luxe de ses décorations intérieures une espèce de réputation, et si ce lieu qui devait être si saint, n'avait été et n'était encore une cause de scandale pour bien des âmes pieuses."—*Le Bas.*

The church occupies the site of the Marché aux Pourceaux, where Jeanne de l'Epine was burnt alive in 1430 for personating Jeanne Darc.

"This spot was the Marché aux Pourceaux. Here, in the name of those princes who, among other monetary tricks, invented the *tournois noir*, who, in the fourteenth century, found the means, in the space of fifty years, of making bankrupt the public treasury seven times in succession, a royal phenomenon renewed under Louis XV. ; in the name of Philip I., who declared bits of brass were money ; in the name of Louis VI. and Louis VII., who constrained all Frenchmen, except the townsfolk of Compiègne, to take sous for livres ; in the name of Philippe le Bel, who made gold angevins of doubtful value, called 'long-wooled sheep' and 'short-wooled sheep ;' in the name of Philip of Valois, who debased the Georges florin ; in the name of King John, who raised leather disks with a silver stud in the middle to the dignity of gold ducats ; in the name of Charles VII., the gilder and plaiter of farthings, which he styled *saluts d'or* and *blancs d'argents ;* in the name of Louis XI., who decreed that a penny should be worth three ; in the name of Henry II., who made Gold Henrys of lead ; here, for five centuries, coiners of false money were boiled alive in an iron boiler."—*Victor Hugo.*

In the *Rue de Châteaudun*, which passes in front of the church, is *Notre Dame des Blancs Manteaux*, named from monks who called themselves "serfs de la Sainte Vierge." The convent is now appropriated to the *Mont-de-piété.*

The *Rue Notre Dame de Lorette* leads from the Church of Lorette to the new quarter known as La Nouvelle Athènes. In the *Place St. Georges*, decorated with a fountain, No. 37 was the residence of M. Thiers, destroyed

during the Commune, and rebuilt at the expense of the State.

Hence the *Rue Fontaine* leads to the *Boulevard de Clichy*, close to which is the *Cimetière Montmartre*, formerly called "Le Champ de Repos." This is less hideous than Père Lachaise, and, though it has the same characteristics of heavy masses of stone, or little chapels piled upon the dead and hung with wreaths of beads, they are more divided by trees. At the end of the short main avenue, on the left, is a bronze statue of Godefroy Cavaignac, by François Rude (1785–1855), marking the tomb of the Cavaignac family, of whom the most illustrious member was Eugène, head of the executive power in 1848.

"The body is represented in rude reality, the head with its wild, rough hair thrown stiffly back, the arms and hands extended, the neck, breast, and shoulders bare. The rest of the body is covered by the grave-cloth, in large well arranged masses. The execution, as is always the case in Rude's works, is very able."—*Lübke.*

Amongst other remarkable tombs, behind the crossways, are those of General Bazaine and the Comte de Ségur d'Aguesseau. Near these, on the edge of the Avenue du Buisson, are the tombs of Ponson du Terrail and Henry Boyle (Stendhal).

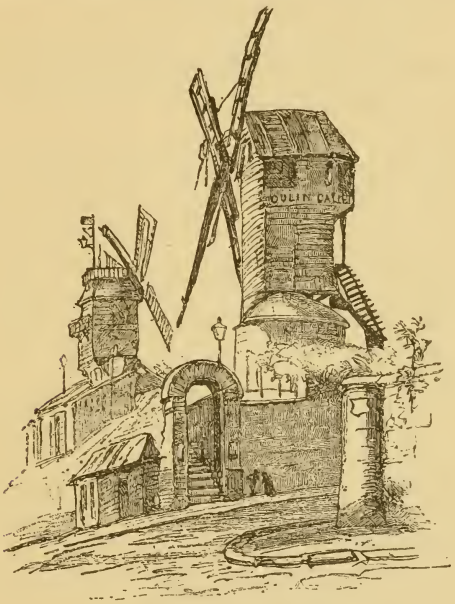
To the left of the crossways, a long avenue leads to the tombs of Caussidière, General Travot, De Bougainville, and Mme de Girardin. Returning from these tombs, and taking the first avenue on the left, we reach, on a terrace, an obelisk to the memory of the Duchesse de Montmorency (1829). Near this is the monument of Prince Ernest of Saxe-Coburg (1832). The Avenue de Montmorency leads to that of Montebello, where a statue by Franceschi marks the tomb of Micislas Kamienski

(killed in the service of France at Magenta), of Paul Delaroche, and of Marshal Lannes (only his heart being here, his body at the Pantheon). To the east of this avenue is the *Jewish Cemetery*, with its own walls, to the south of which, in the Avenue Cordier, are the tombs of Henri Murger (1861) and Théophile Gautier (1873). On the side of the Avenue de la Cloche are the tombs of Armand Marrast, president of the National Assembly (1852), of Heinrich Heine (1856), of Greuze, and of Carl Vernet. In another part of the cemetery a medallion by David d'Angers marks the tomb of the Duchesse d'Abrantès, wife of Marshal Junot (1838).

The name of Montmartre is usually derived from Mons Martyrum, because St. Denis, Bishop of Paris in the III. c., and his companions, Rusticus and Eleutherius, were beheaded at the foot of the hill, and "afterwards the body of Dionysius rose upon its feet, and taking up its head in its hands, walked up the hill, angels singing hymns by the way," to the spot where St. Geneviève raised a church to their honor. Hence, in the reign of Dagobert, the relics of St. Denis were removed to the abbey of St. Denis. The Chapelle des Martyrs at Montmartre, visible in the XVII. c., has now disappeared. It was interesting as the place where Ignatius Loyola pronounced his first vows with nine of his companions (August 15, 1534). Every army which has attacked Paris has in turn occupied the heights of Montmartre. They were abandoned by Joseph Bonaparte and occupied by Blucher in 1814. It was there that the Communist insurrection of 1871 was begun.

From the Boulevard Rochechouart, the Rue Lepic leads up to the *Butte Montmartre*, with the remaining *Mills of Montmartre*—weather-worn, blackened, and picturesque. An obelisk near the *Moulin Debray* marks the

boundaries of Paris. From the terrace of the *Rue Lamarck* there is a splendid view over the town. A waste of grey houses reaches almost to the horizon, only those nearest catch a few red and yellow tones, and are very scantily interspersed with green. For a panorama so vast it wants central points of interest, such as St. Paul's and



MILLS OF MONTMARTRE.

Westminster supply to views of London—the Pantheon, St. Sulpice, and the Invalides, the most prominent objects here, are not large enough. Still, it is a very remarkable view, and one which no visitor to Paris should miss seeing.[1] It is difficult to believe that, as late as the time of

[1] It is easily reached by omnibus from the Bourse to the Place Pigalle, below the hill.

Henri II., there were so few buildings between the Louvre and Montmartre, that when a fire broke out (1559) in the dormitory of the abbey at the top of the hill, the king, walking in the gallery of the palace, was one of the first to perceive it and send assistance. Now, every house in Montmartre might be burnt without any one in the Louvre being the wiser.

A great church—the *Eglise du Sacré Cœur*, from designs of Abadie—is in progress on the highest summit of Montmartre, where temples of Mars and Mercury are supposed to have stood.

The famous quarries of Montmartre (whence the gypsum called plaster of Paris was derived), now closed, are on the north-west of the hill. On the south and east of the hill are several dancing-gardens: that of the *Château Rouge* has a house which a local legend affirms to have been built by Henri IV. for Gabrielle d'Estrées. Its name comes from the red bricks with which it is partially constructed.

The *Church of St. Pierre de Montmartre* (in the Rue St. Denis à Montmartre) was built in the XII. c. by Louis VI. (le Gros) and his queen, Alix of Savoy, and consecrated by Pope Eugenius III. in the presence of St. Bernard and Peter the Venerable. The church, in which Queen Alix and many abbesses were buried, now completely modernized, served as a chapel to the Benedictine convent, also founded by Louis VI., and rebuilt by Louis XIV. The Calvary of the later convent remains in the garden, with a Holy Sepulchre, containing a much revered figure of *Christ au tombeau;* a good XII. c. tomb of an abbess, with her engraved effigy; and the *chœur aux dames*, reserved for the nuns. The tomb of Queen Alix perished in the Revolution. This convent was royal, *i. e.*, its abbesses

were appointed by the king, not elected by the nuns. Marie de Beauvilliers, the nun carried off by Henri IV., described in the *Amour Philosophe*—

> . . . . "Son habit blanc.
> Son scapulaire,—et le rang
> Qu'elle tient dans son cloître"—

was afterwards appointed abbess by the king and devoted her latter days to the reformation of the abbey.

The abbess and the nuns of Montmartre were amongst the most commiserated victims of the Reign of Terror.

"Carts carried to execution all the nuns of the Abbey of Montmartre. The abbess was Mme de Montmorency. These poor women of all ages, from tender youth to white hairs, placed as children in convents, had no crime except the will of their parents and fidelity to their vows. Grouped around their abbess, they intoned with their feminine voices the sacred chants as they mounted the carts, and sang them in chorus to the scaffold. As the Girondins sang their own death-hymn, so these women sang, to the last voice, the hymn of their martyrdom. These voices troubled, like remorse, the hearts of the people. Childhood, beauty, piety, slain all at once, compelled the multitude to turn aside their eyes."—*Lamartine*, "*Hist. des Girondins.*"

In the Rue des Rosiers, now merged into the *Rue de la Fontenelle*, in a private house, the first two victims of the Commune—Generals Lecomte and Clément-Thomas, were brutally murdered, March 18, 1871. A monument in Père Lachaise has been erected to their memory by the city of Paris.

"General Lecomte was killed at once; then they fired at his corpse. As for Clément Thomas, it was a piteous sight; he walked backwards, holding his hat in his left hand and sheltering his face by his right arm; the blood flowed down his breast; at times he dropped his arm and cried to his murderers, 'Cowards, blackguards, scoundrels, you murder the Republic for which I have suffered so much!' At last he fell, and they con-

tinued to fire at him ; he received more than a hundred shots ; even the soles of his feet were pierced."—*Maxime Ducamp.*

Returning to the Boulevard des Italiens we find, opening on the left, the *Rue le Peletier*, famous for the attempt of Orsini to murder Napoleon III., January 14, 1858.

At the end of the Boulevard des Italiens the *Rue Drouot* runs north. Here the Mairie of the IX^e^ Arrondissement occupies the old *Hôtel Aguado.* On the left is the *Hôtel des Ventes Mobilières*, the Christie and Manson's of Paris.

In the Rue Montmartre, which falls into the Boulevard on the right, was the *Cimetière St. Joseph*, where Molière was buried (in 1732), and where, in severe winters, his widow lighted a huge fire upon his grave, that the poor might warm themselves there.

The *Boulevards* called *Montmartre*, *Poissonnière*, and *Bonne Nouvelle* continue the line of the *Boulevard des Italiens.* In the Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière, on the north, is the *Conservatoire de Musique et de Déclamation*, founded (1784) for the training of singers and actors. Those who win its Grand Prix obtain an allowance of 3000 frs. for four years, that they may visit Italy. The interesting *Collection of Musical Instruments* is shown on Mondays and Thursdays from 12 to 4.

The Rue Hauteville now leads north from the Boulevard to the *Place Lafayette* and the *Church of St. Vincent de Paul*, built (1824–44) from designs of Lepère and Hittorf. It is decorated internally with a frieze, by Hippolyte Flandrin, representing a procession of saints towards the Saviour, in imitation of those at St. Apollinare Nuovo at Ravenna. The figures on the stalls (mutilated in 1848, and restored) represent the patron saints of the house of

Orleans. The admirable modern glass is by Maréchal and Guyon.

A little north of St. Vincent is the great railway station of the *Chemin de Fer du Nord*, and a little east that of the *Chemin de Fer de l'Est*. Behind the Gare du Nord, at the end of the Rue St. Vincent de Paul, is the *Hopital Lariboisière*, erected (1849-53) by a bequest from the Comtesse Lariboisière, who is buried in the chapel, with a monument by Marochetti.

On the right of the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre, which leads (left) from the Boulevard, is the *Rue Geoffroy-Marie*, a last reminiscence of the past in this modern district. Its name commemorates Geoffroy, *sueur* [*sutor*] *en cuir*, and his wife Marie, who, having no children, made over a little farm, which they possessed here, to the Hôtel Dieu (August 1, 1260), on condition of being furnished for life with the same humble fare and clothing with which the brethren of the Hôtel Dieu were themselves provided. The property which Geoffroy and Marie then disposed of was sold, in 1840, for 3,075,600 francs!

The name of *Grange Batelière*, on the other side of the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre, was originally Grange-Bataillière, and is supposed to mark a Champ de Mars of the IX. c. The farm which formerly stood here occupied a rising ground in marshy land, commemorated in the *Rue Chante-Raine* (frog's croak). The site was afterwards occupied by a château which was part of the dowry of Catherine de Vendôme, who married Jean de Bourbon, great-great-grandfather of Henri IV.

In the XVIII. c. the *Rue de la Grange-Batelière* became one of the most fashionable in Paris. But its fortunes paled after the death of the Duc de Choiseul in 1785, and the sale of his hotel in the street by the duchess.

On the right of the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, the *Rue Pourtalès* was formerly the Rue Neuve St. Etienne, where (at No. 30) a distich over one of the doors of the interior commemorates the residence of the anchorite historian Rollin.

"1697. I begin to feel and to love more than ever the pleasures of rural life, since I have had a little garden, that takes the place of a country house, and is for me Fleury and Villeneuve. I have no long alleys stretching away till lost to sight, but only two little ones, one of which gives me shade in a neat little nook, and the other, open to the south, gives me sun during a good part of the day, and promises me a good crop of fruit in the season. A little espalier, covered with five apricot trees and ten peach trees, is all my orchard. I have no bee-hives, but have the pleasure of seeing, every day, the bees fluttering over the blossoms of my trees, and clinging to their prey while they enrich themselves with the juice they extract, without doing me any harm. My joy, however, is not free from inquietude, and the love I have for my little espalier and some lilies of the valley makes me dread the cold nights which, without them, I would not."—*Rollin à Le Pelletier.*

In this street Descartes lived, Pascal died, Bernardin de St. Pierre studied, and Mme Roland was brought up in the convent of Augustines (No. 6).

At the entrance of the Rue du Faubourg St. Denis, from the boulevards, is the *Porte St. Denis*, a heavy and hideous Arch of Triumph, built, as a medal attests (1670–72), by Bullet, a pupil of Blondel, to commemorate the earlier German victories of Louis XIV. To erect this arch the ancient XIV. c. Porte St. Denis on the walls of Charles V. was demolished—perhaps the most interesting of the city gates.

"'Nos roys,' dit Dubreul, 'faisant leurs premières entrées dans Paris, entrent par cette porte, qui est ornée d'un riche avant-portail, où se voyent par admiration diverses statues et figures qui sont faictes et dressées exprès, avec plusieurs vers et sentences pour explications d'icelles. . . . C'est aussi par cette porte que les corps des défuncts rois sortent pour être portez en

pompes funèbres à Saint Denys.' The Porte St. Denis of Paris was built in a bold salient before the curtain and formed a veritable castle capable of holding a body of troops. In 1413, the Duke of Burgundy presented himself before Paris, at St. Denis, with the wish, it is said, of speaking to the king; but, as a Journal of a townsman of Paris in the reign of Charles VI. says, 'on lui ferma les portes, et furent murées, comme autreffois avoit esté, avecques ce très grant foison de gens d'armes les gardoient jour et nuyt.'"—*Viollet-le-Duc.*

A little way down the *Rue du Sentier*, which runs south from the boulevard, No. 32 (left) was the house of M. d'Etoiles, the husband of Mme de Pompadour; it has a good balcony towards the court, and a salon adorned with paintings attributed to Fragonard.

Running south-west is the *Rue d'Aboukir*, on the left of which the *Passage du Caire* crosses the site of the convent of the Filles Dieu, founded by St. Louis in 1226, before which all persons condemned to be executed at the gibbet of Montfaucon, stopped on their way to execution, when they were taken to kiss a crucifix which hung on the east wall of the church. Holy water was then given them, with the more material consolation of three pieces of bread and a glass of wine. A similar custom existed at St. Giles's in London, for those about to suffer at Tyburn.

A little south of the Rue d'Aboukir was the most remarkable of the nine courts (in different quarters of Paris) which were called *Cours des Miracles*, because when the beggars who inhabited them reached home they laid aside their acting and returned to their natural condition—the blind seeing, the lame walking, and the paralyzed recovering the use of their limbs.

"The beggars were driven into certain quarters assigned to them, which were carefully closed; the most considerable of these haunts was the *Cour des Miracles*, where these social vermin retired at nightfall. In the morning, when these mendi-

cants, or *truands*, spread over the town, they were lame, blind, crippled, or covered with sores; in the evening, on re-entering their den, they were sound, healthy, and joyous, and passed the night in orgies and debauch. This ingenious knavery gave the name *Cour des Miracles* to this haunt of the beggars."—*Lafosse*, "*Hist. de Paris.*"

The space between the Rue du Faubourg St. Denis, and the Rue de Faubourg St. Martin, is the busiest and most commercial quarter of Paris. In the Rue du Faubourg St. Denis (No. 107) is the *Prison of St. Lazare*, on the site of the Leper Hospital of St. Ladre, which existed in the XII. c., and which (in 1632) was given to St. Vincent de Paul, who made it the centre of his Congrégation des Missions (Lazaristes), though he was still obliged by the archbishop to receive the lepers of the town and suburbs. The cell of St. Vincent is preserved as an oratory. The enclosure of the conventual buildings was so vast as to include both the site of the church of St. Vincent de Paul and that of the Gare du Nord. The prison is now only used for women. In the beginning of the Revolution (July 13, 1789) St. Lazare was invaded and sacked by the people under the idea that it was a depot of arms. It was afterwards crowded with royalist prisoners, and thence many noble victims, including the Comte de Montalembert, passed to the scaffold.

The *Boulevard Sébastopol* now diverges (on the right), and the *Boulevard de Strasbourg* (on the left) leading to the Gare de l'Est. A considerable distance down the latter (on the right), at the entrance of the Boulevard Magenta, is the *Church of St. Laurent*, which belonged to a monastery where St. Domnole was abbot in the VI. c. The older parts of the church (apse and tower) are early XV. c.; the nave and transept, of the end of the XVI. c.; and the main west façade, of 1622. There is some good

stained-glass in the handsome renaissance-gothic inte-

"The choir and apse have kept, better than the nave, some details of gothic ornament. We will mention a niche containing a grand figure of St. John Baptist, of the fifteenth century; some consoles under the gargoyles, such as winged female figures, a monster with a negro's head and lion's claws, &c.; lastly and specially, the carved cornice that crowns the highest part of the walls. In this, amid branches of foliage, a crowd of little creatures, most daintily conceived, are running and climbing. Children, with fools' caps, are making contortions; one is kneeling down, with a piteous expression, to get a birching from a stern old schoolmaster; angels have their bodies terminating in beasts' tails; a hunter, in a quaint costume, is shooting arrows at a species of salamander."—*Guilhermy*, "*Hist. de Paris.*"

There is a line of omnibuses down the Boulevard de Strasbourg (falling into the Faubourg St. Martin and Rue Lafayette) to *La Villette*, where *Le Grand Abattoir* may be seen, between the Canal St. Denis and the Canal de l'Ourcq. It is worth while to ascend to the *Buttes Chaumont*—curious steep hillocks covered with grass, and quarried for gypsum. In the further part of these, one of the most charming pleasure-grounds in Paris has been created —the *Parc des Buttes Chaumont*—with delightful drives and walks winding amongst the hills, and with views which an artist may well paint: on one side, across to the Pantheon and the churches of the southern bank of the Seine; on the other, to where the heights of Montmartre call up a reminiscence of the Acropolis of Athens, as they stand up, crowned with picturesque groups of buildings, against the misty town and faint hills. The Parc des Buttes Chaumont may be reached by the station of La Villette on the Chemin de Fer de Ceinture.

In this district, on an offshoot of the heights of Chaumont, between the Faubourg du Temple and St. Martin,

stood the famous gallows of Montfaucon, the Tyburn of France. In feudal language this place of execution was called a *justice*, more commonly a *fourche patibulaire*.

"It was a pile of masonry raised from 15 to 18 feet above the surface of the soil; on this pile, 42 feet long by about 30 wide, stood 16 pillars of hard stone, each 32 feet high. These pillars supported large beams of wood, from which iron chains were suspended; to these chains the bodies of criminals executed at Paris were attached. Fifty or sixty corpses, dried up, mutilated, rotting, and shaken by the winds, were to be seen. This horrible spectacle did not prevent the Parisians from coming to hold orgies around the gibbet.

"When all the places were occupied, then, in order to attach to the gibbet new corpses, the old ones were taken down and thrown into a pit, the opening of which was in the centre of the pile.

"A large stairway led to this frightful structure; a stout gate forbade admission to the circuit, without doubt from the fear that the bodies might be taken away by relatives to be buried, or by sorcerers, to serve for their magical operations."—*Dulaure*, "*Hist. de Paris*."

"A little on this side Paris, even at the towns end, there is the fayrest gallowes that ever I saw, built upon a small hillocke called Mount Falcon, which consisteth of fourteene fair pillars of free-stone: this gallowes was made in the time of the Guisian massacre, to hang the admiral of France Chatillion, who was a protestant. Anne Dom. 1572."—*Coryat's* "*Crudities*," 1611.

The gallows were really only repaired at the time Coryat speaks of, and were of very early date. Pierre la Brosse was hanged there in the time of Philippe III., for bearing false witness against the Queen, Marie de Brabant. Enguerrand de Marigny, who had himself repaired the gallows, was hanged there under Louis le Hutin (1315), being unjustly accused of treason by one of the courtiers. The long list of those who afterwards suffered here comprises Remy de Montigny, the Provost Henri Taperel, Jourdain de l'Isle, Jean de Montagu, Pierre des Essarts, Olivier le

Daim, Jacques de Sablançay (Minister of Finance, victim of the injustice of François I., and the avarice and falsehood of his mother, Louise de Savoie), and Laurent Garnier; and here the body of Admiral Coligny was exposed.

Returning to the Boulevard St. Denis, at the entrance of the Rue du Faubourg St. Martin, is the heavy *Porte St. Martin*, built (1670–1674) to commemorate the capture of Besançon, upon the site of another gate in the old city-walls of Charles V.

"On one side of the Porte St. Martin, a sculptor, who doubtless loved nature unadorned, has represented Louis XIV. naked, absolutely naked, with floating hair, and a mace in his hand."—*Saint-Foix*, "*Essais hist. sur Paris.*"

In former times duels used to be fought here on the boulevards, in broad daylight, without interference.

"A terrible combat took place beneath the windows of our room, in which Blancrochet and Daubri, the two most famous swordsmen in Paris, were killed after a vigorous resistance. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and everybody looked on without trying to separate them; for at Paris people are allowed to kill each other if they like. . . . M. de Lubière, d'Orange, M. de Roncoulle, and my uncle Cotton, were at the windows while this was going on, and they admired the bravery of one of these swordsmen, who defended himself alone against four of his enemies, one of whom at last gave him a stroke in the back, which made him fall about four feet from the body of his companion."—*Mme de Noyer*, "*Lettres.*"

Continuing the *Boulevard St. Martin* (which contains the *Café Parisien* and the *Théâtre des Folies Dramatiques*), the *Rue du Faubourg du Temple* leads (north-east) to the suburban heights of *Belleville*, where the "Battle of Paris" was fought (March 30, 1814), and gained by the allied sovereigns, who forthwith occupied the capital. The *Church of St. Jean Baptiste* was built (1855–59) from plans of Lassus.

The Rue de Belleville leads to the *Rue Haxo*, where forty-two hostages were murdered (May 26, 1871), including ten priests and many *gardiens* and gendarmes. With the priests was a young seminarist, Paul Seigneret, "un jeune homme de vingt-six ans," says Ducamp, "un être d'une candeur et d'une foi extraordinaire."

"The agony these unhappy men had to support was inconceivable. There was no one in the crowd surrounding them not anxious to strike a blow, utter an insult, or fling a stone. They were dripping with sweat; the soldiers kept a steady front, and, under the shower of filthy projectiles which fell on them, marched as under fire in the best days of their youth. Behind them the priests, in loud tones, exhorted them to die nobly. There was no need. Around them the mob sang, danced, and yelled. . . . The hostages, pressed by the crowd, were driven into a pretty large square, separated by a weak barrier of wood from a large garden where some buildings, interrupted by the war, had been commenced. The Maréchal de logis Geanty was placed against the wall of one of these houses. He stood motionless, his arms crossed, impassable beneath the stones and mud flung at him by the women. He tore open his coat and exposed his breast. An aged priest placed himself before him and received the shot meant for him. The priest fell and Geanty was seen still erect, still displaying his breast. He was struck down. Gun shots and revolver shots were discharged at the unhappy men. Hippolyte Parent erect on a little wooden balcony, smoking a cigar, with his hands in his pockets, was looking on, and looked on to the end. Massacre was not enough; it was turned into sport. The unhappy victims were compelled to leap over the little wall; the gendarmes leaped and the murderers shot them 'flying;' this caused laughter. The last soldier who remained erect was a Garde de Paris, a fine fellow of thirty, who, without doubt, when on duty at the Comédie Française, had seen Ponsard's *Lions amoureux* performed; at least we may suppose so from the manner of his death. He walked slowly to the low wall which he had to cross, turned round, saluted the red turf, and cried, 'Gentlemen, long live the Emperor!' then jerking his cap into the air, he gave a spring and fell back, struck by three balls, on the heap of wounded, who still moved and groaned. The priests were ordered to leap the wall. They refused. One of them said,

'We are ready to confess our faith ; but it does not suit us to die, doing hand-springs.' . . . When the corpses were collected, on Monday, the 29th of May, it was proved that one of the bodies had received sixty-nine gunshot wounds, and that Father de Bengy had been pierced by seventy-two thrusts of bayonets."—*Maxime Ducamp.*

A monument now rises in the street to their memory.

The *Rue Bichat* leads (north) from the Rue du Faubourg du Temple to the *Hôpital St. Louis*, founded by Henri IV. in 1607. The chapel is of that date. In the entrance-court is a statue of Montyon.

It was on the ascent to Belleville that one of the great barricades of 1848 was erected.

"You could see in the distance across the canal, and at the highest point of the ascent to Belleville, a strange wall rising to the second floor and forming a sort of connecting link between the houses on the right and those on the left, as if the street had folded back its highest wall in order to close itself up. This was built of paving-stones ; it was tall, straight, correct, cold, perpendicular, and levelled with the plumb-line and the square ; of course there was no cement, but, as in some Roman walls, this in no way disturbed its rigid architecture. From its height, its depth could be guessed, for the entablature was mathematically parallel to the basement. At regular distances almost invisible loopholes, resembling black threads, could be distinguished in the gray wall. This street was deserted as far as could be seen, and all the windows and doors closed. At its end was this barricade which made the street impassable ; an immovable, quiet wall ; no one was visible there, nothing was heard, not a cry, not a noise, not a breath. A sepulchre !

"The dazzling sun of June flooded with light this terrific thing.

"This was the barricade of the Faubourg du Temple."—*Victor Hugo*, "*Les Misérables.*"

The *Boulevard du Temple* leads (south-east) from the end of the Boulevard St. Martin. No. 42 occupies the site of the house of Fieschi, whence the infernal machine ex-

ploded (July 28, 1835), killing Marshal Mortier and fourteen other persons, and wounding forty.

"Fieschi was a bravo, a *condottière*, nothing more. He had served and mixed up with his crime some sort of military ideas. 'Your deed is very horrible,' said M. Pasquier, 'to shoot down innocent persons who have never wronged you, passers-by!' Fieschi replied coolly, 'It is what soldiers do in ambush.'"—*Victor Hugo*, "*Choses vues*."

The Boulevard is much altered—all its character gone—since we read—

"La seul' prom'nade qu'ait du prix,
La seule dont je suis épris,
La seule, où j'm'en donne, où c'que j'ris,
C'est l'boul'vard du Temple à Paris."—*Désaugiers.*

In the *Place de la République* (formerly the Château d'Eau) is a tasteless bronze *Statue of the Republic*, with representations on its pedestal from scenes in the different revolutions; an animal, meant for a lion, crouches in front.

"Soon the deserting of the boulevards begin; there are no strollers on the wastes of these royal promenades. Ennui lays hold of you, the air of factories is scented in the distance. There is nothing original here. The man out of business walks about in his dressing-gown if he likes, and, on fine days, blind men may be seen playing cards. *In piscem desinit elegantia.* Little palaces of glass or metal work are displayed on tables. The shops are hideous, the goods displayed, sickening. The head is at the Madeleine, the feet at the Boulevard des Filles-du-Calvaire. Life and movement begin again on the Boulevard Beaumarchais, on account of the shops of some dealers in bric-a-brac, and of the population that is gathered around the Column of July. There is a theatre there, which has taken from Beaumarchais nothing but his name."—*Balzac*, "*Esquisses parisiennes.*"

Returning as far as the Boulevard Montmartre, the *Rue Vivienne* diverges on the left.[1] Here is the *Bourse* (the

[1] Formerly Vivien, after Louis, Michel, and Anne Vivien, ancient possessors of the soil.

Exchange, open on week-days from 12 to 3), built (1808–27) from plans of Brongniart—magnificent, yet not undeserving of the description, "grenier à foin, bâtard du Parthénon." "There is nothing concealed except the central hall, which is the one thing that ought to be shown."

"The building is merely a rectangular palace. It is 234 feet in length by 161 in width, measured over the bases of the columns, and these are each 40 feet in height. Two of the stories of windows are shown beneath the colonnade, the third partially concealed by its balustrade at the top; but the existence of the attic prevents the roof having any connection with the peristyle, and, as the proportions of the building approach much more nearly to a square than they ought, the roof is far too heavy and important for the rest of the edifice. Notwithstanding all this, a peristyle of sixty-six well-proportioned corinthian columns (twenty on each flank and fourteen on each front, counting the angle pillars both ways) cannot fail to produce a certain effect; though more might have been produced by a less expenditure of means."—*Fergusson.*

"As for the Bourse, which is Greek by its colonnade, Roman by its arches and doors and windows, Renaissance by its flat vault, it is unquestionably a very correct and pure structure, and the proof is, it is crowned by an attic such as Athens never saw, a fine right line, gracefully cut, here and there, by chimney pots."—*Victor Hugo.*

The annual amount of business transacted on the Bourse is estimated at 2,000,000,000*l.*

We must cross in front of the Bourse to the *Rue de Richelieu* [1]—the magnificent street which the great cardinal pierced to indemnify himself for his expenses in building the Palais Cardinal. Turning south, we find (on the left) the great buildings of the *Bibliothèque Nationale.* The library is open for study from 10 to 4; the collections are only visible to the public on Tuesdays and Fridays from

[1] On the Boulevard, between the entrance to the Rue Vivienne and the Rue de Richelieu, is the shop of Messrs. Goupil, the engravers, of European celebrity.

10.30 to 4. The first national library was that of Charles V. (1373), afterwards sold to the Duke of Bedford and carried to England. Louis XI. brought together at the Louvre all the volumes dispersed throughout the royal residences, and this collection was carried by Louis XII. to Blois, where the library of Pavia was added to it. François I. began a new and magnificent collection at Fontainebleau, and moved that of Blois to his new palace. The library united there was transferred to the convent of the Cordeliers, and in 1666 to the Rue Vivienne. It was enormously increased under Louis XIII., Louis XIV. and Louis XV. At the suppression of convents in the Revolution their precious libraries were added to the national collection, which now possesses above 100,000 MSS. of importance.

The library occupies part of the magnificent hotel of Cardinal Mazarin. The cardinal bought the hotel of President Tubeuf, built by Le Muet, at the corner of the Rue Vivienne, and the Hôtel Chivry, at the corner of the Rue Richelieu. These he united in one splendid palace, in which his private library (confiscated during his exile and afterwards gradually recovered) occupied the great gallery. Here also he formed the magnificent collection of pictures which were the delight of his latter years.

"After a consultation of nine physicians, Gueneau, the cardinal's medical attendant, undertook to warn him of his approaching end. It was thought advisable to exchange the noise and bustle of the Palais Mazarin for the quiet of his château of Vincennes, and the stricken virtuoso determined to take a last farewell of his treasures. With his tall figure, ashy-pale and wasted, enveloped *tout nu* in his fur-lined dressing-gown, he stole into his picture galleries, and the Comte de Brienne, hearing the shuffling sound of his slippers as he dragged his limbs feebly and wearily along, hid himself behind the arras. At each step the cardinal's weakness obliged him to halt, and he murmured, 'I

must leave all this!' He went further on, holding, so as to support himself, first on one object and then on another, and as he looked round at each pause he said again, with a deep sigh, 'I must leave all this.' At length he saw Brienne, and called to him in a very mournful voice, 'Give me your hand: I am very weak, and quite helpless; still I like to walk, and I have something to do in my library.' Leaning on the count's arm, he pointed to his favorite pictures. 'See,' he said, 'this beautiful canvas of Correggio, and this Venus of Titian, and this incomparable Deluge of Caracci. Ah, my poor friend, I must leave all this. Adieu, my dear pictures, which I have loved so well!'"—*Quarterly Review*, *No.* 309.

After the death of the cardinal, his books were taken to the Collège Mazarin, with the wood-carving of his library, and now form the Bibliothèque Mazarine. His palace was divided between his heirs. The Hôtel Tubeuf fell to the Duc de la Meilleraye, the other parts to the Marquis de Mancini, Duc de Nivernais, who gave them the name of Hôtel de Nevers. The Hôtel Tubeuf, bought by Louis XIV., became the seat of the Compagnie des Indes; afterwards the Bourse was installed there, and remained there till the present century. The Hôtel de Nevers was used for the bank of Law, and in 1721 was bought by the Regent, that the Bibliothèque du Roi might be placed there.

The older parts of the existing building belong to what was once the Hôtel Tubeuf; the Hôtel Chivry has been pulled down.

The library is entered by visitors from the Rue Richelieu by the door nearest the boulevards. Passing the *Salle de Travail*, and ascending the staircase, hung with a tapestry from Château Bayard, they find, in an anteroom, the curious bronze *Parnasse Français*, executed by Titon du Tillet in 1721. The Apollo, who is attended by the nine Muses, is Louis XIV.

The magnificent *Galerie Mazarine*, which looks upon the Rue Vivienne, has a beautiful mythological ceiling by *Romanelli*, and is one of the finest galleries of its date in existence.

"The progress of the Palais Mazarin excited the liveliest interest among the Court ladies. All classic mythology was to be reproduced upon the ceiling of the great galleries; and, as a bevy of beauties looked on approvingly, Romanelli silently introduced the portrait of the fairest into his design. On their next visit the likeness was detected, and a clamor of discontent and jealousy arose. In vain did the artist plead, 'How could I, with one pair of hands, paint you all at once?' He could only appease them by painting every one of them in turn."—*Quarterly Review*, *No.* 309.

Here many of the great MS. treasures of France are exhibited in cases—the "Evangiles de Charlemagne;" "Evangiles" of the Emperor Lothaire; "Evangiles des Messes" of the time of St. Louis; Bible and Psalm-book of St. Louis, Bible of Charles le Chauve, Bible of Philippe le Bel, and Bible of Louis XI.; a "Vie de St. Denis," which belonged to Philippe le Long; "Les Vigiles de Charles VII.;" a copy of the "Evangiles" given to the Sainte Chapelle by Charles V. (1379); the "Armorial Général de Gilles de Bouvier, premier héraut de Charles VII.;" the "Livre d'Heures de Louis XIV.," &c.

The collection of bindings—in metal, ivory, and leather—is most important and beautiful. Specimens are shown of the earliest books printed in France. There is a rich collection of autographs, including the MS. sermons of Bossuet, of the *Pensées* of Pascal, the *Télémaque* of Fénelon, and letters of Voltaire, Rousseau, Montesquieu, La Bruyère, Mme de Maintenon, Mme de Sévigné, Turenne, Racine, Boileau, Corneille, Molière, Malherbe, Diderot, Lesueur, Père Lachaise, St. François de Sales, St. Vincent de Paul, &c.

The interesting portrait of King John—"Jehan Rey de France"—formerly in the Sainte Chapelle, is now preserved here, and *La Cuve de Dagobert*, brought from Poitiers, in which St. Martin is said to have been baptized by St. Hilaire. A side gallery is hung with ancient charters and maps.

A door lower down the Rue de Richelieu is the entrance to the *Collection of Bronzes, Medals, &c.* The principal treasures are shown in cases in the centre of the rooms on the right, and comprise many valuable specimens of old church plate, especially an exquisite XI. c. chalice from St. Remy at Rheims, and many specimens from St. Denis; the treasures found in a shrine of Mercury near Berthonville, in 1830; and the cup of Chosroes I., King of Persia (575), from the treasury of St. Denis, where it was shown as the cup of Solomon. The Collection of Cameos is of marvellous beauty, and includes a priceless Apotheosis of Augustus—the largest cameo in the world—which formed part of the treasury of the Sainte Chapelle. Charles V. imagined that it represented the triumph of the patriarch Joseph, and, as such, had it framed in enamel, with the four Evangelists. A room to the left is devoted to the collections bequeathed by the Duc de Luynes (1867).

Behind the Library (a little east) is the *Church of Notre Dame des Victoires* or *des Petits Pères*, founded by Louis XIII. (in 1629) to commemorate the victories over the protestants at La Rochelle, and given to the *Augustins déchaussés*, known in Paris as *Petits Pères*. In the first chapel (right) is the tomb of Jean Vassal, secretary of Louis XIII., by Cotton. The chapel of the Virgin, a famous goal of pilgrimage, is covered with ex-votos.

A few steps east take us into the circular *Place des*

Victoires, constructed from designs of Mansart (1685), at the expense of a private individual—the Duc de la Feuillade—"le courtisan qui a passé tous les courtisans,"[1] on the site of the Hôtel d'Emery and the Hôtel de Senneterre, to flatter Louis XIV. The bronze statue of the king, by Desjardins,[2] was placed in the centre, trampling on a Cerberus, whose three heads represented the triple alliance. At the angles of the pedestal, inscribed "Viro immortali," were the four statues of chained nations, now at the Hôtel des Invalides. The statue of the king was destroyed in the Revolution, and replaced by a ridiculous plaster pyramid, with inscriptions recording the Republican victories. This was exchanged, in 1806, for a bronze statue of Desaix, melted down in 1814 to make the present periwigged equestrian statue by Bosio, erected by "Ludovicus XVIII. atavo suo."

"Si je traverse la place des Victoires, je me dis : on voloit en plein jour sur ce terrein où l'on voit aujourd'hui la figure d'un Roi qui vouloit être conquérant. Le quartier s'appelloit *le quartier Vuide-Gousset.* Un petit bout de rue, qui conduit à la place où le Souverain est représenté en bronze, en a retenu le nom ; et dans cette place des Victoires, qui a si long-temps révolté l'Europe, je ne puis m'empêcher de me rappeller ce courtisan qui, selon l'Abbé de Choisy, avoit eu le dessein d'acheter une cave dans l'église des Petits-Pères, de la pousser sous terre jusqu'au milieu de cette place, afin de se faire enterrer et de pourrir religieusement sous la statue de Louis XIV., son maître, *l'homme immortel.*"—*Tableau de Paris.*

Close to the Place des Victoires is the *Hôtel des Postes*, finished 1887. In the *Rue du Mail* (which runs north-east from the Place des Victoires to the Rue de Cléry), the residence of Colbert, at No. 7—a very richly ornamented house—is commemorated by the serpents (his arms) in the decorations. No. 278 *Rue de Cléry* was the house of

[1] Mme de Sévigné. [2] Martin Van Den Bogaert.

Cagliostro. The famous Mme Lebrun had her studio in this street.

Close to the Place des Victoires (on the south-west) is the *Banque de France* in the *Rue de la Vrillière*, which commemorates the hotel built (in 1620) for Raymond Phélippeaux, Duc de la Vrillière, Secretary of State, by François Mansart. It was bought from the family of La Vrillière, in 1705, by M. Rouillé, afterwards Directeur-Général des Finances, and, in 1713, it was purchased by the Comte de Toulouse, son of Louis XIV. and Mme de Montespan, who gave it a new name and employed the royal architect, Robert Cotte, to change its arrangements, Nicholas Coustou in its sculptures, and Oudry in its pictorial decorations. Here the Count, who was "l'honneur, la droiture, l'équité même,"[1] lived with his beloved wife, who was sister of the Duc de Noailles, and widow (when twenty-four) of the Marquis de Gondrin. Their only son was the brave Duc de Penthièvre, who married Marie Thérèse d'Este. His only daughter married Philippe Egalité, Duc d'Orléans, in 1769, and in the chapel of the hotel, his son, the Prince de Lamballe, was married (in 1767) to Louise de Savoie Carignan, the unfortunate friend of Marie Antoinette, who, after the death of her dissipated husband, had a home here with her father-in-law, who vainly strove to avert her fate, and bitterly lamented her—purchasing the head of his beloved child at an enormous price from her assassins.

"'I think I still hear her,' the Duke de Penthièvre said in his last conversations with his daughter. 'I think I still see her seated near the window in this little room. You remember, my child, with what assiduity she worked there, from morning to evening, on her woman's work for the poor. I passed many years with her; I never detected a thought of her soul that was

[1] St. Simon.

not for the queen, for me, or for the unhappy ; and this is the angel they cut to pieces. Ah ! I feel that thought is digging my grave ; I feel as if I were an accomplice in her death ; that I ought to have forced her to return to her family ; that her attachment to me was the cause of her loss.' "—" *Vie du duc de Penthièvre*," *Paris*, 1803.

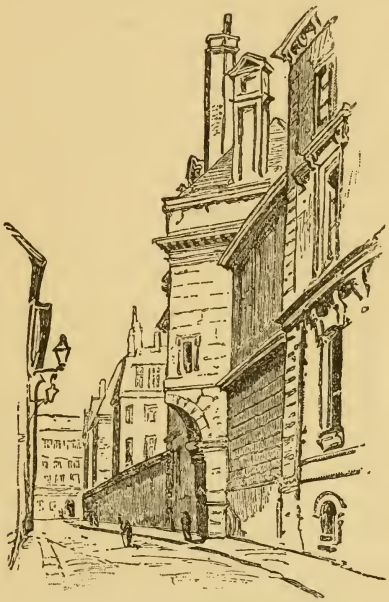
Into the palace of the Duc de Penthièvre, which " exhaled the perfume of virtue, and which calumny never dared to corrupt,"[1] the young poet Florian was admitted as a page, afterwards becoming captain of the Penthièvre dragoons, and gentleman-in-waiting to the semi-royal duke, and many of his idyls and fables were written here. Upon the death of the Duc de Penthièvre (in 1793) his body was thrown ignominously into the common ditch, and the National Printing Office was established in his hotel, where it remained till 1808. But in 1803 the Bank of France had purchased the hotel from the Government, and in 1811 it entered upon its occupation. The buildings have since been greatly increased, and the most remarkable remains left from the famous Hôtel de Toulouse are, externally, the projecting angle by Mansart, bracketed over the Rue Radziwill, which is regarded as a masterpiece of stone-work ; and, internally, the incomparable *Galerie Dorée* of Mansart. The interior is not shown without a special permission, to be obtained by written application to the governor.

In the *Rue du Bouloi*, which leads north-east near this, No. 4 is a very fine old mansion, and No. 11, the Hôtel des Empires, was the hotel of the Maréchal de Clérambault, the friend of St. Evremond ; the staircase has a splendidly-wrought iron balustrade.

Between the Rue du Bouloi and the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, formerly Grenelle St. Honoré (entered from the

[1] Charles Nodier, preface of the *Fables de Florian*.

latter at No. 41), the *Cours des Fermes* occupy the site of the Hôtel de Condé, built by Françoise d'Orléans Rothelin, "fort belle et très-honeste princesse,"[1] in order the better to be able to pay her court to Catherine de Medicis,[2] who had left the Tuileries for the Hôtel de



HÔTEL DE TOULOUSE (BANQUE DE FRANCE.)

Soubise. It took the name of Hôtel de Soissons under her son, Charles de Bourbon. He sold it to Henri de Bourbon, Duc de Montpensier, whose daughter was the first wife of Gaston d'Orléans. By his widow it was sold to the handsome Roger de St. Larry, Duc de Bellegarde,

[1] Brantôme, *Vie des dames galantes.*
[2] Piganiol de la Force, *Desc. de Paris.*

who employed Andronet Ducerceau to rebuild it magnificently, but was exiled to Anjou by Henri IV. for being too familiar with Gabrielle d'Estrées. At a later date the poet Racan lived in the hotel as page of M. de Bellegarde. In 1633 the house was bought by Chancellor Séguier, who received Louis XIV. and Anne of Austria here at a splendid banquet and ball to celebrate the end of the war of the Fronde, and who first conceived the idea of the Académie Française, founded by Richelieu. After the death of the cardinal he was chosen president of the society, and for thirty years its meetings were held at the Hôtel Séguier. The chancellor died here in 1672, and his magnificent funeral service at the Oratoire is described by Mme de Sévigné. His hotel was then pulled down, and the Hôtel des Fermes du Roi built on its site by Ledoux. At the Revolution this was sequestrated and became a prison, then a theatre, finally a diligence office. Little now remains of it.

In the *Rue Neuve des Petits Champs*, which leads westwards from the Place des Victoires, No. 45, at the corner of the Rue St. Anne, is the noble mansion of Lulli, built for him by Gittard in 1671, with 11,000 livres (lent by Molière, and only repaid in ingratitude). The land which Lulli purchased for building, and which up to that time remained quite unoccupied, was at the foot of the hillock called Butte St. Roch. Lulli, who died in the house, bequeathed it to his father-in-law, Lambert. It is very richly adorned with corinthian capitals, comic masks, and a sheaf of lyric attributes. The Hôtel de St. Pouange, on the opposite side of the Rue St. Anne, was destroyed by the Rue Chabanais.

The Rue des Petits Champs became the great centre for the wig-makers of the XVIII. c., from having been the

residence of M. Binet, wig-maker to Louis XIV., and inventor of the decoration which, at first, was called a *binette.*

"Les perruques s'établirent sur toutes les têtes. Louis XIV. et toute sa cour en portaient qui pesaient plusieurs livres, et coûtaient jusqu'à mille écus; les tresses descendaient sur les hanches, et le toupet dominait sur le front à une hauteur de cinq à six pouces. Plus la binette était large, plus le respect du peuple croissait."[1]—*Salgues*, "*De Paris.*"

The next side street on the left of the Rue des Petits Champs, beyond the Rue St. Anne, is the *Rue des Moulins*, which records the windmills on the Butte St. Roch, the now levelled hill, which rose behind the church on this site.

Nearly the whole space between the Rue St. Anne and the Rue de Gaillon (right) was at one time occupied by the magnificent Hôtel de Lyonne, which then gave a name to that part of the Rue des Petits Champs. Under its later denomination of Hôtel Pontchartrain it served as a residence for Ambassadors Extraordinary coming to Paris. On the front of the principal façade was the immense sundial which Rousseau, who lived opposite, made use of for the education of Thérèse. "Pendant plus d'un mois," he says in his *Confessions*, "je m'efforçai de lui faire connaître les heures. A peine les sait-elle à présent."

Returning to the Rue de Richelieu, the *Hôtel du Commandeur de Jars*, famous during the Fronde, was built by Mansart. The *Hôtel de l'Intendant Foucault* retains some of its ancient decorations.

Opening from the Rue de Richelieu, opposite the library, is the *Place Louvois*, with a graceful fountain by Visconti, marking the site of the Opera House where the Duc de Berry was murdered (February 13, 1820). The

[1] At present, when the common people wish to describe that a head is *ridiculous*, they say, "Quelle binette!"

duke had just handed the duchess into her carriage, and was about to re-enter the Opera House, when Pierre Louis Louvel, having knocked down the aide-de-camp, M. de Beauffremont, seizing the prince by the arm, plunged a dagger into his side. The duke cried, "I am murdered!" The duchess jumped out of the carriage with her lady, Mme de Béthizy, and she herself drew out the dagger, and was covered with blood. The Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême were summoned at once with the Ducs de Bourbon and d'Orléans, and at 5 A.M. the king arrived, to whom the Duc de Berry said at once, "Sire, permettez que la dernière grâce que je vous demande soit celle de mon assassin!" Louis XVIII. only answered, "Il n'est plus temps de parler de cela; ne songeons qu'à vous."

"'Ah! you do not say *yes*,' replied the duke, with an accent of painful doubt. 'Oh! say it, say it, that I may die in peace! Mercy, mercy, spare the man's life!' . . . He died a few moments afterwards.

"He died in the act of pardon; a great soul, obscured in life, resplendent in death, the hero of clemency, who, at the first stroke, did what is the most difficult and the most meritorious act of man, die nobly."—*Lamartine.*

Louvel fled by the Rue de Richelieu, whence he tried to reach the Rue Vivienne by the Passage Colbert, where he was arrested. A Chapelle Expiatoire, erected in the Rue de Richelieu to the Duc de Berry, was demolished, in spite of the eloquent remonstrance of Balzac.

The *Rue Thérèse*, which falls into the Rue de Richelieu on the right, commemorates Marie Thérèse, queen of Louis XIV.

A fountain erected at the angle of the Rues de la Fontaine Molière and de Richelieu, in 1844, commemorates the death of the poet in the house of the tailor Baudelet, the opposite house (No. 34), which has been since rebuilt.

"In the midst of the ardent activity of his toils, and the joys of his triumphs, Molière felt his life ebbing away. On the 17th February, 1673, he had to play in *Le Malade Imaginaire* the part of *Argan*, which he had played often before. As he suffered from his chest more than usual, his friends wished to persuade him not to appear on the stage that evening. 'Eh! what will they do,' he replied, 'the poor people who have only their day's work to live on? I should reproach myself for having neglected to give them their bread for a single day, if I could possibly do it.' He played the part, and in the *divertissement*, when he uttered the word *juro*, he was seized by a convulsion, which he vainly strove to conceal by a forced laugh. He was carried home. He began to spit blood freely, and died some hours afterwards in the arms of two nuns, who had come to beg in Paris during Lent, and to whom he had given the hospitality of his house. He was fifty-one years old. The monarch who had supported him during his life against the fanatic zeal of the devout, ought to have protected his ashes against their anathemas and insults. But the prejudice then existing in all its force against the profession of the play actor did not permit Louis XIV. any license to pay respect to the remains of the great man who had glorified his reign. Every church was closed to the corpse of Molière, and it was only by favor that it could be conveyed, without pomp or honor, to the cemetery of St. Joseph. The anathemas of the clergy had drawn, on the day of the funeral, a tumultuous and threatening crowd about his house, and this mob would, perhaps, have insulted the corpse, if his widow in alarm had not thrown some money out of the windows, and this calmed the superstitious rage of these wretches."—*P. le Bas.*

No. 25, *Rue Fontaine Molière* (formerly Rue Traversière), at the corner of the Rue du Clos-Georgeau, was inhabited by Voltaire, with Mme du Châtelet, "la sublime Emilie." After her death, in 1749, Voltaire shared the house with Lekain, the actor.

South of the National Library, flights of steps will lead us down into the *Palais Royal.* It was built by Cardinal Richelieu (1624–34), and known at first as Palais Cardinal.

"Quelque Amphion nouveau, sans l'aide des maçons,
En superbes palais a changé ces buissons :

Paris voit tous les jours de ces métamorphoses.
Dans tout le Pré-aux-Clercs tu verras mêmes choses.
Et l'univers entier ne peut rien voir d'égal
Aux superbes dehors du palais cardinal."

Corneille, "Le Menteur," Act. ii. sc. 5.

The great cardinal died here December 4, 1642, bequeathing his palace to the king, Louis XIII., who only survived him five months. But in the following year Anne of Austria came to live here with her two children, Louis XIV., then aged five, and Philippe d'Orléans. The Duchesse d'Orléans[1] declares that, during her residence here, the Queen Regent, not contented with loving Cardinal Mazarin, ended by marrying him, and that the secret passage by which he reached the queen's chamber was to be seen at the Palais Royal in her time. When Queen Anne came to reside in it, the name of the palace was changed to Palais Royal. The splendid gallery, with a ceiling by Philippe de Champaigne, which had been built by the cardinal, was then destroyed: it occupied the site of the present Rue de Valois, and was called *La Galerie des Hommes Illustres*, from the twenty-four portraits with which it was hung, amongst which the cardinal did not scruple to include his own, as well as that of Louis XIII. The only building remaining of the time of Richelieu is part of the second court, on the right, adorned by doric pilasters.

Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, daughter of Henri IV., was allowed, in her exile, to reside in the Palais Royal with her daughter Henrietta, who afterwards became its mistress, as the wife of Philippe I., Duc d'Orléans, to whom it was given by Louis XIV.

Under Philippe II. d'Orléans, the palace became the

[1] *Mémoires de Madame.*

scene of the celebrated suppers and orgies which disgraced the Regency.

"He was accustomed to debauch, and still more to the noise of debauch, till he could not do without it, and found no amusement except in noise, tumult, and excess. It was this that led him to such strange and scandalous orgies, and, as if he would surpass all debauchees, to introduce into his parties the most impious discourses and to find a precious refinement in the most extravagant debauches, on the holiest days, as during his regency often happened when he chose Good Friday or other days most religiously kept. The more original, old or extravagant a man was in impiety and debauchery, the more he admired his debauches, and I have seen him incessantly admiring or rather venerating the Grand Prior because he had never gone to bed sober for forty years, or ceased to keep women openly, or to talk continually impiously and irreligiously. With such principles, it is not surprising that he was false to the indiscreetest degree of boasting to be so, and pluming himself on being a subtle deceiver.

"Madame was full of fairy tales. She used to say that all the fairies had been invited to her lying-in, that all had come, and each had given her son a talent, such as they possessed; but, unfortunately, one old fairy had been overlooked. She had disappeared so long ago that she was quite forgotten, and this fairy, piqued by this neglect, came, leaning on her little staff, just after all the other fairies had made their gifts to the infant, and, being more and more annoyed, took her vengeance by rendering absolutely useless all the talents received from the other fairies, none of which he was ever able to make use of, although he retained them all. It must be confessed, that, taking it in the whole, it is a speaking portrait."—*St. Simon*, "*Mémoires*," 1715.

Under Louis Philippe (great grandson of the Regent d'Orléans) a great part of the palace was destroyed by fire, which led the next duke, Louis Philippe Joseph (Philippe Egalité), father of King Louis Philippe, to design great alterations, including the arcades surrounding the gardens, which he let to tradesmen, thereby making his palace the most magnificent bazaar in the world. It was this duke who was the remorseless enemy of Marie Antoinette, and

who looked unmoved from the balcony upon the head of his own sister-in-law, the Princesse de Lamballe, when her assassins brought it from La Force to be exhibited to him.

"The Duke of Dorset told me, that as early as 1786, or 1787, the queen (Marie Antoinette) had said to him, on her seeing the Duke of Orleans at Versailles: 'Monsieur le Duc, regardez cet homme-là. Il me déteste, et il a juré ma perte. Je le vois dans ses yeux, toutes les fois qu'il me fixe. Il ne sera jamais content, jusqu'à ce qu'il me voit étendue morte à ses pieds.'"—*Wraxall's "Memoirs."*

The duke was arrested here, April 4, 1793, with his third son, the Comte de Beaujolais, and executed on November 6.

Under the first consul the building became known as Palais du Tribunat. Lucien, Prince of Canino, inhabited it during the hundred days. In 1814 it became once more the Palais Royal, and was given back to the Orleans family, who restored and purified it. Hither, in July, 1830, Louis Philippe, prompted by his ambitious sister, Mademoiselle d'Orléans, came from Neuilly to receive the offer of the throne, contrary to the wish of the duchess, who "lui fit des adieux pleins de larmes, comme à une victime qui allait se dévouer au salut de son pays."[1]

In the revolution of 1848 the Palais Royal was sacked by the people, who destroyed most of the works of art it contained. In 1852 it became the residence of Jérôme Bonaparte, ex-King of Westphalia, after whose death, in 1860, his son Prince Jérôme Napoléon, resided there till September, 1870. In May, 1871, a great part of the palace was burnt by the Commune. The principal buildings are now occupied by the *Conseil d'Etat*, the Aile Montpensier by the *Cour des Comptes*, and the portion of the Aile de

[1] Trognon, *Vie de Marie Amélie.*

Valois looking upon the second court and the garden, by the *Direction des Beaux-Arts*. The interior of the palace has now little interest, but the great gravelly square, misnamed *Jardin du Palais Royal*, surrounded by gay arcades of shops, and planted with lime-trees, is still a popular resort, though the opening of the Tuileries gardens under Louis XVI. deprived it of its glory, which reached a climax under Louis XIII., when it became the resort of all the rich citizens.

"On voit là, étalé dans les habits, tout ce que le luxe peut inventer de plus tendre et de plus touchant. Les dames, avec les modes toujours nouvelles, avec leurs ajustements, leurs rubans, leurs pierreries et les agréables manières de s'habiller, étalent dans les étoffes d'or et d'argent les applications de leur magnificence. Les hommes, de leur côté, aussi vains que les femmes, avec leurs plumes et leurs perruques blondes, y vont chercher à plaire et à prendre les cœurs. . . . Dans ce lieu si agréable, on raille, on parle d'amour, de nouvelles, d'affaires et de guerre. On décide, on critique, on dispute, on se trompe les uns les autres, et avec cela tout le monde se divertit."—*Lettres d'un Sicilien*, 1692.

The surrounding buildings, by Pierre Louis (1735–1807), reproduce in effect the Procuratie Nuove of the Piazza St. Marco at Venice.

"Imagine a magnificent château with the lower story composed of arcades, and beneath these arcades, magazines in which gleam the treasures of India and America, gold, silver, diamonds, &c.; the most exquisite productions that industry has brought forth to satisfy and charm our senses; all this arranged in the most picturesque manner, and illuminated with magic fires that dazzle the spectator's eyes! Imagine these galleries filled with a crowd that comes to see and, above all, to be seen! There are cafés, well frequented, where you read the papers, talk, discuss, &c. I felt giddy; we went into the garden of the palace; there, calm and obscurity reigned. The dim light from the arcades, falling on these green alleys, was absorbed by the density and motion of their foliage. We heard, in the distance, the languish-

ing sounds of enchanting music. I seemed to be transported to the isle of Calypso or the palace of Armida."—*Karamsine*, 1790.

"La promenade de votre maussade Palais-Royal, où tous vos arbres sont estropiés en tête de choux, et où l'on étouffe, quoiqu'on ait pris tant de précaution en élaguant, coupant, brisant, gâtant tout pour vous donner un peu d'air et de l'espace."—*Diderot*, "*Lettres à Mlle Volland.*"

"For several hours, the toiling population of the suburbs has been asleep; the most central streets are silent and abandoned to the light of the lamps; you might believe the city completely buried in repose; but, on approaching the Palais Royal, your eyes and your ears are astonished; your senses, lately numbed, awake, and when you enter its precincts, you find it still full of life and resplendent with light; it is the heart which remains warm, long after the extremities have grown cold."—"*Paris, ou le livre des cent-et-un.*"

It was in the garden of the Palais Royal that (July 13, 1789) Camille Desmoulins, mounting upon a table, called the crowd to arms, and bade them assume a green cockade supplied by the leaves from the trees—in sign of hope.

The Palais Royal has always been celebrated for its restaurants and gaming-tables.

"If Spain has its bull-fights and Rome had its gladiators, Paris boasts of its Palais Royal, whose fascinating roulette tables give you the pleasure of seeing blood flow in streams, without any fear of finding your foot slip in it. Cast a glance on this arena; enter. . . . What nakedness! The walls, covered with a gray paper the height of a man, present nothing that can cheer the soul. There is not even a nail to facilitate suicide. The floor is worn and dirty. An oblong table occupies the centre of the room. The simple straw chairs, crowded around this cloth, frayed by gold-pieces, betray a curious indifference to luxury among the men who come to perish there for fortune and for luxury."—*Balzac*, "*Le peau de chagrin.*"

Richelieu spent 200,000 crowns upon producing his own play of *Mirame* in the theatre of the Palais Royal, and was furious at its being unappreciated.

"Sur ce théâtre, en 1636, parut la tragédie du *Cid*, qui, en

1639, fut suivi des *Horaces* et de *Cinna*. Ainsi, ce théâtre, favorisé par un puissant protecteur, fut presqu'en même temps le berceau et le char triomphal de la tragédie."—*Dulaure.*

The site which was bought by Cardinal Richelieu for the Palais Royal was previously occupied by the Hôtel de Mercœur, and by the famous Hôtel de Rambouillet (formerly Hôtel Pisani), where, in the midst of the reign of Louis XIV., Catherine de Vivonne, Marquise de Rambouillet, created the famous literary society—the bel-esprit coteries—which flourished from 1620 to 1630.

"A select society sprang up, in the seventeenth century, in the bosom of the capital; it united the two sexes by new ties and new affections, it brought together the distinguished men of the court and the town, the men of the polite world, and men of letters; it created refined and noble manners amid the most disgusting dissipation; it reformed and enriched the language, prepared the flight of a new literature, and raised the soul to the feeling and the need of pleasures unknown to the vulgar."—*Roederer.*

"All who frequented the Hôtel de Rambouillet soon adopted nobler manners and purer language, devoid of provincialism. The women in particular, to whom more leisure and a more delicate organization give a readier and finer social tact, were the first to profit by the advantage which was offered them by this constant community of cultivated minds and association of persons unceasingly occupied in emulating what was most agreeable and fitted to please in each. Consequently those who formed part of these assemblies speedily became easily distinguishable from those who were not admitted to them. To show the esteem in which they were held, they were named the *Précieuses*, the Illustrious: which was always given and received as an honorable distinction during the long space of time that the Hôtel de Rambouillet retained its influence."—*Walckenaer.*

Here that "art of society," for which France (and Paris especially) has since become so celebrated, was first cultivated.

"It was here that *conversation* really had its birth; that charming art whose rule cannot be formulated, which is learned, at the

same time, by tradition, and by an innate feeling for what is refined and agreeable; where kindness, simplicity, polish, even etiquette and knowledge of social customs, variety of tone and subject, the shock of different ideas, piquant or animated stories, a certain fashion of speaking and narrating witty sayings that can be repeated, refinement, grace, sly wit, openness and originality, were incessantly mingled together, and form one of the most keen pleasures which delicate spirits can taste."—*M. de Noailles.*[1]

"The number of frequenters of the house was at first restricted; they were received either in one of the cabinets or in the bedroom, and, around the circle formed in the centre of the room, three or four screens were spread open, to keep off the currents of air from those seated; for there was never any fire on the hearth, even in mid-winter, Mme de Rambouillet not being able to support the heat of a fire. Moreover, the tapestries that covered the floor and adorned the walls checked all sensation of cold from without. There were ten chairs in each cabinet, and eighteen in the bedroom. These seats were, according to the definition in the Dictionary of Furetière, 'chairs with backs and arms, chairs with a back only, and seats and stools without either.' The bedroom did not yet, as the fashion did later, admit intimate visitors to the *ruelle*, a space reserved on the two sides of the bed, and separated from the room by a balustrade." —*Paul Lacroix.*

The taste of the time as to building as well as living, was to a great extent guided by Mme de Rambouillet.

"C'est d'elle qu'on a appris à mettre les escaliers à costé, pour avoir une grande suite de chambres; à exhausser les planchers et à faire des portes et des fenestres hautes et larges et vis-à-vis les unes des autres. Et cela est si vray que la reine-mère, quand elle fit bastir le Luxembourg, ordonna aux architectes d'aller voir l'hostel de Rambouillet, et ce soing ne leur fut pas inutile. C'est la première qui s'est avisée de faire peindre une chambre d'autre couleur que de rouge ou de tanné."—*Tallemant des Réaux.*

The personal charm of Mme de Rambouillet is recorded by her contemporaries.

[1] *Hist. de Mme de Maintenon et des principaux événements du règne de Louis XIV.*, par le Duc de Noailles.

"She was kind and courteous, and had an upright and just disposition. She it was who corrected the bad habits that existed before her, and taught politeness to all of her contemporaries who visited her. She was, too, a good friend, and obliged all the world."—*Segrais.*

In her old age, Mme de Rambouillet was partially confined to her bed, but established in her bedchamber a great alcove, to which she admitted a few of the friends who came to see her. This was the origin of the *alcôves*, which became, both in Paris and the provinces, the intimate centres of familiar conversation.

"The Hôtel de Rambouillet still preserved its old reputation, although it had decidedly changed its physiognomy. Mme de Montausier and her husband only appeared occasionally; the great ladies and the women of wit, who used to shine there, were seen but rarely: the Duchess of Longueville and her daughter, Mme de Nemours, Mme de Sablé and Mlle de Scudéry. The Duke de Rochefoucauld came only when passing; he met there his old friends. Gombauld, Chapelain, Ménage, Courart, Lamothe de Vayer, Habert de Montmor, Balzac, who died in 1654, and Racan, had entirely abandoned the scene of their early successes; Corneille and Georges de Scudéry lived in the country, and appeared sometimes for a moment. Ménage brought there his pupil, the *spirituelle* Marquise de Sévigné, whose entry to the Hôtel de Rambouillet was a triumph; but it was no longer the Hôtel de Rambouillet of other days; the air and tone had changed; prudery, a dry, icy prudery, had invaded this sanctuary of good company, as if to protest against the frivolity and flippancy of the young court. Still, it was the most glorious time of the reign of the *précieuses*."—*Paul Lacroix.*

Adjoining the Place du Palais Royal is the small *Place du Théâtre Français*, containing that famous *Theatre*, built 1782, but much altered since. In its vestibule is a statue of Talma, by David d'Angers.

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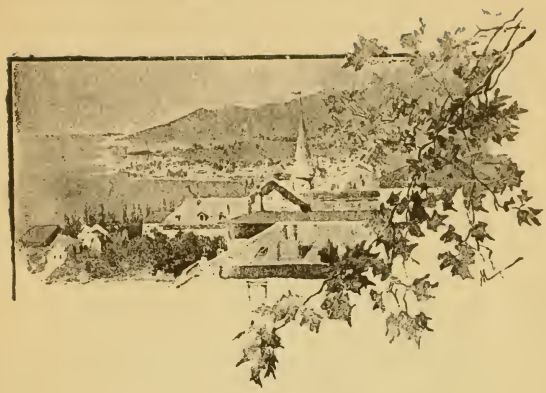

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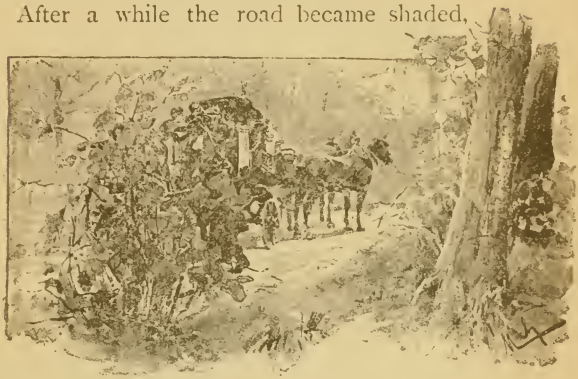
left hand; and at each turn of the carriage, streams, and valleys, from which uprose church steeples, were seen; and in the distance the snowy peak of the Finsteraarhorn sparkled in the beams of the invisible sun.

After a while the road became shaded,



and of a wilder aspect. On one side was gloomy shadow, a chaos of trees planted on the slope, twisted and irregular, amongst which the splashing of a torrent was audible: on the right an immense rock overhung the path, bristling with branches which sprung from the crevices in its sides.

They were not laughing in the landau now:

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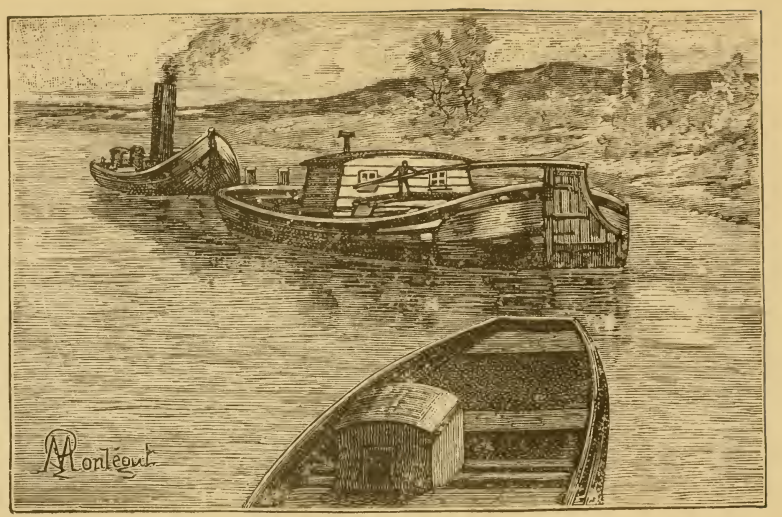

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